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JANUARY 2005

DESPERATE HOUSEWIFE

EVA LONGORIA

THOU SHALT COVET TV'S SEXIEST NEW NEIGHBOR

MAXIM SAVES 007

Page 58

SOLDIERS' FORTUNE

THE GRUNTS WHO "LIBERATED" $200 MILLION

STUPID JANUARY!

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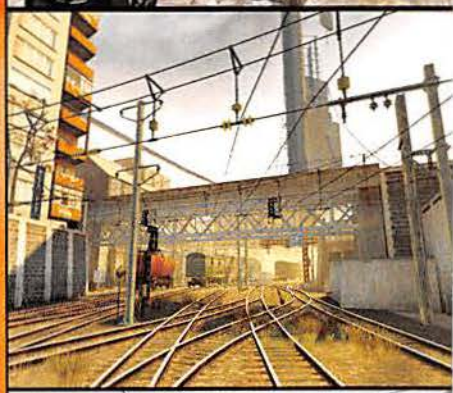

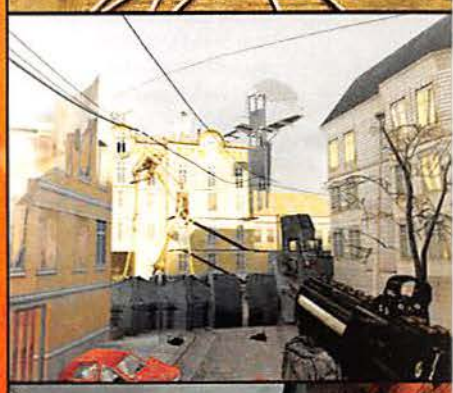

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76 COVER GIRL
EVA LONGORIA
On TV she's a temptress who uses what she's got to get what she wants. In reality she's nothing like that, as you can see.

WE WANT ANSWERS!
74 BABY STEWIE
Family Guy's cheeky cherub was dishin' on women, world domination, and diapers. Then what? Well, then he threw strained carrots at us. You try interviewing a misanthropic cartoon baby.

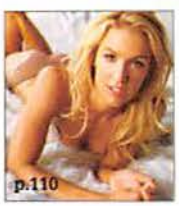
SOLDIER'S FORTUNE
84 THE THIEVES OF BAGHDAD
After overthrowing Saddam, some U.S. soldiers found $200 million in cash. It would have been the ultimate combat bonus, if only they had gotten away with it…

MAXIM WORKOUT
92 GET AS STRONG AS A GIRL!
Know which athlete can leg-press you to shame? Tennis star Serena Williams. Her former trainer helped us come up with three easy-ish plans for you to go from slug to…well, less of a girly-man in just two months.

A GLOBAL MESS
98 FOOD FIGHT
America may have the best soldiers, but do they eat the best grub? To find out, we taste-tested field rations from six countries…including some place called Canada.

JENNIFER ELLISON
100 ENGLISH MUFFIN
We aren't classical musical types, but since this in-your-face knockout is in *The Phantom of the Opera*, we'll make an exception. Time to dim the lights…

POPPY MONTGOMERY
110 FLOWER POWER
The *Without a Trace* wonder from Down Under talks about teen rebellion, exes, and her boobs. Oi!



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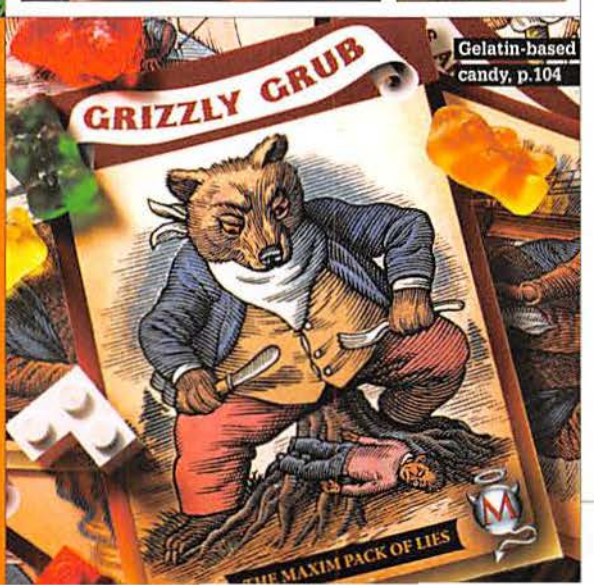
BRAIN SCAM
LIES YOUR MOMMY TOLD YOU
Cell phones can cause gas pumps to explode… drinking coffee will sober you up…Daddy loves you. *Maxim* debunks yer folk wisdom.



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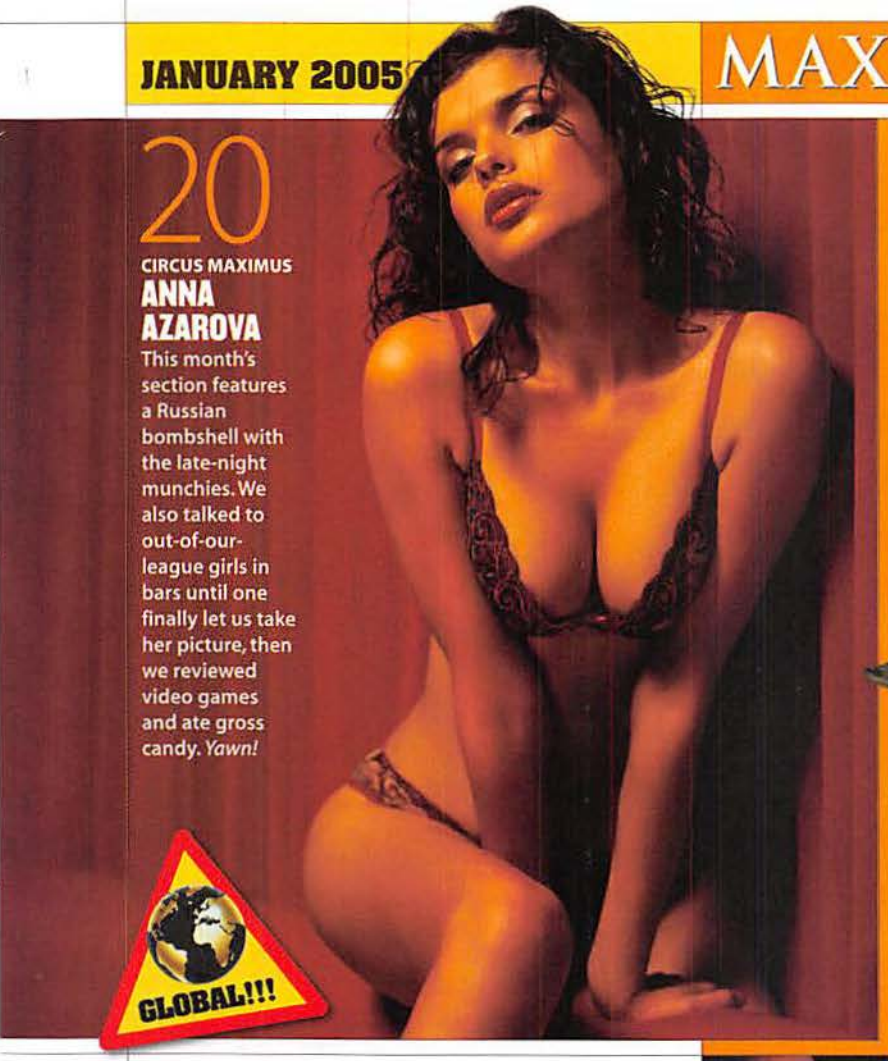

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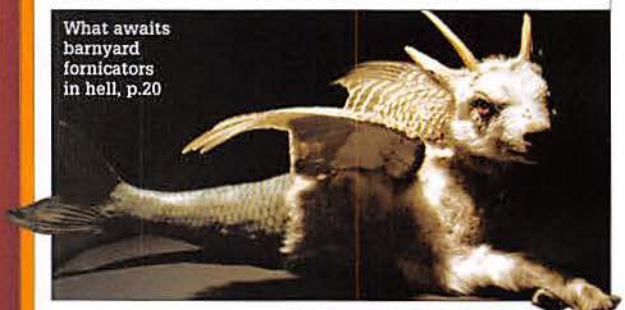
CIRCUS MAXIMUS

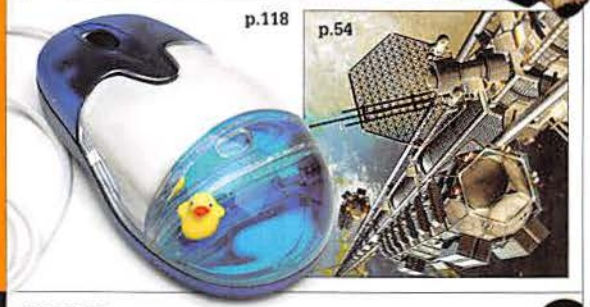
ANNA AZAROVA

This month's section features a Russian bombshell with the late-night munchies. We also talked to out-of-our-league girls in bars until one finally let us take her picture, then we reviewed video games and ate gross candy. *Yawn!*

Live near a disaster line? Ah, good luck with that, p.46

New invention "computers" have "video game" fun, p.120





READERS' LETTERS
12 WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
We'd write you back, but we forgot to buy stamps. Sorry!

THE FUNNIES
18 LAUGH, STUPID!
Rodney Dangerfield finally gets a li'l respect—too late.

HOW TO
39 OPEN CHAMPAGNE LIKE A MAN
...with a sword. Plus, guard celeb hotties and eat worms.

INSTANT EXPERT
46 WHOLE LOTTA SHAKING GOING ON!
Once you understand earthquakes, you'll be more afraid.

SPORTS
48 AGING BULL
Reggie Strickland is the world's worst boxer, and here is how he looks at himself in the mirror each morning.

MAD SCIENCE
54 TO THE 24,000TH FLOOR
I love riding this elevator, thought a young man. Later he mused, *Golly, I want to visit space.* Genius ensued.

HOT ZONE
60 GRAPHIC VIOLENCE
A new *Punisher* video game proves revenge is a dish best served cold (and often). Plus, Bea Arthur!*

The Mickey Mouse auditions, p.48

TOP GEAR
117 ELECTRONICS AND DUCKIES!
A hot cell? Pig-scented candles? Hello, happiness!

MAXIM FASHION
122 SPECIAL SHRED
Look good snowboarding or just look good, poseur.

ASK ANYTHING
132 HOW COMMON IS PRISON RAPE?
Your favorite *Maxim* page's lease is up, so it moved to the very back. It's a shorter commute, you know.

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SECRET SERVICE

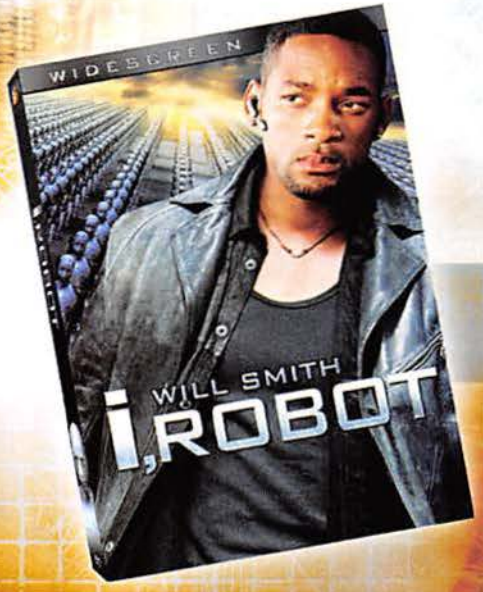
MAXIM SAVES JAMES BOND!

The swinging franchise has slowly devolved into self-parody. To bring back the bling, we offer a few humble suggestions.

*Sorry, freak, it's an interview, not nude photos.

p.39

"A HIGH-TECH THRILLER WITH EYE-POPPING VISUAL FEATS!"
— CHICAGO TRIBUNE



Own It On DVD 12.14.04

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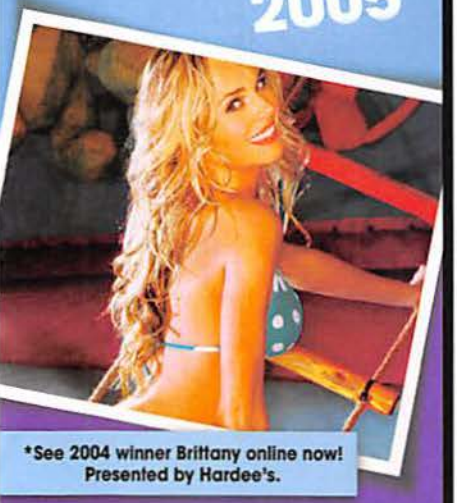
MAXIM's Hometown Hotties 2005



*See 2004 winner Brittany online now! Presented by Hardee's.

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MAXIM

Hey, hey! Happy New Year! It's January! A truly great month, full of, let me see now...depressing bank statements, scant daylight, and truly pathetic temperatures. But let's not get too gloomy—at least it's compulsory gym attendance month, and you know what a source of joy and satisfaction that has been in previous years. But wait! You don't *have* to go. Just because all the lardy middle managers in your office are heeding the call of the bench press at this time of year doesn't mean you have to, even if you have had a particularly harsh eating season. This month's *Maxim* gives you not one but two alternatives. The first involves—I'm sorry to say—exercise. But at least it's exercise that is over in two months and focuses on the only thing you really care about: fat. No humiliating yoga postures, no spiritual element, no inner wellness, just a basic hardcore assault on your big, misshapen belly. And it's on page 92.

The other is a more realistic option—run away and win prizes. Just accept that there's more to life than monitoring your waistline, and turn to page 53 for information on how to enter the Great *Maxim* Road Trip contest. All you have to do is look out your kitchen window, confirm your yard is under five feet of graying snow, load your friends into your rusty old clunker, go somewhere, and tell us about it in words and pictures. The best expeditions will not only be rewarded with extraordinary generosity but will also be published in the magazine later in the year.

The rest is up to you. You're at a fork in the road—one path leads to slenderness, the other to literary glory. How to choose? Or maybe you still have a conventional view of what forks are for. That's so 2004.

Enjoy the issue.

Ed Needham
Editor-in-Chief

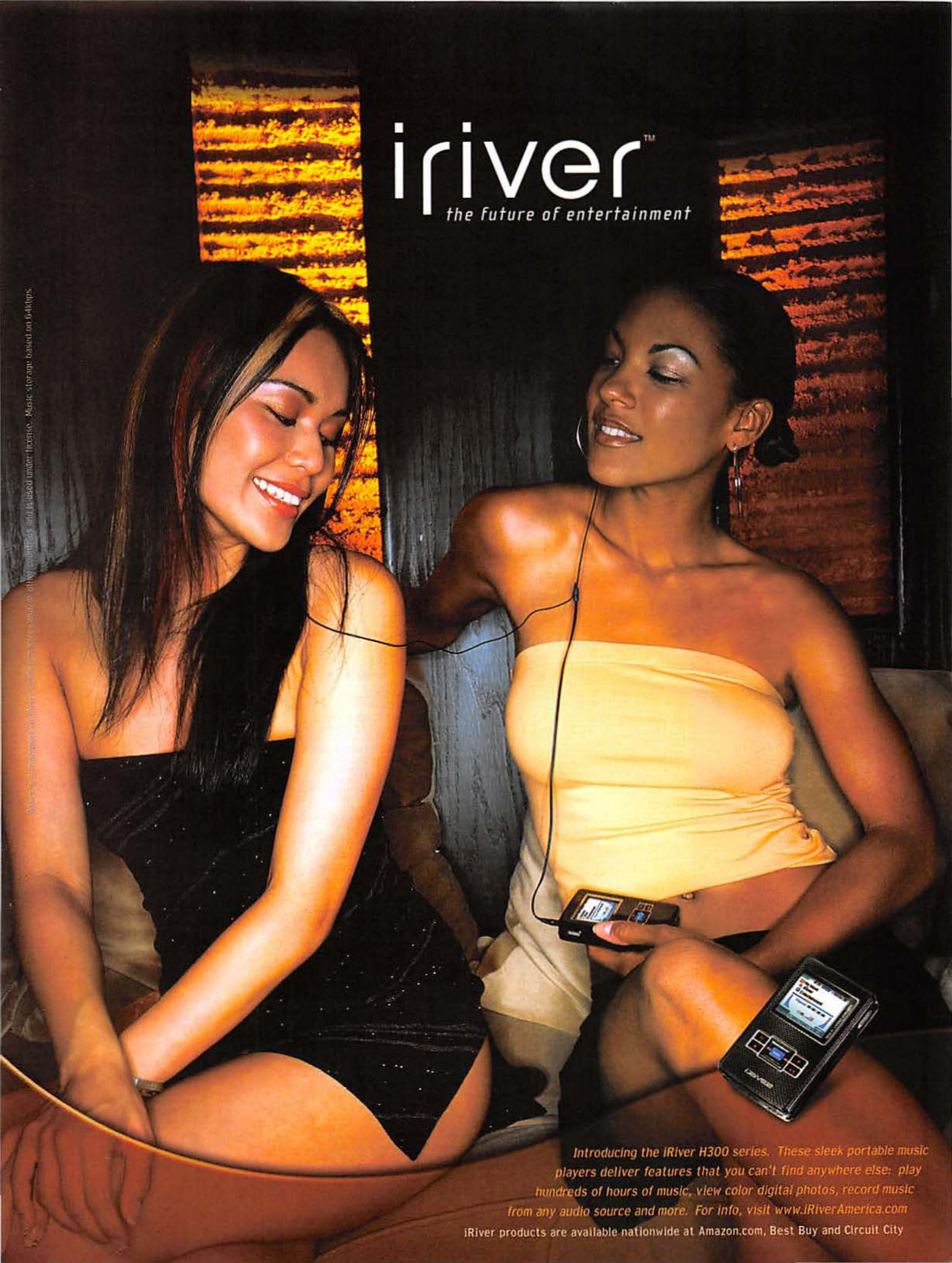
ON THE COVER: EVA LONGORIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY Jeff Olson
STYLING BY Karen Shapiro
HAIR BY Christophe Saluzzo for cloutieragency.com using Matrix
MAKEUP BY Agostina for cloutieragency.com using Giorgio Armani Cosmetics
CLOTHING Bikini by Rosa Cha, available at Whisper PR, N.Y.C.; necklaces available at Satya, N.Y.C.

Photograph, Len Irish (Ed); grooming, Andie Markoe Byrne

THIS MONTH IN MAXIM

White Castle burgers one editor bought for the office to celebrate the Red Sox World Series victory	150
...that were blended with Coke and ketchup into a revolting "burgertini" so they wouldn't go to waste	5
Consecutive days editorial assistant Matt Christensen was punched in the name of science (p.50)	30
Extra times he was punched by other editors "just caught up in the spirit of the thing"	44
Bottles of expensive champagne destroyed with a sword during a photo shoot	3
Staffers ordered to get drunk for "atmosphere" in preparation for a BBC television production	30
BBC film crews that showed up	0
Average age of the three celebrities interviewed by assistant editor Scott Stein	81.66
Cents deposited in Michelle Branch's guitar case by one jerk staffer during an impromptu concert in the office	25
Percent of employee's wage represented by that donation	66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January 2005 issue, Volume 9, Number 1. Maxim is published monthly by Dennis Publishing, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Tel 212-302-2626 Fax 212-302-2635 **maximonline.com**
Canadian GST Registration # 867774580

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WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

LETTER OF THE MONTH

CUCKOO'S NESS

Write us at 1040 Ave. of the Americas, NY, NY 10018, or e-mail editors@maximmag.com. Why? 'Cuz if we like your letter, we give you cash.

WIN $200!

January's best:
After reading a recent issue, I was surprised to find that Erin Ness got only a few pages inside ["The River Queen," October]. I figured that if you wouldn't give her the front page, I'd do it myself! After a few tries, I came up with the perfect cover. Hope you like it!

Bobby Vala
Butler, NJ

Bobby, Erin says thanks—from a distance of 100 yards, as dictated by a court of law.

That's Prepon-sterous!

I ordered *Maxim* for my boyfriend in hopes he would read something. But he hasn't yet joined the land of the literate, so I'm still the only one in the house who reads it. This month I didn't even recognize the hot blonde on the cover until I read the line "That '70s Chick." Wow! Laura Prepon is one hot woman. Tell her to stay a blonde! She's even starting to turn me on, and I'm not gay. Keep the hot chicks and funny stories coming!

Shannon B
Via e-mail

Thanks, Shannon. As for your illiterate beau, try servicing him while he's watching Hooked on Phonics. *Eventually, he'll learn to love reading and graduate to titles like* Hop on Pop *and* The Muffin Muncher. *Baby steps, remember?*

Bar's Hoppin'

I recently built a bar in my home using the instructions from an old issue of *Maxim* I found lying around ["Raising the Bar," February 2004]. I was wondering if you could tell me what alcohol is needed to have the perfect bar.

C. Butera
Syracuse, NY

We stock our bar with an assortment of fine whiskey, vodka, gin, and tonic. For you we suggest a trip to your local fuel distributor. You can't beat alcohol at two bucks a gallon!

FOR YOU

Smoo-o-o-th! If we printed your letter this month, you get this hot razor from Norelco Cool Skin. Just e-mail editors@maximmag.com.

G.I., Yo

You guys never cease to amaze me when it comes to finding the most painfully gorgeous women in the world and allowing us to see just how sexy they are. You also remember our fallen, acknowledge our injured, and constantly have our backs by supporting us as we are stuck out here in the shitholes of the world. That is noble. Knowing you're there helps us to suck it up, drive on, stay proud, and await your next issue. America thanks you.

Sergeant Valdez
Hinesville, GA

Say what? No, sir, America thanks you. We just photograph scantily clad vixens and teach you how to light farts on fire. You lay your lives on the line to preserve our way of life—a way of life that allows for scantily clad vixens and organic pyrotechnics without fear of persecution.

Sly Guy

I really dug the Q&A you guys did with Sylvester Stallone [We Want Answers!, November]. He's done a lot of great work in Hollywood and made some killer movies. *Rocky* is one of the greatest films of all time.

Matt Sprosty
North Olmsted, OH

Thanks, Matt, but don't forget about Demolition Man, Judge Dredd, Daylight, Stop! Or My ▶

YOURS FOR THE TAKING

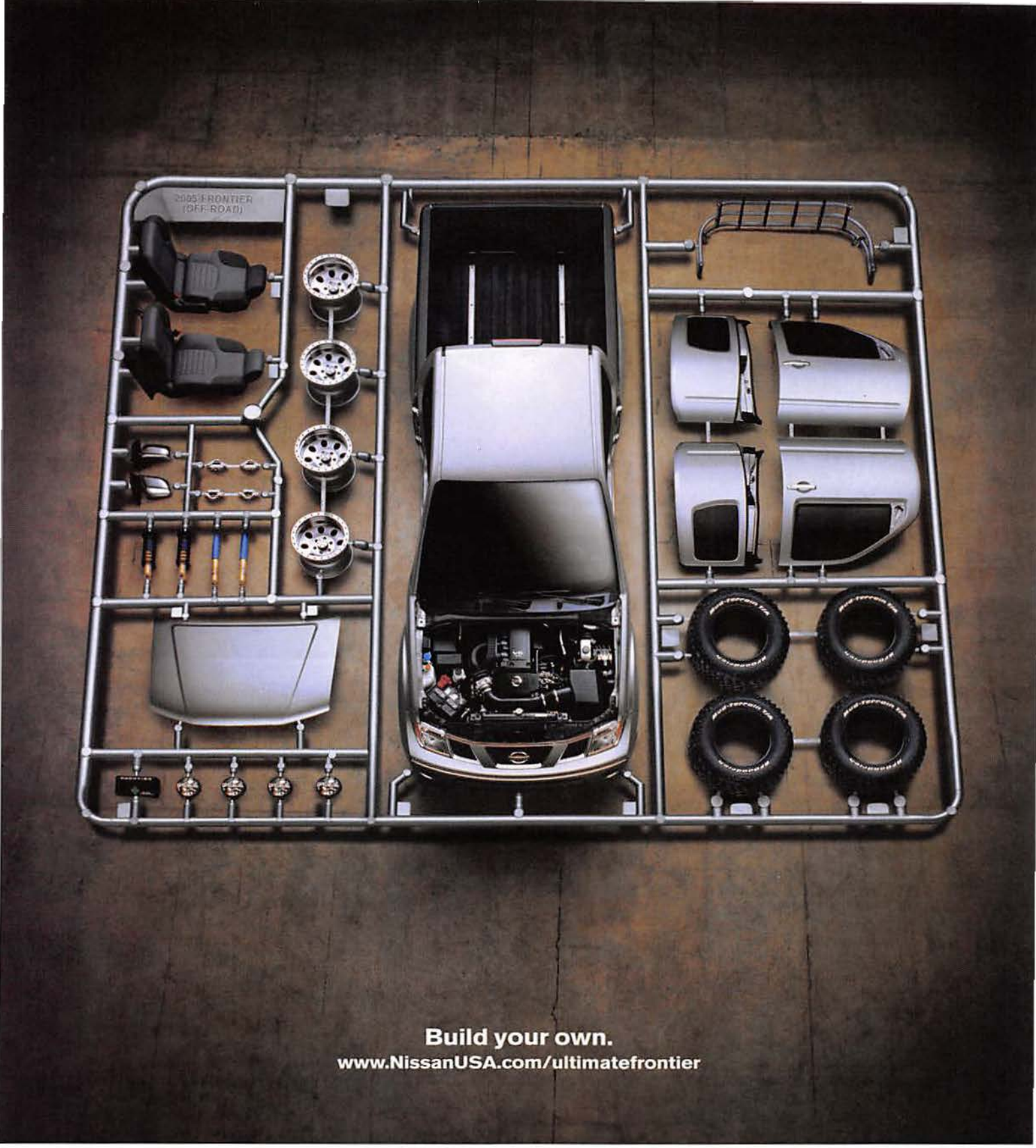
THRASH AND BURN

Put your wrists to good use—for once.

Think you'd get just as tired gaming your way through the skate park as you would if you were on four wheels? Thanks to the folks who created *Tony Hawk's UnderGround 2*, you can find out when you get the game. Not only is *THUG 2* the best grinders' game out there, but they're throwing in a PlayStation 2 and a 36-inch Sony FD Trinitron Wega flat-screen TV for the best pretend-athletic experience possible. Now pull a couple of all-nighters perfecting your skill—carpal tunnel wrist brace not included. To win, skate on over to **maximonline.com.**

WIN!

Photograph, Andrew Eccles (Laura Prepon)



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OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

WIN THIS!

Want our job? You're welcome to it. Send us a caption about this commie skill-training seminar. If we giggle, we'll send you an arsenal of Logitech video gaming accessories. Just e-mail caption@maximmag.com. Captionalism rules!

NOVEMBER'S WINNER

Winner:
The last moments of an Iraqi singing telegram.—*Tim James, Kalamazoo, MI*

Mom Will Shoot, Assassins, The Specialist, Nighthawks, Over the Top, *and* Get Carter. *It's easy to star in Oscar winners; it takes a real pro to grin and bear it through absolute dreck.*

Out of Our Ivy League

When I brought my copy of *Maxim* home to my dorm, I tossed it on the coffee table. One of my roommates started looking through it, as I hoped she would. She stopped on the Says Her story ["Sexy Coeds Confess!" November] and said, "Look—this girl has on the shirt that's on your wall." (I have the wardrobe pinned up in my room.) One of my other roommates looked and said, "That girl *is* you!" My boyfriend loves the fact that I was in *Maxim*. I've been getting a lot of funny messages on thefacebook.com, an online college directory, and even got a wedding proposal. Thanks again!

Whitney
New Haven, CT

You know, we thought that little wedding proposal was going to be between you and us. If you were going to blab it to everyone, you could have at least held back on the pepper spray.

Grand Scam

Last night during the 12th inning of the Red Sox–Yankees playoff game, somebody from your magazine called and bothered me about extending my subscription. I almost canceled it altogether. What the hell kind of men's magazine is this? I don't know what's worse: the fact that you bugged me in the 12th of an intense game or the fact that you make some poor schmuck work during game time. Perhaps I should begin subscribing to *Vanity Fair* instead.

Ryan
Via e-mail

Well, that's up to you, but they might still pester you during the Designing Women *marathon on Lifetime.* Vive la Delta Burke!

SUBSCRIBE

Get a subscription or fix it by writing: Maxim, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142 or calling 386-447-6312. We love you!

Christie Clear

The NBA feature "Countdown to Chaos" in your November issue was tight! I loved the part where you guys ripped Doug Christie for being whipped. He definitely wasn't paying attention when Wilt Chamberlain was schoolin' the NBA. His wife isn't even that hot!

Alan Hier
Cleveland, OH

Alan, how superficial of you! Don't you know that looks aren't everything? We're sure Doug's just happy he finally found something with Mommy parts to double-dribble his balls.

MAXIM CLEANS UP THE OFFICE

RANDOM OBJECT SENT TO RANDOM PERSON

Object:
Tommy Lee–autographed Adam & Eve outfit
Sent to:
Darlene Dearen
Las Vegas, NV

Scare Bears

Thanks to *Maxim*'s positive influence on my life, I no longer have warm, fuzzy thoughts. I am now ready to be a productive member of society again. (Art enclosed.)

Kevin Stevens
Smyrna, DE

"Positive influence" is our middle name! We can't wait to see the testimonial you have in store for Dr. Phil.

Pork in the Road

What a bunch of assholes! No, not you guys, but the government. Thanks to your "Uncle Ham" article in the November issue, I now know where my hard-earned skrilla is going: straight into the toilet, or into some stupid underground highway in Boston. Although I suppose that as long as I can save a few pennies to spend on my favorite magazine, things are kosher on the bus. Keep up the good work.

Al Stevens
Miami, FL

Disturbing, isn't it? That's why we devote ourselves, working like minimum wage sweathogs, to ensuring you get the most out of your Maxim. *It's great for lining guinea pig cages or building rescue flares, and it won't give you leprosy or the bubonic plague. Well, not anymore.* ▶

RIDICULOUSLY POWERFUL NEW WEAPONS AND GADGETS.
YOU'LL WANT TO SPEND TIME WITH EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM.

Ratchet & Clank: Up Your Arsenal

This time the destruction is personal. Take on fellow destructophiles from across the nation online. Upgrade weapons to planet-vaporizing levels of firepower. Nuke enemies and friends alike in the single-player and split-screen multiplayer modes. Blast, whip, electrocute or melt your way through amazing new galaxies. So lock, load and gather the troops. You've got some destroying to do.

TEEN T CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Crude Humor
Fantasy Violence

ONLINE. BROADBAND ONLY

INSOMNIAC GAMES

PlayStation.2

LIVE IN YOUR WORLD.
PLAY IN OURS.

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WINNERS' CIRCLE

THE MAXIM SCHOLARS

Today's forecast calls for full moons... Whoever said *Maxim* readers fly by the seats of their pants never met the winners of our recent scholarship contest. These two honors students demonstrated dedication to media studies, flashing the viewers of a live local weather broadcast. Coordinating clothed test runs in front of the station's weather cam with cell-phone calls to watching-at-home accomplices, the boys pinpointed the best time and location to get maximum screen time for their Big Ten butt cheeks. Their hotly anticipated full moons were finally seen by news-hungry State College, PA residents enjoying their morning coffee and newspapers. Kudos, fellas! Here's $100 for your stupendous achievement. Now go celebrate your win with a tighty-whitey shopping spree.

Hiroki Ta-ta

Wah! I just read that Hiroki is leaving ["Hiroki! Is Leaving!" November]. Please tell him he is the only Japanese man whose sweet-and-sour sauce I would have gladly slurped. Gawd, I wanted to devour that li'l man! Sayonara, Hiroki-san.

Amiko Lester
Norman, OK

Hiroki will be missed. No one can swallow raw goat entrails while simultaneously choking back vomit like he can.

Rags to Riches

Thank you for introducing such a wonderful magazine into my life. Ever since I started reading *Maxim*, I've been full of useless trivia. My single concern is the fashion section. It's great, but most of the clothes are way too expensive. It would be nice to see some affordable threads, or perhaps I should just get a job.

Arturo Santos
Via e-mail

Arturo, relax! Fashion doesn't have to cost a fortune. Just grow the world's best mustache (see right) and you'll get a boatload of cool T-shirts!

Litter Bugged

I was walking to work, holding on tight to my newest issue of *Maxim*, when a loose subscription form fell out of the magazine and onto the sidewalk. I didn't notice until I felt a tap on my shoulder and a police officer pointed out my litter. I picked it up and offered it to him, telling him how great the magazine is. While he refused, he didn't cite me for anything. I bet it's only because the magazine was *Maxim*. Any other mag and I would be you sending a ticket asking to be reimbursed. Hooray for *Maxim*!

Dave Basner
Wynnewood, PA

We're glad we could help you out, Dave. Next time try bribing him with donuts. Cops love that!

ALERT!

Letters contest rules are on maximonline.com. While you're there, look at pictures of pretty girls. *Whee!*

Hometown Advantage

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the top 10 hometown hotties ["Meet Your Neighbors!," November]. I was wondering if you might be able to set me up with one of 'em. I had an eye for that girl Crystal. She was smokin'! C'mon, *Maxim*—I know you guys have connections. Think you can hook a reader up? I'd be the envy of all my fraternity brothers. Whaddaya say?

John Beta
Athens, OH

Interesting proposition, Johnny. We ran the idea by Crystal, and she said she'd love t... hold on, she's still laughing.

When Pigs Skate

Ha! I cracked the hell up when I read the article you guys did about the goofy cop vehicles ["Lazy Cops!," November]. No sooner had I read the article than I saw a cop on Rollerblades! And he was wearing a fanny pack! It's a good thing he didn't pull me over. I definitely wouldn't have been able to keep a straight face.

Alberto Spanyo
Agoura Hills, CA

Guess you lucked out, Alberto. We see your point though—we'd have a hard time associating the term straight face *with anything wearing fruit boots and a fanny caddie.*

Savor the Favor

I've been reading *Maxim* for about three years and I can't get enough. I'm writing to ask a favor. I'd like you to put a message in your November issue for me. See, my girlfriend's 21st birthday is November 4 and she is also a huge fan of your mag. I'd appreciate it if somewhere in the issue you could print three simple words, "Happy Birthday, Toni," so she can read them after she inevitably steals the issue from me.

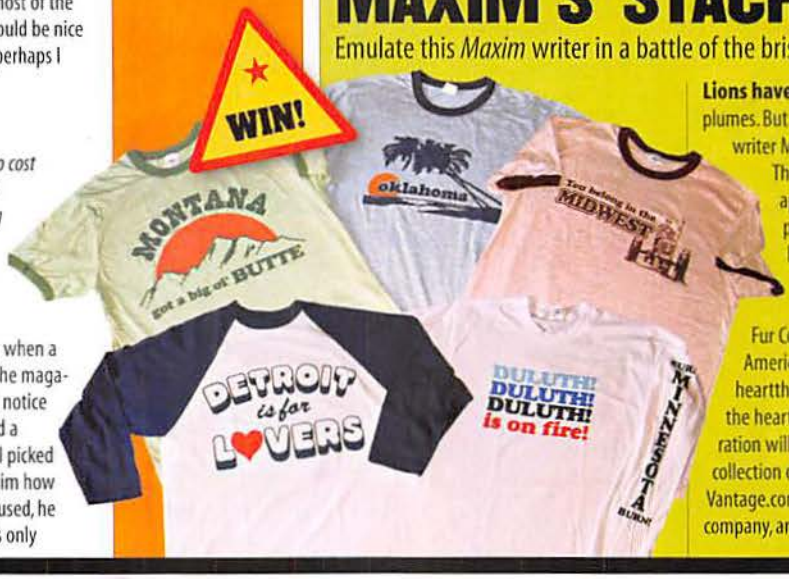
Jake Wagensomer
Via e-mail

Well, November's over, Jake, but hopefully your promise of a "Happy Birthday, Toni!" wish got you some amazing thank-you sex before she realized you're a liar and smacked you around. M

GROW IT YOURSELF

MAXIM'S 'STACHE OFF

Emulate this *Maxim* writer in a battle of the bristles.



Lions have manes. Peacocks, plumes. But real men—like our writer Matthew Fleece—sport 'staches. Think your upper lip screams "sex appeal"? Comb the crust out of your peach fuzz and send a pic of your handsome handlebars to: mustache@maximmag.com or write the Matthew Fleece Memorial Face of Fur Contest, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY, 10018. The hirsute heartthrob who best embodies the spirit of the heartland through his facial hair configuration will snag a spot in a future issue *and* a collection of hip-tastic T-shirts from Vintage Vantage.com. Employees of *Maxim*, its parent company, and Burt Reynolds are ineligible.

"I love it when girls wear the phone with their stomach showing."

VX7000

Introducing the camcorder phone from LG. With its sleek, sophisticated design, it will get just as much attention as anything else you're wearing.

- Video Messaging*
- VGA Camera With Flash
- Rotating Lens
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LG Life's Good

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LAUGH, STUPID!

STAND-UP SPOTLIGHT

BEN BAILEY

Dogs just don't get the job done.

Ben: funny, filled with sweets

I was talking to a friend of mine the other day, and I said, "Hi, how you doing, man?"

And he said, "I've been working like a dog."

"What, have you been lying on the floor all fucking day? Where exactly are you working? And do they have any openings?" That sounds like a job I can handle.

You shouldn't be working like a dog. We've got to update these expressions. It should be working like an illegal immigrant. Go ahead and laugh—they're not here. They're all still at work. Then the expression would have a little meaning anyway, wouldn't it?

"So how have you been doing, man?"

"Oh, I've just been working like an illegal immigrant."

"Holy shit, really? Sit down. Relax. You trying to kill yourself? Minimum wage . . . not easy."

I made the mistake of doing that joke in El Paso, Texas, one mile from the border of Mexico. I said the words *illegal immigrant* and the room fell dead silent. I ended up closing my show that night with a three-hour impersonation of a piñata. I don't normally do impressions, but believe me when I tell you, this one was pretty fucking accurate. Right up to the point where all that candy came out of my ass. I didn't even know it was in there. It was the best birthday little Pedro ever had.

Buy Ben's new album, *Ben Bailey Blvd.*, at therealbenbailey.com, and check him out in the upcoming flick *Bad Meat*.

Q: What does a redneck always say just before he dies? A: "Hey, watch this!"

IN MEMORIAM

PAYING OUR RESPECTS

He didn't get the love while he was alive, but better late than never: our favorite Rodney Dangerfield bits.

"Whatcha mean, 'Heaven's full'?"

"When I was born, the doctor came into the waiting room and said to my father, 'I'm sorry. We did everything we could, but he pulled through.'"

"I was such an ugly baby, my mother breast-fed me through a straw."

"I could tell my parents hated me. My bath toys were a toaster and a radio."

"Every time I get in an elevator, the operator says the same thing to me: 'Basement?'"

"A girl called the other day and said, 'Come on over. Nobody's home.' I went over. Nobody was home."

"I went to the doctor because I had swallowed a bottle of sleeping pills. My doctor told me to have a few drinks and get some rest."

THE $200 JOKE!

WIN $200!

Friend to the End

A man applies to be a truck driver at a new company and gets hired.

"I've got one demand, though," says the man to his new employer. "Since you hired me, you gots to hire Dave."

"Who's that?" says the boss.

"My partner. He drives when I sleep, and I drive when he sleeps," the new guy says. "You've gotta take Dave."

"Well, answer this question satisfactorily and I'll hire Dave too," says the boss. "You're going down a hill, your brakes go out, and up ahead is a bridge with an 18-wheeler jackknifed across it. What would you do?"

"I'd wake up Dave," replies the man.

"How's that going to help?"

"We've been together for 25 years," says the new guy, "and he ain't never seen a wreck like the one we're about to have!"

—Tavis Hollar, via e-mail

Completely Stumped

A lady places a personal ad in the paper that reads, "Looking for a man who won't beat me, won't run out on me, and is good in bed."

Days later her doorbell rings, and she opens the door to find a man with no arms or legs.

"I'm here in response to your personal ad," he says. "I don't have arms, so I can't beat you. And I don't have legs, so I can't run out on you."

"But I need a good lover too," she replies.

"I rang the doorbell, didn't I?"

Shock Therapy

Q: How do you keep a kid from wetting the bed?
A: Give him an electric blanket.

Animal Attraction

A hunter spots a small brown bear and shoots it. He then feels a tap on his shoulder, turns around, and is face to face with a big black bear.

"You've got two choices," says the bear. "I maul you, or we have sex."

The guy opts to take it from the bear. After recovering for two weeks, the pissed-off hunter searches out and shoots the big black bear. Just then he feels another tap on his shoulder, and turns to see a 10-foot grizzly standing over him.

"Admit it," says the bear. "You don't come here for the hunting, do you?"

Says Who?

"Knock, knock."

"Who's there?"

"Control freak. Now this is where you say, 'Control freak who?'"

Drop Zone

The residents of a southern town keep falling down a deep hole in the middle of the sidewalk on Main Street and always end up dying because the nearest hospital is 40 miles away. The mayor calls a town meeting to address the issue and asks for suggestions.

"We need our own hospital!" says one local.

"That's beyond our budget," answers the mayor. "Anyone else?"

"I gots a perfect idea," says another hick. "Just dig the hole next to the hospital."

Going Postal

Two mailmen are chatting on a sidewalk after finishing their routes when one steps on a slug.

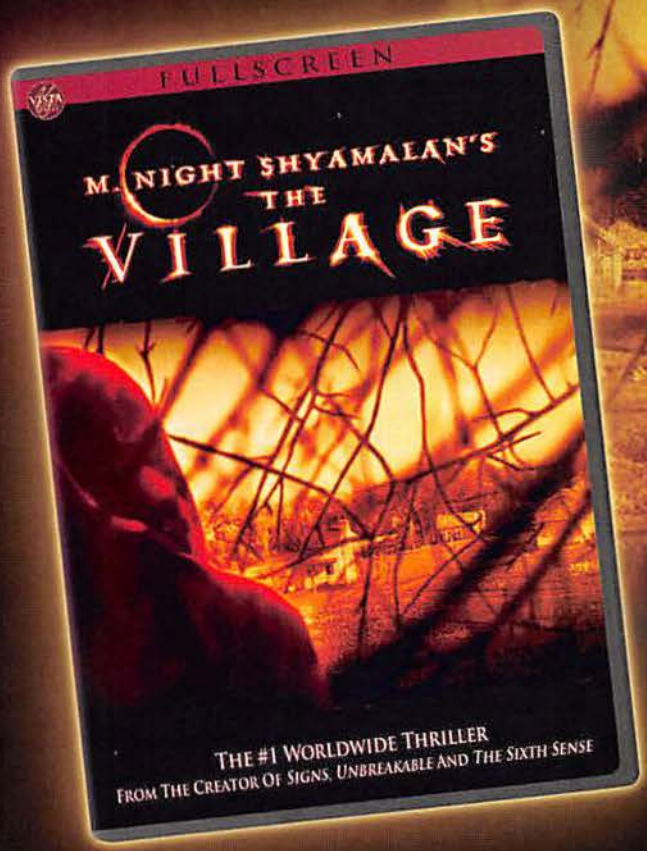
"Why'd you do that?" asks the other guy.

The first guy wipes off his shoe and says, "Bastard's been following me all day."

Read hundreds of jokes and submit some of your own at **maximonline.com!**

Illustration, John Richardson

Own The #1 Worldwide Thriller Of The Year!



ON DVD JANUARY 11

Special Features Include Deleted Scenes – Introduced By Director M. Night Shyamalan – That Reveal Clues To The Movie's Twists And Turns.

– Plus–

- Deconstructing *The Village*
- M. Night's Home Movie
- Production Photo Gallery
- Bryce's Diary

"This One Will Leave You Stunned!"

— Paul Clinton, CNN

ALSO AVAILABLE

An Insider's Look At The Director Of *The Sixth Sense* And *Signs*.

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TOUCHSTONE HOME ENTERTAINMENT

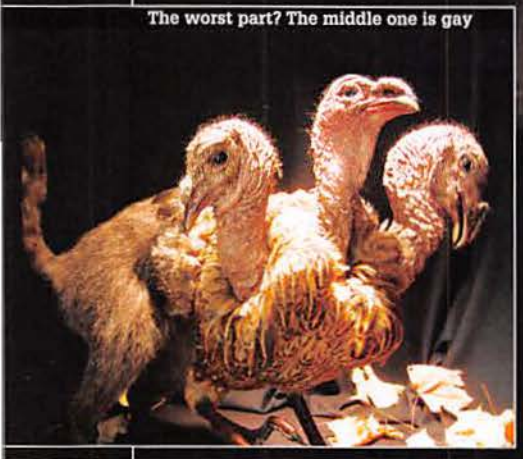
CIRCUS M

MONSTER MASH

Take one part fish, one part lamb, and one part grouse. Mount and enjoy.

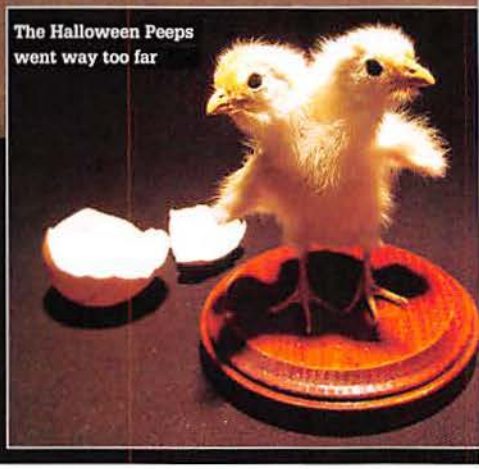
Ever wanted to decorate your home like the inside of a Ripley's Believe It or Not Museum? Well, freak, it's about time you checked out the work of Sarina Brewer, Robert Marbury, and Scott Bibus, founders of the Minnesota Association of Rogue Taxidermists and three artists united by a love of manipulating animals like so much hairy Play-doh. Brewer specializes in combining multiple sections of dead fauna—road kill, deceased pets, and other odds and ends she's come across—to create fanciful creatures like this here Capricorn, made from a lamb's torso, a grouse's wings, and a carp's ass end (and yours for about $850). Bibus goes a bit more gruesome, usually dousing his animals in blood, forcing them to eat human limbs, or both. And in a slightly less dead direction, Marbury fashions his mounted pieces from stuffed animals, though he's sure to make them look unholy enough to fit in with his compadres' works. "We use different techniques," says Marbury, "but we're all celebrating mutation and oddities." OK, then. *(rogue taxidermy.com)*

The worst part? The middle one is gay



"It tastes so good when it hits your lips."

The Halloween Peeps went way too far



AXIMUS

"Can we hurry up? I've got kids' dreams to haunt, you know."

Perfect for holding up Granny's famous squirrel stew recipe

Photographs, Karl Raschke for creativeelectricstudios.com

Even this thing's had sex with your mom

Who said Chernobyl had an effect on the surrounding wildlife?

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Get up to **52% closer** than shaving dry.

Lectric Shave stands whiskers up stiff so your electric razor can shave shockingly close. Leaves your skin smooth. Really comes in handy in the clinch.

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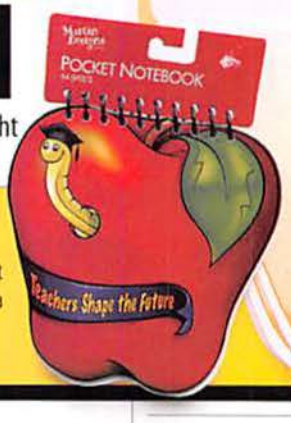
SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

Somebody actually thought this stuff was innocent.



▶ THE $150 WINNER!

It wouldn't be the first place we'd think of to write down notes, but it *is* a naturally juicy destination for a hungry worm.

—Amanda Bonus, Wooster, OH

▲ RUNNER-UP

It's no secret that the Navy has an exaggerated opinion of itself.

—Tim Havill, Palm Beach, FL

▶ RUNNER-UP

"Wee! Now you look all bright and colorful, like a Christmas tree," said Pooh, before adding, "and don't forget, the safety word is *banana*."

—Brian Meek, Arlington, TN

▶ RUNNER-UP

Seems the old place was proving too tempting to the students at St. Bart's all-boys Catholic high school across the street.

—Keith McLean, West Haven, CT

New site urged for Hooker School

More noise, traffic seen by Whitney Ave. residents

▲ RUNNER-UP

It can provide hours of fun, but if you grab on too tight, things are bound to get messy.*—Ben Witt, Mt. Pleasant, MI*

HEY, PERV—SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL PORN LATELY?

If it turns us on, we'll send you $150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. It's more fun than being kneed in the Johnny Appleseeds.

Ever wonder what sumo spew looks like? **http://www.heavy.com/current/games/sushi/**

Photographs, Frank Veronsky (notebook, wiener)

LADIES' NIGHT

SWEET FIGHTER

She's as lovely as can be—so long as you don't get in her face.

SMALL TALK

Name: Niki Mills, 25
Job: Public relations
Find her at: Pianos, New York City
Drink of choice: Dirty martini
Sex in bathrooms? "I've done that."

Maxim: **Go to the bar often?**
Niki: I go out every night. I like lounges and dive bars, especially when the game is on. It's a good place to meet people.
M: **You must get hit on a lot...**
N: Not much, but I almost always do the approaching. If I want something, I go for it.
M: **How do you pay your bar tab?**
N: I'm an assistant to the president of a public relations company.
M: **No wonder you need a drink.**
N: Yeah, and I got robbed at work recently. I was sitting at my desk when this guy with a gun got off the elevator and told me that if I answered the phone he'd shoot me. I was like, "Take what you want. Just don't kill me." He took my laptop and money, then left.
M: **Brutal.**
N: I stayed calm while he was there, but five minutes after the guy left, I broke down. But if he didn't have a gun, I would have beaten the shit out of him. I know kick-boxing.
M: **Damn! You're not afraid to throw down.**
N: Once these two girls got jealous because their boyfriends were talking to me, and they started with me. I was like, "Let's get this party started." I'm not going to lie—I got my ass kicked. But they got it worse than I did.

Styling, Krisana Palma; hair, Regee Drummer for Oliver Piro; makeup, Jenna Anton for See Management

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

At 248 mph, an airbag won't help you, FYI

WILD RIDES

We were wrong: The Paris Auto Show featured more than just pink tricycles...

"OK—who's the bastard that keyed my hood?"

CHRYSLER ME 4-12

This beast rocks the 0–60 in 2.9 seconds and tops out at an estimated 248 mph, thanks to a midmounted 6.0-liter V-12 engine (courtesy of Mercedes supertuners AMG) that wears four turbochargers and pumps out a staggering 850 hp. Chrysler claims it plans to build about 300 of the 4-12 concepts per year in the near future, but unless your last name starts with a *T* and ends with a *rump*, you probably won't be buying one.

Sleek design and ungodly power not your style? Try one of these rides, Allison.

Great for those not snowy, not rainy days

PEUGEOT QUARK

It looks like an ATV, but Peugeot insists this four-wheeler for two is more urban runabout than off-road trailblazer. At the heart of the Quark is a hydrogen fuel cell connected to four wheel-mounted electric motors, whose combined 295 lb.-ft. of torque yank the carbon-fiber-bodied crotch rod from 0–60 in 6.5 seconds. Problem is, the Quark tops out at 68 mph, and the bright red, rear-mounted hydrogen tank is a perfect target for highway road ragers eager to see speed-impaired drivers pull a Hindenburg.

Back to the Future 4 went straight to DVD

SIVAX STREETSTER II XTILE

Though it doesn't feature a 10-foot-long sword or oversize eyes, Sivax swears the inspiration for its Streetster II Xtile comes from Japanese anime. The cartoony two-seat roadster features a cockpit-splitting center spine with mounted controls and a pair of double-axis doors that open parallel to the car's body. That means drivers won't have any problem getting out after parking right next to other vehicles—whose old-timey single-hinged doors will dent the hell out of this car. Thanks, technology!

We'll take two, over easy, on rye

PININFARINA NIDO

Recognize the name? Pininfarina is the design house behind Ferrari, but this outing sees them ditching exotic supercars for revolutionary small-car safety innovations. The minuscule 113.8-inch-long Nido cradles its passengers inside a safety shell designed to keep its human cargo's fragile heads from cracking like eggs in a collision with the towering SUV one lane over. It's also designed to minimize injuries to slowpoke grannies who can't cross the street in time, making the Nido the first street-legal bumper car.

> OUT OF THE CLOSET

HOMERSEXUAL

Springfield's set to get all P.C. this February, when a *Simpsons* character goes gay. Who is it? Check the odds and bet smart.

1. NED FLANDERS
A dead wife, two frilly children, and a failed marriage to a Vegas cocktail waitress might have pushed conservative Flanders over the rainbow. It wouldn't be the first time a moralizing fundamentalist was outed as a hypocrite. And have you seen that mustache?

2 LENNY 'N' CARL
Homer's homeboys once swapped spit for $1,000 dollars, and their relationship is a delicate tango between giddy heteroplatonica and musky homoerotica. It's anyone's guess if their man-love is of the gridiron-spanking or the "dare not speak its name" variety.

3. MOE
A lonely bartender who can't land a woman because of his natural awkwardness or a tortured soul tormented by a repressed feather boa fetish? Renaming his bar "Flaming Moe's" after hitting pay dirt with a girly drink was, perhaps, a cry for help. Or solidarity.

4. WAYLON SMITHERS
His collection of Malibu Stacy dolls, obsession with his employer's withered genitals, and impeccably decorated flat on the "Frisco" side of town would make Elton John look like Ron Jeremy. Smithers is almost too obvious a choice, no?

5. MILHOUSE
Perhaps this four-eyed pansy will finally wed Lisa and go on to breed a large family of yellow-skinned geeks. Or maybe his infatuation with Bart's sis is just a cover so he can try on her knickers. She's gotta have something to match his lavender blouse.

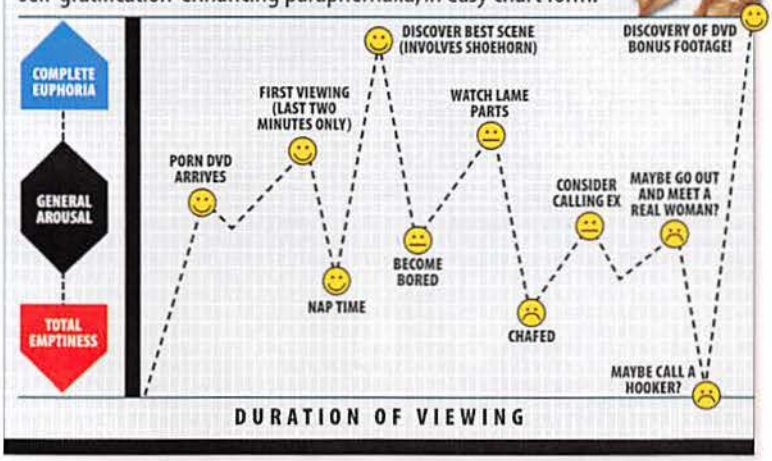
6. MONTY BURNS
Maybe the arthritic tycoon's penchant for wearing fur is just his way of pimping it. Yeah, right—and maybe Burnsy's quest to rule Springfield with a perfectly manicured iron fist isn't because he's compensating for a painfully deep-seated self-hatred.

7. PATTY AND SELMA BOUVIER
Marge's gravel-voiced sisters consider men (especially Homer) beneath potatoes on the evolutionary ladder. Selma's been married three times, but Patty's managed only a fling with girly-man Seymour Skinner *and* wears telltale pink triangle earrings.

> A SHOT IN THE DARK

THE HALF-LIFE OF PORN

The roller-coaster ride that results from one's purchase of self-gratification-enhancing paraphernalia, in easy chart form.



> FUN FACT!

The final hot dog sold at the Montreal Expos' last home game was auctioned off for $2,161.

> BRAIN CRAMP

VEHICULAR SAFETY 101

One woman shows us the latest in protective headgear for this season.

honda.com 1-800-33-Honda *Cargo capacity limited by weight and distribution.
4WD EX model shown with accessory roof rack. ©2004 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

64 seating configurations and side cargo doors. Where will it take you? The Element from Honda.

> MAXIM WORLDWIDE

ANNA AZAROVA

A stunning Russian who melts more hearts than Chernobyl.

As seen in: Russian *Maxim*, November 2004
Her story: Having had enough of school at the age of 17, Anna became a model and proved that higher education is overrated. The Soviet sexpot has appeared on hundreds of billboards and commercials since, and she recently hit it big in the land of vodka and elderly pinkos when she scored the lead role on the television program *Dear Maria Berezina*...with a mangled face. "Two hours before the final casting call, I broke my nose doing acrobatics in an acting class," she recalls. "I didn't know that it was broken, but it looked like a bloody pig's snout." The pain didn't end once taping started, either. "They beat me and choked me in some scenes," she remembers. "And in three scenes I was drowning in a swimming pool. I played those well, because I can't swim at all."

While she may be a glutton for pain, this red-hot red turns to food to soothe the aches caused by her on-the-job injuries. "I love to eat late at night—at three in the morning," she says. "And I can't live without pickles and sauerkraut. My grandma always made so much of them!" Apparently, kraut does a body good. But more importantly, it does a guy good, since Anna's a sucker for a man with a well-stocked fridge—and odd tastes. "He should use his imagination and offer something unusual," she advises. One mutton-encrusted pizza coming right up.

MAXIM ONLINE
Steal a computer and see more pics at **maximonline.com.**

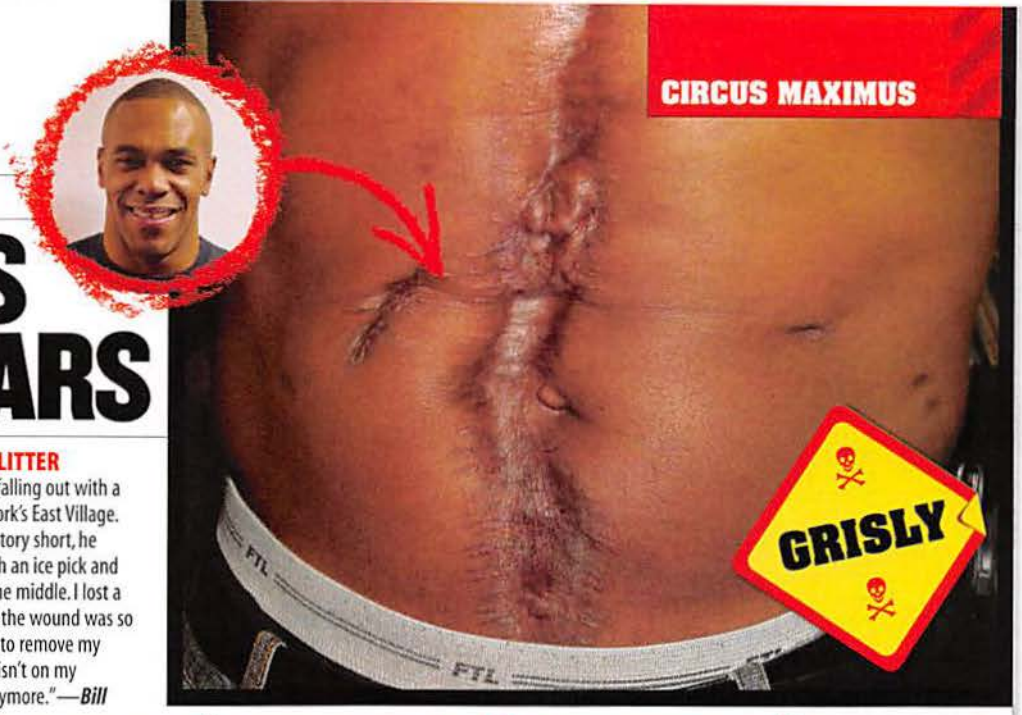
This Russky almost makes us wish they'd won

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAVEL SENIGOVETS

STITCH IN TIME

CHICKS DIG SCARS

Maxim staffers show off their old wounds, ranging from gruesome to girlish.



PICK OF THE LITTER

"I had a bit of a falling out with a 'friend' in New York's East Village. To make a long story short, he attacked me with an ice pick and split me down the middle. I lost a lot of blood, and the wound was so severe, they had to remove my spleen. This guy isn't on my Christmas list anymore."—***Bill***

LOOKIT!

SLICE O' LIFE

E-mail pics of your gnarly wounds, along with the whole sob story of how you got 'em, to **scarface@maximmag.com**

NOSE JOB

"I got this scar on my 21st birthday. It was a crazy party, and I was so trashed I took a baseball bat to a car, then jumped through the glass front door of my house. I walked around for two weeks with a chunk of my nose flapping around before I finally had a doctor burn it off."—***Pete***

PIPE DREAM

"A friend of mine got jumped by a bunch of skinheads with bats and pipes. I rushed to save him, but before I could do anything, one of the skinheads spun around and stabbed me hard in the chest with a pipe, and I dropped pathetically to the ground."—***Charles***

DANCE FEVER

"I got this scar from dancing. No kidding. I was at a club with my girl, and I tried to turn and dip her. Problem was, my joints weren't moving with me, so *snap*—broke my leg. I could feel the bones rubbing against each other. I was out of commission for three months."—***Matt***

BOY GETS STONED

"So this isn't the coolest story, but basically, when I was three years old, I ran after my sister and collided with our brick fireplace. When hotties ask me how it happened, I tell them I was wounded while defending a nun from a mugger with a machete."—***Jim***

RIDING HIGH

GLIDE OF YOUR LIFE

This ride takes you anywhere you wanna go—like drugs!

Enjoy land-based driving but long to soar like the mighty sea gull? You need the Hoverwing, a hovercraft that flies with a flick of its joystick. "It's not street-legal," says William Zang, president of Illinois-based Universal Hovercraft, "but you can drive it down the street and onto the lake." Once there, throttle up to 55 mph, pull back on the controls, and try not to decapitate swimmers as you fly up to five feet above the waves. An engineless kit requiring 275 hours for assembly starts at $4,680, while $45,000 buys a prebuilt, loaded model with an enclosed cockpit, which might give an extra second's safety before the inevitable fiery crash. Will it be on land, on water, or in the air? With the Hoverwing, you decide! *(hovercraft.com)*

Taking off or landing? You be the judge...

WEB BYTES

How much are you worth in the clink? **http://www.4paddedwalls.com/tests/jailrape/htm**

HOBBY CORNER

GOOFY TATS

George Reiger is Disney's biggest fan, if you couldn't tell from the cartoony body art.

First off, *why*? *Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color* was my baby-sitter as a child. I got my first tattoo, Fantasia Mickey, at age 18 because I wanted to have Mickey with me wherever I went. This makes up for my childhood.

Disney's protective of its toons. Why haven't they shot you yet? I asked for their permission when I was 22 and already had 80 tattoos. As long as I use only one tattoo artist and don't make a dime off this, then they're OK with it.

Do girls, besides four-year-olds, dig the ink? Well, I'm married to my sixth wife. They assume I'll get over it, but I always tell them Disney comes first.

Is every, um, inch of you covered? I'm about 85 percent covered. In the past 10 years, I've added over 1,400 tattoos. I get four or five new ones every week. I don't cover my hands, face, or neck, because I work as a magician, but *everything* else is done. There are 28 that only my wives have seen.

So *that's* where Dumbo is... No, he's on my rear end. But down there I do have Pinocchio and Mickey with a magic wand.

1,675 TOONS IN ALL!

WALT DISNEY
Mr. Mickey is on the nape of his neck

FANTASIA MICKEY
George's first—and favorite—tattoo

JESSICA RABBIT
Good company on long, lonely nights

THE MUPPETS
Thankfully, this Beaker shuts up

MOVING PICTURES

WHOA, LOOK OUT FOR THAT...

Hey, someone has to find out how strong to make pilots' seat belts.

Sandia National Laboratories rockets an $18.4 million F-4 Phantom into a wall at 480 mph to find the impact force of a jet.

Upon hitting the 12-foot-thick concrete, the fuselage disintegrates like Paris Hilton's inhibitions at an open bar.

Scientists learn that the engines account for almost all the impact force—and that rock beats aeronautical engineering.

BANDWAGONS

THREE'S A TREND!

Hit that magic number and you've got yourself a bona fide craze with no end in sight. Only two? Thanks, but no thanks.

HOT CELEBRITIES WITH SMALL DOGS/EMOTIONAL CRUTCHES

Nicole Richie
Nicole shows Paris her furry Pomeranian.

Jenny McCarthy
She holds her Chihuahua at a fashion show.

Carmen Electra
Carmen's got a tight grip on her silky terrier.

SMOKING MONKEYS

Tulsa, Oklahoma
This chimp aped smokers after finding a butt.

Thailand
Namwan took up smoking eight years ago.

South Korea
A monkey lights up after a bowl of noodles.

ROLLING STONES WITHOUT SERIOUS ILLNESSES

Keith Richards
Emphysema-free, unlike Ronnie Wood.

Mick Jagger
Is not cancer-stricken. Sorry, Charlie Watts.

Jingle All The Way!

NEW HOLIDAY CLASSIC!

Give It On DVD!

DIMENSION FILMS presents a TRIPTYCH PICTURES production a TERRY ZWIGOFF film BILLY BOB THORNTON "BAD SANTA" TONY COX LAUREN GRAHAM BRETT KELLY LAUREN TOM with JOHN RITTER and BERNIE MAC casting by MARY VERNIEU and FELICIA FASANO music supervisor DAVID KAY editor WENDY GREENE BRICMONT production designer SHARON SEYMOUR director of photography JAMIE ANDERSON, ASC written by ROBERT HUFFMAN co-producers DAVID CROCKETT executive producers HARVEY WEINSTEIN BRAD WESTON directed by JOEL COEN & ETHAN COEN produced by JOHN CAMERON SARAH AUBREY BOB WEINSTEIN written by GLENN FICARRA & JOHN REQUA directed by TERRY ZWIGOFF

DIMENSION HOME VIDEO

video.com/dimension

Distributed by Buena Vista Home Entertainment, Inc., Burbank, California 91521. ©Buena Vista Home Entertainment, Inc.

GAME STAR SHOWDOWN

Sixteen classic video game characters duke it out to see who gets the high score and who gets traded in for store credit.

ROUND 1

PAC-MAN
The Pac-kins diet consists of fruit, ghosts, and little magic pills.

SCORPION
Ambiguous and pushy, demands men *and* women "get over here!"

SOLID SNAKE
The baddest spy on the planet… who wears a sweatband.

MEGA-MAN
Bionic boy blue fights alongside a robo-pup that never poops.

DUKE NUKEM
Packs a big arsenal, and a haircut better than Howie Long's.

SONIC
Superspeedy urchin with a bad case of the blue balls.

CHUN-LI
The hottie Street Fighter with cute pigtails and ropy, muscular thighs.

LINK
Dance on, elf-boy; dunce caps were the trucker hats of 1986.

ROUND 2

Fatality! Pac's toothless maw engulfs all of Scorpion's tasty, salted corpse.

Robo-boy and his dog can't beat a war-scarred veteran merc with survival training.

Hedgehogs are speedy, but bullets are quicker. PETA doesn't protect mutants.

Chun-Li subdues Link after finding the little green fairy child trying on her clothes.

ROUND 3

Tech gear vs. hunger? Pac gobbles Snake's nuts like a floating pair of cherries.

Duke's remarks about Chun-Li's weight transform her into a weepy mess.

FINAL ROUND

FINAL BOUT: NUKEM VS. TOMMY
Duke beats Pac-Man 'cuz his gun says so. Tommy pimps Lara out to the Cubans. It's street smarts versus pure blast power for the title. Sorry, Tommy, you're wearing too much damn pastel to win.

HIGH SCORE NUKEM!

ROUND 3

Ethnic similarities aside, Tommy smacks down the plumber and chop-shops his ride.

Hot girl-on-girl action ends with everyone's favorite tomb-raiding short shorts on top.

ROUND 2

Ryu's ninja skills are no match for a sawed-off shotgun and a boosted El Camino.

Crash learns what happens when you make fun of a man's mustache.

The Lees forget "bros before hos" and knock each other out. Lara advances.

Sorry, Kong. Morph ball beats donkey punch in the Nintendo face-off.

ROUND 1

RYU HAYABUSA
The star of *Ninja Gaiden* has a Gai blade and knows how to use it.

TOMMY VERCETTI
GTA icon fights the Mob and angry parents.

CRASH BANDICOOT
In the wild they don't really wear cutoff denim.

MARIO
Gives Italian plumbers hope of flying, eating magic 'shrooms.

LARA CROFT
Tough babe with ginormous guns. She also totes some weapons.

THE LEE BROS.
The Olsen twins of gaming… minus the rehab, of course.

DONKEY KONG
Big monkey who loves tossing barrels and stealing Mario's babes.

SAMUS
Plasma cannon + armor suit = a step forward for space feminists.

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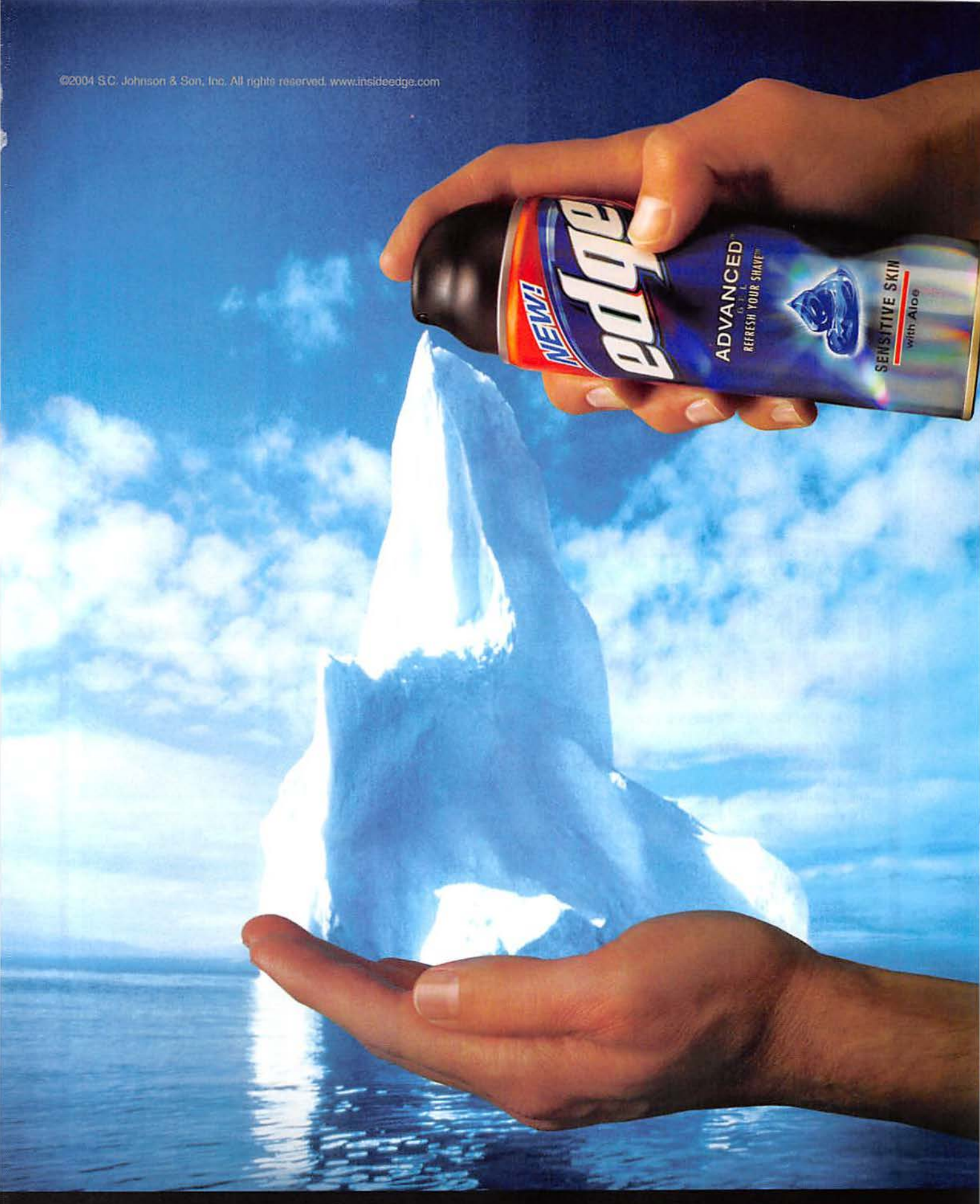


NEW EDGE® ADVANCED™ SHAVE GEL. *Our coolest, most refreshing formula ever.*

> WORLD EVENTS

THOSE WACKY FOREIGNERS!

See how other countries are keeping themselves busy.

JET NAILS FLIGHT BUT BOTCHES DISMOUNT

Bangladesh A Biman Bangladesh jet landing in Sylhet after only 19 minutes in the air hit a puddle when touching down and skidded into a water-filled ditch 100 feet past the runway. The entire nose of the Fokker F-28 became submerged, raising the 33-year-old country's plane crash tally to eight. There were no deaths, and only 25 of the 87 unfortunate fliers were injured—including the female pilot, who suffered broken bones and the humiliation of perpetuating stereotypes.

CRANKY GERIATRIC SWINGS AND MISSES

Romania A 67-year-old man kept awake by the incessant squawking of a chicken attempted to silence the bird by hacking off its neck, only to accidentally behead the wrong cock—his own. Displeased that he'd mistaken his meat for a chicken gizzard, Constantin Mocanu threw the dismembered member to his pooch, which devoured it before Mocanu's wife could call paramedics and save his manhood. "What could I do with a piece of penis?" the Galati resident later lamented to a reporter.

BLOOD DONORS, BEER DRINKERS NEEDED

Czech Republic Practical do-gooders in Prague took advantage of the city's five-day St. Wenceslas Beer Festival by offering free beer to anyone willing to donate blood during the celebration. Busloads of citizens exchanged their plasma for two pints before further thinning their blood supply at the annual kegger. Campaign organizers boasted that Czechs are the world's biggest beer lovers but underplayed their countrymen's indifference to near-fatal blood alcohol levels.

BEAR NEARLY BAGS HUNTER, HUNTER THEN BAGS SELF

Bulgaria A hunter fended off a 700-pound bear with a shotgun, then celebrated his new lease on life by mistakenly shooting himself in the head. Although he had suffered a punctured lung and several broken bones during the attack, 55-year-old Marin Cogev chased after the animal, only to stumble and accidentally fire his gun. The bullet merely grazed his head but did leave him bleeding and unconscious. Hunters able to handle their weapons and walk at the same time later killed the bear.

> SUSHI

DOWN PERISCOPE

The deeper you go, the creepier the critters.

HUMPBACK ANGLERFISH

Living 6,000 feet down, the tennis-ball-size females attract prey with glowing lures on their heads. The males then spew sperm in exchange for dining on the ladies' tasty blood. Aww...

DUMBO OCTOPUS

These fellas, lurking up to three miles deep, can have a tentacle span that reaches 10 feet. Not content with that, they also have a pair of head fins that help them glide and give them a goofy name.

PACIFIC SPOOKFISH

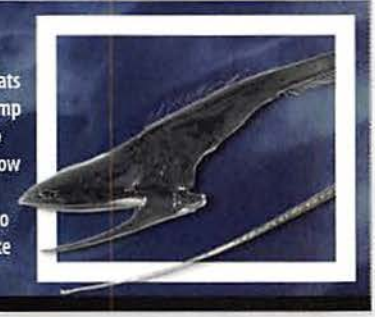
This four-foot-long freak show, found 4,200 feet below the surface, scans the seafloor with its snout for electrical impulses from buried prey. It's nature's very own metal detector.

FANGTOOTH

With its mouth closed, the fangtooth's two bottom teeth slip into sheaths that pass on either side of its brain. But this nightmarish creature is just a mere eight inches long and lives 16,000 feet down, so quit crying.

GULPER EEL

Found at a depth of 6,500 feet, this eel eats schools of small shrimp by closing its jaws so slowly they don't know they're food. And it can swallow prey two thirds its size, just like Camryn Manheim.



WEB BYTES Start your mariachi songwriting career today! **http://www.seedysanchez.co.uk/mariachi/**

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Violence

989 SPORTS

PlayStation 2

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STREET TALKING

GUY-Q TEST

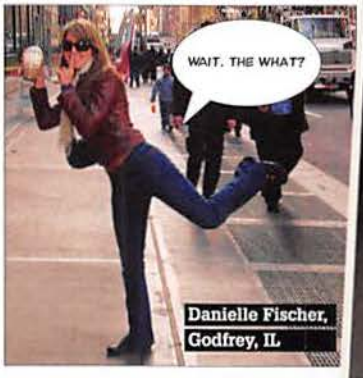
We creeped out hotties on the street by asking if they knew how to do the "Heisman." Check out their moves.

Rachael Whitfield, Buffalo, NY

Brid Graham, Dublin, Ireland

Kate Michael, Atlanta, GA

Marley Orr, New York, NY



Danielle Fischer, Godfrey, IL

Casey Hirshhorn, New York, NY

Joanna Wilde, London, England

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL

Do you know the name of Britney Spears' husband? "Bob...hell, I don't know. Federspiel?" —*Sean DeStefano, Beacon, NY*

FEMALE TROUBLES

GIRLY QUESTIONS

Which of these gal-mag queries is made up by one of our dimwitted copy monkeys, and which ones are, gulp, real?

1 **Q** Is it possible to have genital acne?

2 My boyfriend uses baby talk when we're getting it on, and it's really annoying. I've asked him multiple times to stop, and he does for a while, but then his inner kindergartner comes out again. When he initiates sex, he whines for it like a kid, and when I initiate, he says stuff like, "Weally? It's time for a tweat?" It's enough to make me want to barf. How can I get him to grow up?

3 I have a problem. I can't seem to orgasm without thinking of dirty old men touching me, even when I'm with my young boyfriend. Please help me!

4 I am 24 and have hardly had any boyfriends. I feel like I'm falling in love with my stepdad, and I don't know how to tell my mom. Last night my stepdad kissed me good night, and I felt real passion in his kiss. What should I do?

5 Garlic and onions supposedly do not-so-nice things to the flavor and scent of a man's semen. Is the same true for a woman's secretions?

6 I love my boyfriend. He's tender, supportive, and loving. We make love all the time. But the thing is, whenever it's my time of the month, he insists on wearing maxi-pads in his boxers. Then he tries to massage my cramps, babbling about my "noble flow." How do I get him to act like a man?

7 I don't mind when guys grab my butt or touch me like that. I also made out with a guy I didn't know very well. Does this make me a slut?

Mr. Know-It-All correct answer: Kevin Federline. Girly Questions: Redbook: 1, 5; Cosmopolitan: 2, 3, 4; Seventeen: 7; us: 6.

WORLD CHAMPION

COLD CHAMPION

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Do Everything Better (Except Tea-bagging)

HOW TO M

NEW YEAR'S KNOWLEDGE

OPEN CHAMPAGNE WITH A SABER

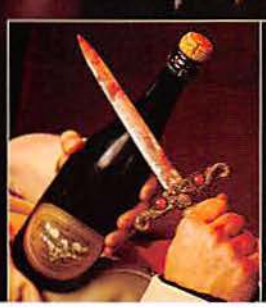
Let other guys pop their corks by twisting and tugging.

1 UNSHEATHE THE SWORD

Your a cappella rendition of "Auld Lang Syne" failed to lift spirits . . . or skirts? Time to burst the bubbly like Napoleon's cavalry did: with a saber. Get one for $50 at brothersmith-swords.com. Too pricey? "You can get by with a butcher knife," says Mark Bell, wine manager for Allied Domecq and practitioner of *sabrage*. Yeah, we're bilingual.

2 PREPARE THE VICTIM

"Rest" your drinky in the fridge for 24 hours. "If it's not cold enough, the bottle's more likely to explode when you strike it," Bell says. Remove the foil and the wire cage, then find the seam where the two halves of the bottle meet. Trace that up to where the ring is fused on top—that's the natural breaking point. "Much like the Death Star's thermal exhaust port," says Comic Book Guy. Precisely.



3 MAKE THE CUT

Place the blade's dull edge on the seam, well below the cork. Then point the bottle at a 45-degree angle away from your guests, shout "*Meurs, imbécile!*" ("Die, fool!"), and slide the blade firmly up into the ring. It and the cork should pop right off, but practice on a Korbel first. As Bell says, "You don't want to destroy a '95 Perrier-Jouet in front of friends." Lord, no!

Styling, Krisana Palma; prop styling, Richie Owings for De Facto; hair, Michael Silva for Aartistloft.com; makeup, Sasha Harford for Aartistloft.com

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADFORD NOBLE

STAR-STRUCK

BE A CELEB BODYGUARD

Someone's gotta be Beyoncé's human meat shield. Why not you? Here's how to cover a VIP's T&A.

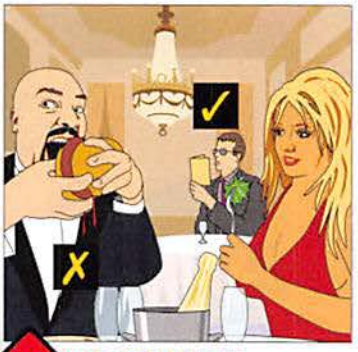
UNDER ATTACK? Try krav maga, the martial art of the Israeli Defense Forces, which features simple, instinctual moves even you can perform. Learn more at kravmaga.com. With guns, check packing.org to be sure they're legal in your state, O.G.

1 ON THE STREET

While your client flaunts her boob job, you should blend in. "What somebody doesn't notice, they can't plan against," says Aaron Cohen, founder of IMS Security in Beverly Hills. Wear street garb over your Kevlar vest and ditch the walkie-talkie for a cell phone with an earpiece. No wacky ring tones, please.

2 AT A RED-CARPET EVENT

Watch for sweaty folks "whose clothing doesn't match the season and who have a glazed look in their eyes," Cohen says. In other words, *GQ* readers. Dress your cobodyguards as fans. If the throng bum-rushes your client, you can close ranks and shepherd her to safety or the waiting arms of Carrot Top.



3 AT A RESTAURANT

Miss Superstar will sit wherever she wants. Your spot can be across the room but always within direct sight of her. During the meal, scan the room until you can dismiss each person as a threat. Watch the entrance too, in case Joan Rivers strides in. You don't want your client losing her lunch.

4 IN A HOTEL

"Post a guy at the main entrance, a guy near the elevator on the celeb's floor, and a roamer patrolling between other entrances on the floor down to the main entrance," says Cohen. "This goes on 24 hours a day." Sound tedious? Sure. But one day you just might take a bullet for Charo. Totally worth it.

READER TIPS

BENCH MORE
Pull down on the bar for five seconds first. This preps your pecs to handle more weight than usual.
—Joe Wuebben
Chatsworth, CA

SEX ED

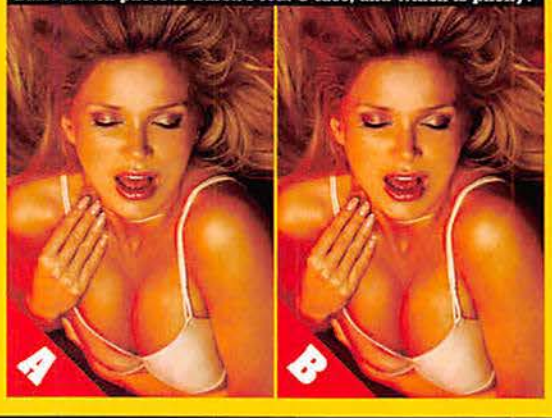
TELL SHE'S FAKING IT

Catch her in the act, literally.

She's hot. You're bothered. Relax. Over 90 percent of ladies fake orgasms, says Jennifer Berman, M.D., co-director of UCLA's Center for Female Sexual Medicine.

"Women can simulate most any erotic response," adds Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D., author of *Anatomy of Pleasure: The Head to Toe Guide to Better Sex* and—*and*—2004 Penthouse Pet of the Year. Beware theatrical screams and unnatural facial expressions. Real arousal signs include vaginal lubrication, racing heartbeat, reddened cheeks and chest, hard nipples and internal pelvic muscle contractions. Ejaculate also can't be faked, so cherish that puddle on the sheets. Unless that's where Gramps sleeps.

Quiz: Which photo is Zdrok's real O face, and which is phony?



Answer: B is real, obviously. Can't you see the internal pelvic muscle contractions?

Photographs, Bradford Noble (orgasm); illustration, Jon Rogers

WHEEL POWER

DO A DONUT

Spinning out ain't just for them Duke boys anymore.

1 GATHER SPEED

First you'll need to track down a car that's rear-wheel drive with a stick. Try borrowing your neighbor's 'Vette, Mustang, or kickass '85 Toyota Corolla GT-S (pictured). Then find a spot with plenty of space and gravel, says Dan Wheldon, 2003 IRL IndyCar Series Rookie of the Year. "I like to face the crowd and catch the eye of the hottest girl before I start my run," he says. Ready? Put it in first and hit the gas. (Avoid the huddled masses, lest you get arrested on 847 charges of vehicular homicide.)

2 TURN, TURN

At the spot you want to spin, pull the emergency brake—*hard*. "That'll break traction in the rear," says Wheldon. At the same time, whip the wheel all the way left or right to spin the opposite way. Once you feel the back end skid, drop the brake. Then mash the gas as you "let the clutch out quickly, but with control." Let up too slowly and you'll be driving in a tiny circle. Even in a bitchin' Camaro, that's lame.

3 BE FAST, NOT FURIOUS

The key, says Wheldon, is not to get carried away. "Once the car is spinning, use the gas to control speed and position," he says. "If you want a small donut, brake harder. To open it up, give it more gas." The added benefit of increased juice? Lots of smoke. Shove it to the floor and you'll vanish in a slate-colored cloud of exhaust, just like David Copperfield or any other magical fairy.

4 ADD SOME FLAIR

Now become an attention hog. "You want plenty of smoke and hand gestures," Wheldon says. "Thumbs-up is good, or those devil-horn thingies." The coup de grâce? When you come to a stop—by hitting the clutch to put it in neutral and easing up on the throttle—reconnect with the girl you started out eyeing. Just make sure your backseat is nice and clean when she shimmies out of them daisy dukes.

READER TIPS

KEEP YOUR COOLER COOLER

Sprinkle rock salt over the ice in your cooler; it'll chill your beer much faster than ice alone.
—Jeff Pipkin, Camby, IN

Illustration, Graham Murdoch

CONSTRUCTION JUNCTION

BUILD A TERRAIN PARK

X Games star Mike Nick avoids pricey lift tix with a DIY winter wonderland!

FREE PARKING

Tired of making snow angels? (We're not!) Assembling an icy stunt paradise in an everyday backyard takes some creativity. We asked Mike Nick, a three-time X Games medalist (but not a yeti), to describe his dream homemade superpark. "Every good park needs innovative terrain, and backyards are full of it—decks, handrails, trash cans, picnic tables," Nick says. "I set up a rail in my backyard last winter that went right off my deck. Friends of mine have started with a roof drop into a descending transition of packed snow or a rail slide, to get momentum to carry through the other features. But that's for experts—or people renting a place." Couldn't a guy just get a running start? "Sure," Nick says, "but it won't work."

DOING LINES

The best thing to do for inspiration, Nick says, is cruise the Web sites of various ski resorts to check out their park pages. (Mammothmountain.com has some great videos, and it gives you something to do while your "chubby girls eating sandwiches" pics download.) Combining their setups with what's actually doable creates a blueprint for any madman's twisted little project. "I try to visualize the lay of the land and build the maximum number of features possible in the space I've got," says Nick, who's also founder and brand manager for new-school ski threads manufacturer Siver Cartel. "I want to create as many lines as I can." More lines mean less boredom and more chances to wow the bunnies with mad snowboard skillz . . . and broken femurs.

SNOW MOTION

After the season's first big dump (you in the back—stop laughing!), Nick shovels snow around to build his features. "I'll use a spray bottle to wet the snow and let it set for a dozen hours to firm up," he says. "Then I master my creation before inviting my friends over." That leaves them biffing while he aces the course. Gnarly!

VERT SO GOOD
An imaginary creature, Freddy the Yeti has no fear of death, so he starts at the top of the roof to build up speed.

RIDE THE RAILS
He hits the sturdy stairway banister for a perfect rail slide. No snow required!

HIGHER GROUND
Vert options include hills or trees (propping a 2x10 on a branch), but the Yeti happens to have an extra Yao Ming lying around...

TRASH PICKUP
By burying a garbage can upside down or sideways in the snow, Freddy makes a sweet little hit to turn on.

TABLE THE MOTION
Ramping a picnic table with snow on either end makes for a killer tabletop jump.

CUT LOOSE
Freddy makes his best moves when the ladies are watching—his abominability doesn't extend to the bedroom.

THIS COULD KILL YOU!

ILLUSTRATION BY GRAHAM MURDOCH

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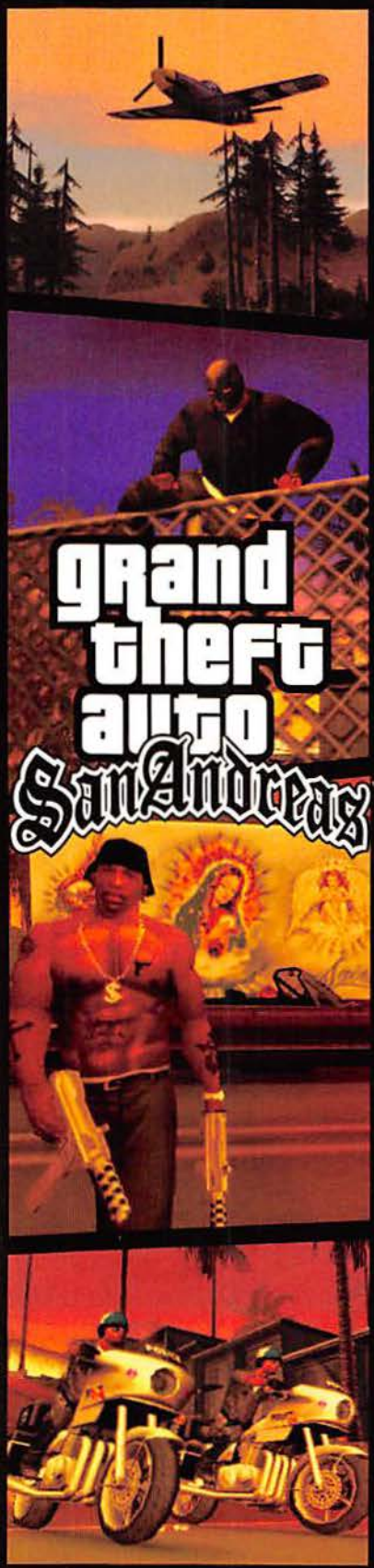


HOW TO

MEAL PLAN

DEVOUR WORMS & BUGS

Fear Factor host Joe Rogan explains how to choke down ungodly "delicacies" without retching on your shoes. *Burp!*

1 KEEP 'EM SEPARATED

"You gotta separate your mouth from your mind and perform like a machine. Just chew, swallow, chew, swallow. Later, if you wanna freak out and throw up, that's fine. One time we had people drink shots of blended worms, roaches, and fish eyes. This one guy downed *20* of them. He just forced his body to work for him."

2 FIND YOUR MOTIVATION

"Whatever you do, don't think about the plate of snails or bowl of worms or whatever. Instead, focus on an ex you particularly despise and how much fun you'll have driving by her house in your new car. Then think how much fun *she'll* have if you don't get it down—and she sees you on TV, gagging with a goat phallus in your mouth."

3 KILL OR BE KILLED

"If you're eating something alive, you *have* to bite down on it. For example, super worms are actually used to clean out cadavers; you don't want those squirming in your stomach, looking for ways out. With Madagascar hissing cockroaches, you have to really chew those down because they have sharp edges. You don't want them slicing your esophagus."

4 BE MULTICULTURAL

"Balut is a duck embryo that's eaten boiled, and it's really wretched looking. But my Filipino friends say, 'C'mon, that's a delicacy. We like that.' Then there's the 100-year-old egg, which is buried underground for months so that it ferments into this weird, gelatinous black substance. And that's a Chinese delicacy. So it depends on how you look at it."

DIRTY WORK

Rogan (inset) says lowly production assistants get $100 a day to try stuff before it's served on TV. Consider that when you're digging in for 50 grand.

MONEY TALK

COIN A CATCH PHRASE

Line up a few words to strike slogan gold—just like the Donald!

THINK FUNNY

First, choose the right expression. "There's usually something funny about the sound of the words," says Peter Mehlman, a writer and co-executive producer of *Seinfeld* and popularizer of "yada, yada, yada." The construction "Let's get..." is a cash cow, from Michael Buffer's "Let's get ready to rumble!" to the Black Eyed Peas' "Let's get retarded"/"Let's get it started." Your catch phrase could be "Let's get buggered!" or "Let's get Whitey!"

STEAL WORDS

Another option is to simply repeat a common phrase with conviction, à la Mr. Trump. Consider: "You're welcome!" Remember, you don't have to actually invent the phrase; you just have to act like you did.

CASH IN

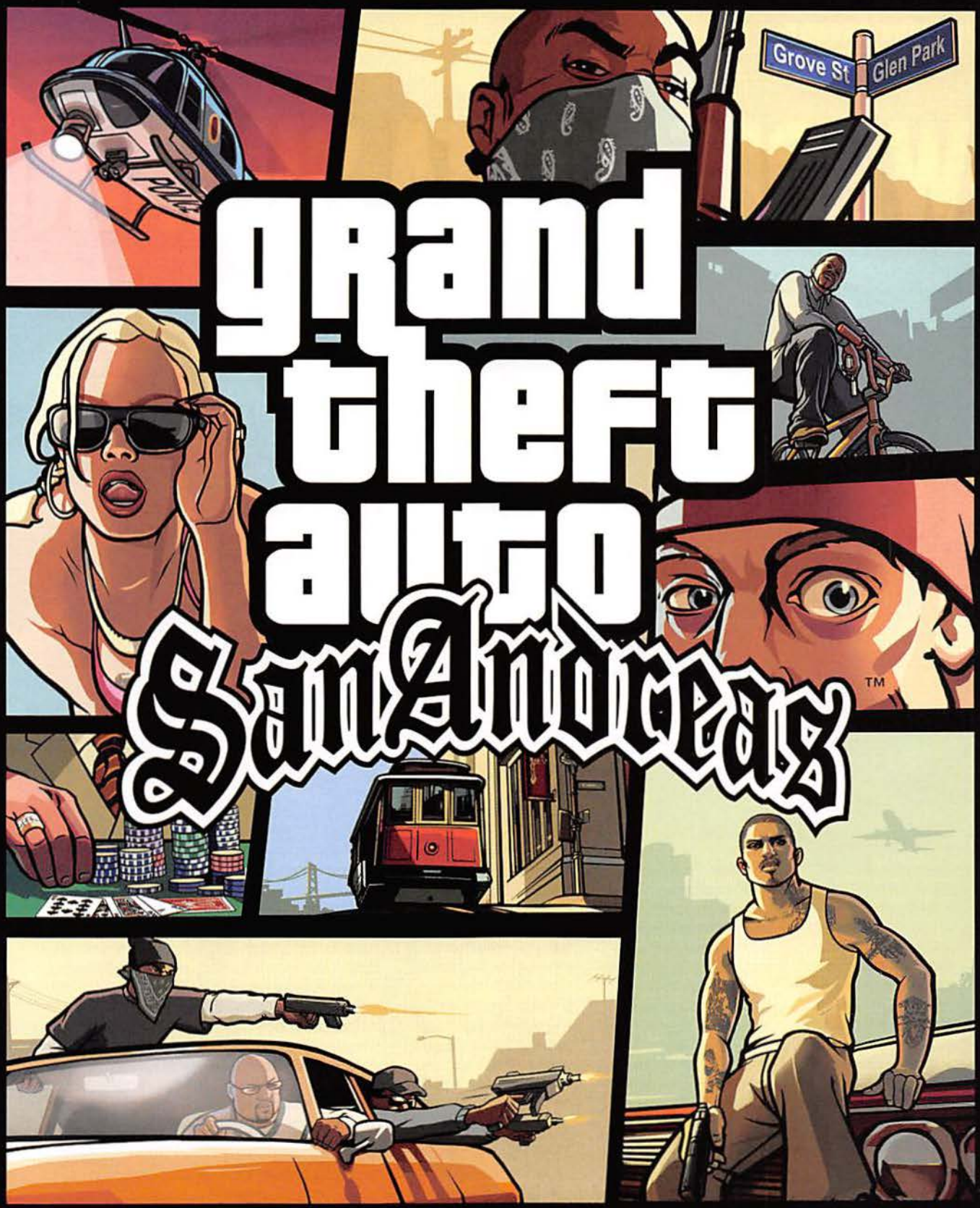
Now go to uspto.gov and drop $335 for an intent-to-use federal trademark application. While you wait for approval, begin slapping the phrase on T-shirts, coffee mugs, and jock straps. Then get your own TV show and burn the phrase into America's psyche. "It's like a pop song," says Mehlman. "It's all about repetition." It's all about repetition.

READER TIPS

GET A BETTER CELL PHONE PLAN

It's deceptively simple: Ask for a better rate. They'll often offer you one to keep your business.

—Jimmy McPhail
Columbia, MO



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Intense Violence
Strong Language
Strong Sexual Content
Use of Drugs

PlayStation 2

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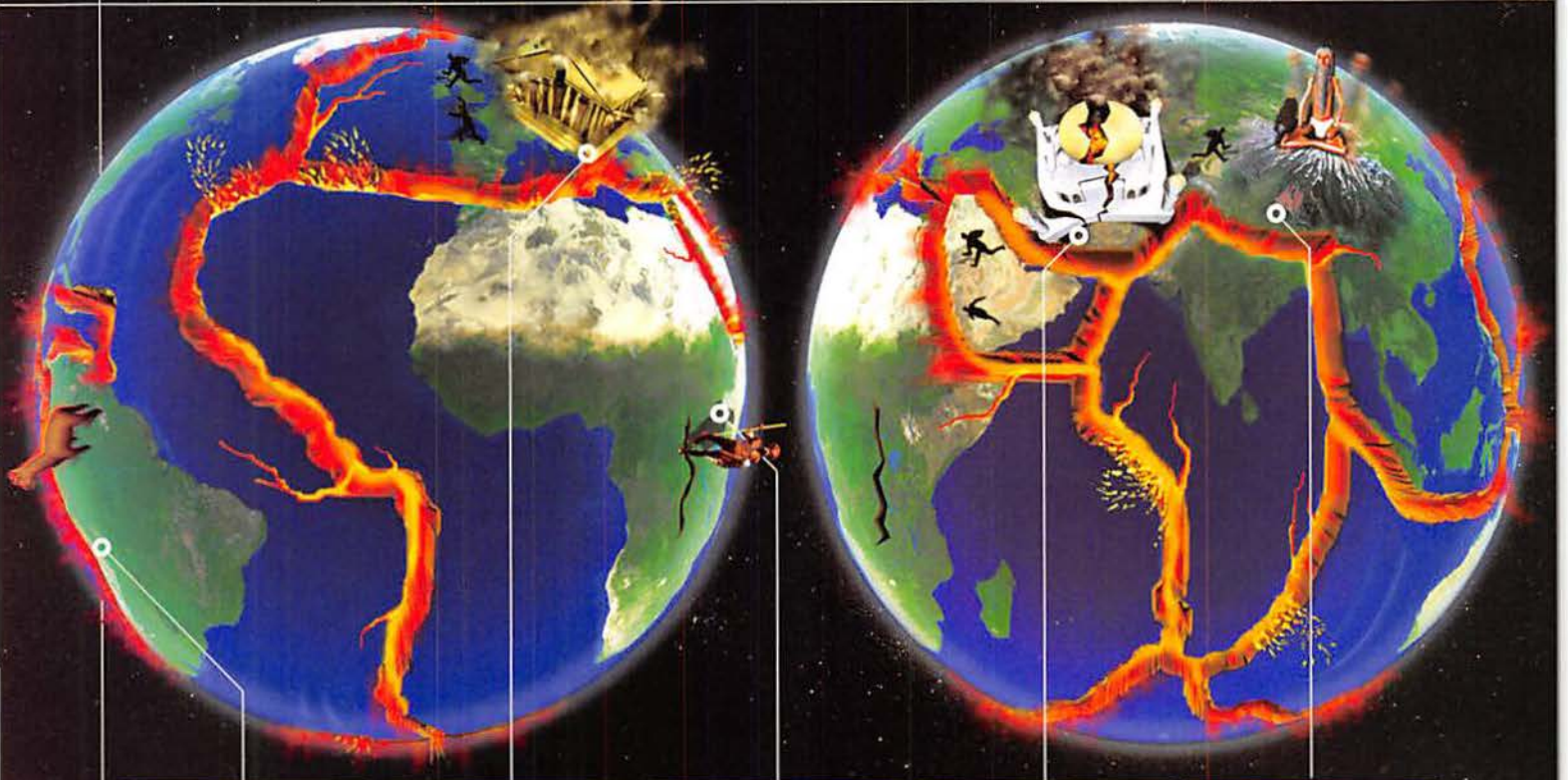
WHOLE LOTTA SHAKING

Sure, the Earth's crust is constantly sliding and buckling like film on a bowl of soup, but at least we weren't dumb enough to build a bunch



1. LIMA, PERU

The Nazca plate is smashing into the Peru-Chile trench just offshore, producing the Andes, city-sweeping tsunamis, and full employment for construction contractors. With a history of quakes in the 7s and 8s, Lima beans better keep praying to their patron saint, Christ of the Earthquakes (no kidding). A 7.9 in 1970 killed 66,000. They're due for another.

2. ATHENS, GREECE

With the African plate jamming into the Eurasian plate and the Aegean Sea plate stretching like taffy, the Parthenon's home has faced eight shakers of 5.9 or higher in the past 50 years. Plus, the giant fault that wreaks havoc in Turkey ends at Athens' doorstep, so convulsions in the 7s could easily be in the works. No wonder they wrestle naked!

3. GREAT RIFT VALLEY, AFRICA

The eastern horn is tearing away from the rest of the continent, and the Indian Ocean will flood the rift valley in the blink of a geologic eye (within the next few million years, to us). Forget that Brookstone massage chair; just lie on the ground in western Uganda, where 200 magnitude 3.0-plus shakers hit every night.

4. TEHRAN, IRAN

Given the capital's multiple fault lines, geologists predict a 6.0 could kill a million and destroy 65 percent of the town's buildings. In the past century, 20 big quakes in the region have taken 140,000 lives. After a 2003 shock in Bam killed more than 30,000, the Iranian government explored moving the capital to a safer location. We suggest Iowa.

5. KATMANDU, NEPAL

Nothing spells disaster like a rapidly developed, densely populated city with *no building codes*, perched high atop the rammed-up Himalayas and rimmed with fault lines. The last big one hit 85 miles away but still managed to kill 4,500 Katmandudes in 1934. With magnitude 8 quakes hitting about every 75 years, something's gotta give. Soon.

AFTERSHOCKS

All the wonderful ways tremors make life interesting—and a big freakin' mess.

TUMBLING WALLS

At least 80 percent of earthquake deaths result from collapsing buildings. Tremors can also bust open dams and trigger floods, making you seriously regret getting that nice little place by the river.

EARTH MOVERS

Mudslides cause much of the death toll in Central and South American quakes. Then there are tremor-induced avalanches. A 7.7 in the mountains of northern Peru buried a town in 1970, killing 20,000.

TIDAL WAVES

Major quakes can shift the ocean floor several meters, initiating tsunamis, which start small before smacking into cities at 500 mph. (Unfortunately, Scranton is too far inland.)

ROOFS ON FIRE

If huge fires from busted gas and electric lines ignite and the quake breaks your city's water mains, you can always pump water from the bay like San Franciscans did in 1989. What, no bay? Oops!

LAVA LUNGE

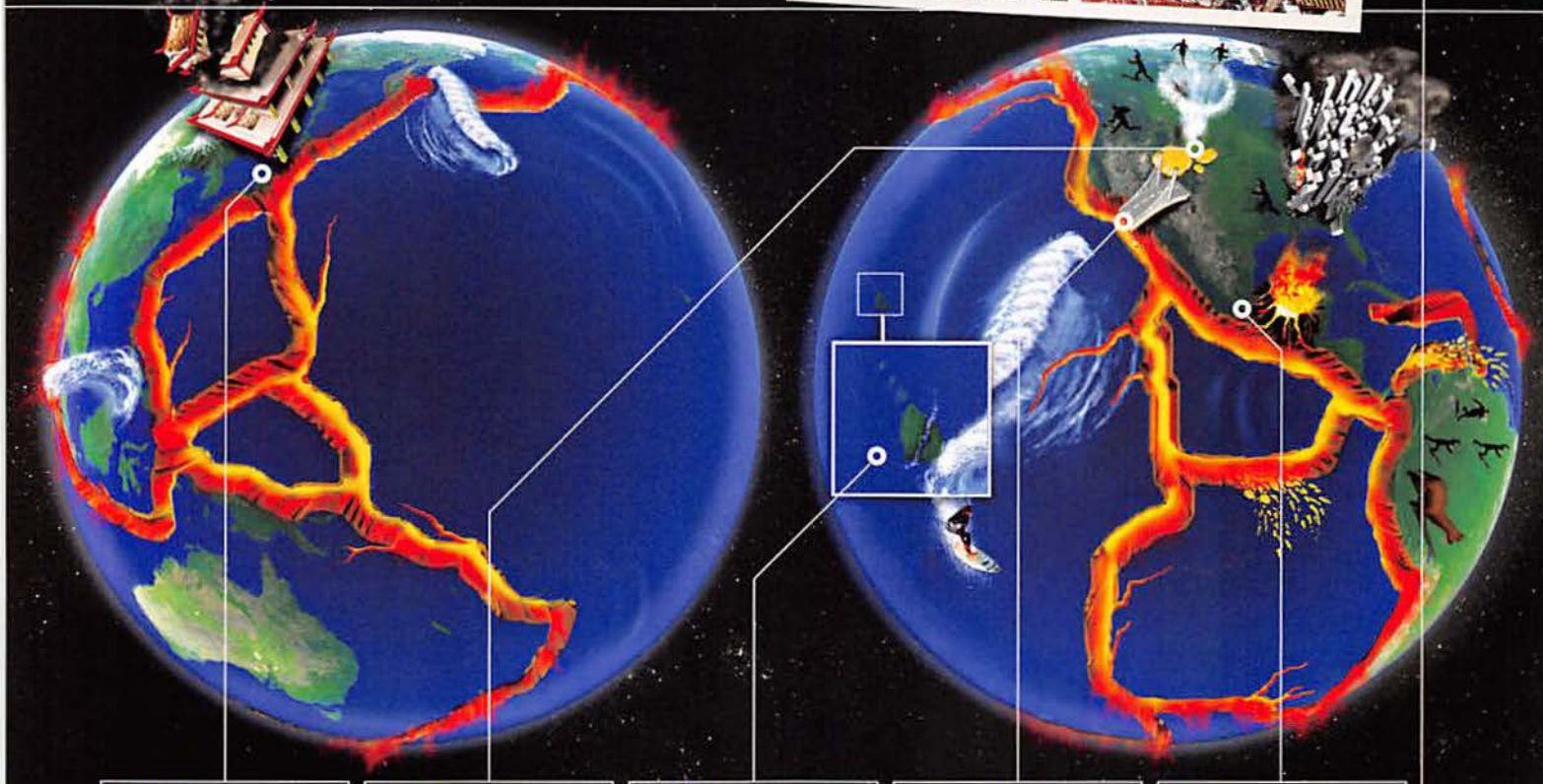
Tremblers near volcanoes can set off eruptions of superhot gas and ash. Glaciers can melt into *lahars*, volcanic mudflows that travel more than 30 mph. Can't outrun that.

BY KATIE CLAYPOOLE ILLUSTRATIONS BY STUDIO LIDDELL

GOING ON!

of big cities directly over fault lines. Oh, wait...

Only Godzilla can save us from giant Buddha!



6. TOKYO
Located where the Pacific and Philippine plates plunge under the Eurasian plate, Tokyo had a quake in 1923 that killed 143,000 people. Some estimate the next one could level 500,000 buildings, causing $7 *trillion* in damages. The 6.8 shaker in nearby Nagaoka last October was a warning. So was scientists' calling Tokyo "the city waiting to die."

7. YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
A "supervolcano," Yellowstone is susceptible to tremors; a 2002 Alaskan quake caused 250 mini-quakes here in 24 hours. And it's known to spew hundreds of cubic miles of North America every 600,000 years, coating most real estate west of the Mississippi in ash. The last ash-spew? Just over 600,000 years ago!

8. HAWAII
Satellites indicate the entire south side of the Kilauea volcano is shifting seaward. Quakes in 1868 and 1975 gave it huge shoves, and magma continues to widen the rift, threatening the Big Island's 158,000-plus residents. When the next one strikes, a gnarly tsunami could reach all the way to South America. Now *that's* a monster wave.

9. SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA
In 1906 an 8.3 quake and resulting fires trashed the city. But it ain't over. Officials believe another trembler could topple the Bay Bridge and flood the tube that carries commuter trains under the bay, and experts estimate a 1906-level one could cause $225 billion in damages. In other words, half of Barry Bonds' last paycheck.

10. MEXICO CITY
Built on a filled-in lake, the city jiggled like Jell-O for four minutes when the last big quake hit in 1985—even though the epicenter was over 200 miles away. Straddling a fault line and sitting beneath the active Popocatépetl volcano can't help. If quakes coincide with an eruption, 21 million metro area Mexicans could be totally *en fuego*, dude.

SHAKEDOWN *The rockingest earthquakes in recorded history.*

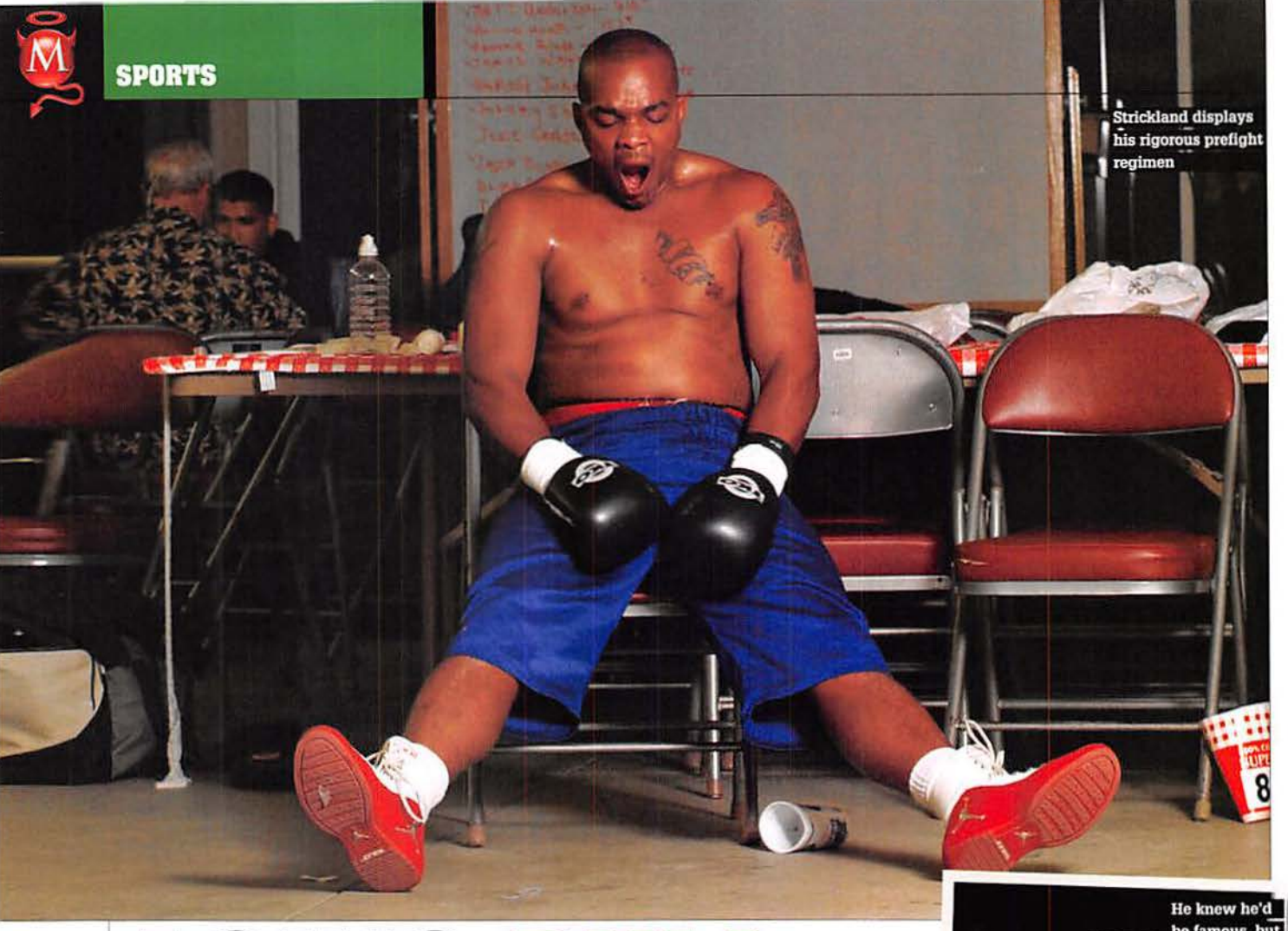
TANGSHAN, CHINA, 1976
The deadliest quake of the 20th century, this 7.8 took 20 seconds to level nearly every building in the area, reducing the population by a full third. Official Chinese estimates tried to downplay the tragedy, giving a death toll of 255,000; later estimates put the figure at 655,000.

COAST OF CHILE, 1960
The biggest quake on record (9.5) shook coastal South America enough to launch one of the largest tsunamis in 500 years, leveling Hilo, Hawaii and surging all the way to Japan and the Philippines. It killed 5,700 and set the planet vibrating like a gong.

LISBON, PORTUGAL, 1755
A 9.0 shook the city for seven full minutes. The harbor drained out, then rushed back in to flood the town. Two more quakes hit within two hours. Death toll: 60,000.

SHENSI, CHINA, 1556
The original killer quake was an 8.0 doozie that claimed 830,000 lives. Sadly, hardly anyone lived to take notes.

Bow down, loyal subjects of Meter King



Strickland displays his rigorous prefight regimen

AGING BULL

Reggie Strickland floats like a buttercup and stings like a gnat. He's the oft-defeated, undisputed worst fighter in boxing history. And he keeps going back for more.

He knew he'd be famous, but not like this

It's midway through the third round, and Reggie Strickland looks sharp. In fact, he looks better than sharp. He lowers one glove and, with a beckoning curl of his hand, motions Tyrone Roberts to bring it. Then a crisp Strickland uppercut leads to a short overhand right, a series of straight jabs, and Ali-esque shuffle steps.

Watching this quick, powerful showman toy with an undefeated cruiserweight, we have to ask: Where the hell is the *real* Reggie Strickland? Where's the tomato can who's lost 268 professional fights—more than anyone in boxing history? Where's the punch-drunk fighter who insists he could've beaten future world champion Keith Holmes, except he "didn't figure out he was a southpaw till the eighth round"?

FIGHTS WON 65

FIGHTS LOST 268

After ducking a huge right cross, Strickland takes two drunken, wobbly steps, looking like he might drop on his own, then springs to life, unloading a head-snapping uppercut that sprays Roberts' head sweat into the third row.

"I was just born with the gift," Strickland told us before the fight. "I've fought seven or eight world champions, and they all sucked! I could give any world champion the fight of his life tomorrow. And everybody knows it."

Everybody, that is, except the 23 guys who've KO'd him before the fifth round. After 18 years of pro boxing, Strickland has amassed a career record of 65 wins, 268 losses, and 17 draws.

If the glove fits...

Calling Reggie Strickland a warrior from a family of warriors sounds like a joke. But it's true: He's the brother of three fighters, the father of two more, and the husband to a sixth (his wife, Nikki, has fought both Laila Ali and Jacqueline Frazier-Lyde—and lost). Born in Cincinnati, Strickland won his first fight at age 10, then turned pro on his 18th birthday. And that, according to the man himself, is when his career face-planted on the canvas of life. "My first pro fight was against a guy who fought just like Roberto Duran," the 200-pound heavyweight explains. "I freaked out. I cut the guy up, and there was blood everywhere. I couldn't even come out for the third round. I just quit." Oblivious to the irony of going *"no mas"* against a Duran clone, Strickland started his record-breaking career. With a professional debut like that, there was nowhere to go but down for the count.

'I didn't figure out he was a southpaw till the eighth round.'

Two months later Strickland dropped Thomas Burton in the third round for his first professional win—then lost his next eight fights, getting knocked out three times in ▶

Strickland photos, Steve Pope (color); Scott Romer (black and white)

BY MARCY SMITH

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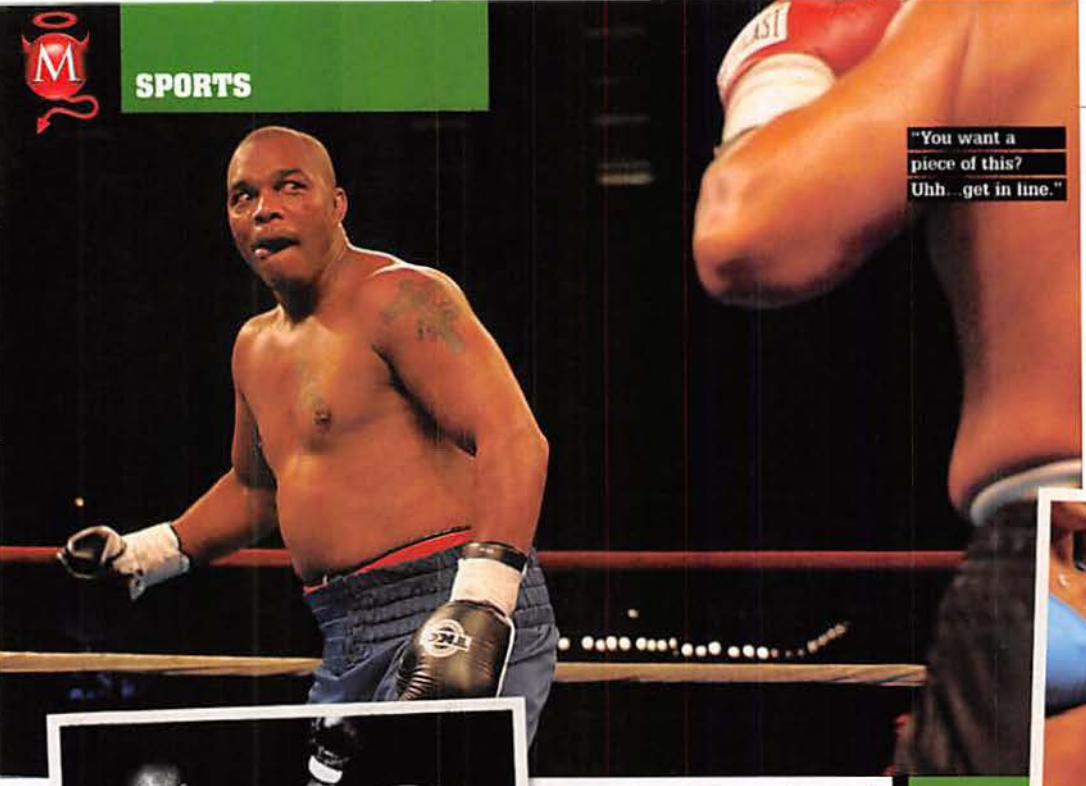
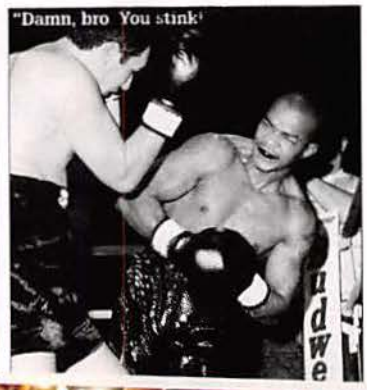
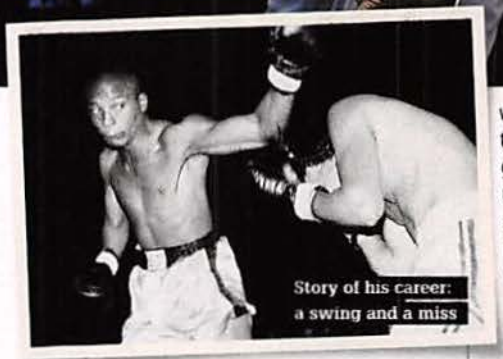

"You want a piece of this? Uhh...get in line."


"Damn, bro. You stink!"

Gratuitous breast shot? Check


Story of his career: a swing and a miss

round two and once in the first. In a sport where one defeat can destroy a career, Strickland has lost 10 or more consecutive fights five separate times. It took him almost seven years and 100 fights to put together back-to-back wins.

Back then Strickland was known as "Nightlife," referring to his rare ability to go out drinking the night before a fight. Unfortunately for him, that ability usually translated into a beat-down the next day. And, at first glance, today appeared no different.

Before his name was announced, Strickland swaggered down the aisle to the outdoor ring, bouncing to the beat of DMX's "Ruff Ryders' Anthem." There was no jogging in with a posse, no last-minute words of advice from a trainer, no silk jackets with TEAM STRICKLAND emblazoned across the front, no fans cheering his name.

"I got robbed in 90 percent of my fights," Strickland insists. "Unless you have a big-name promoter, these judges shaft you every time."

Hearing a fighter with 268 losses complain about the judges is the best argument we've heard for protective headgear. But there may actually be a grain of truth to it: Of Strickland's 350 fights, 305 have been decided by the judges—and many were by split decision.

"Prospects fight me to pad their stats, and a lot of the judges are in on it. So I have to knock the guy out to even have a chance of winning," he says. "I beat a guy in Ohio, and after they announced me as the winner, the other guy's manager started banging on the mat. As I left the ring, the judges called me back and said, 'No, we've made a mistake.' They actually reversed the decision. The fight *wasn't even close!* The guy was bleeding from his nose, lip, and under both eyes. Later one of the commissioners showed me the scorecard where they had whited stuff out to change the scores. It's just amazing. But that's boxing."

Sure, Strickland sounds a bit like one of those alien-abducted conspiracy theorists. But on this day, at least, he's backing up the tough talk with his fists.

The fix is in

A minute into round five, Strickland beckons Roberts close to him again, fakes, then lands a vicious left-right combination to the head. Between punches Strickland glances over to the side of the ring, where Roberts' promoter, Paul Scieszinski, is begging Strickland not to drop his meal ticket. "Give me more money or I'm gonna put him down," Strickland calls out playfully.

The more you watch Strickland fight, the more you believe it's his *job* to lose.

The more you watch Strickland fight, the more you believe it's his *job* to lose. Not that he's ever necessarily thrown a fight, but it appears clear that allowing himself to get shafted by the judges while providing up-and-coming fighters with both a quality opponent and an almost guaranteed win is Strickland's role in the sweet science. Despite needing another 200 consecutive wins to even approach a winning record, he continues to do everything he can to fight as often as he can—even if that includes ▶

CRUISIN' FOR A BRUISIN'

PUNCHING GAG

Our editorial assistant takes research seriously.

If he just dressed differently, maybe he wouldn't have this problem

Strickland has taken 1.4 shots for every day of his life. So we punched our own loser, Matt Christensen, every day for a month. You can't argue with science!

DAY 1: A cocky Matt gets his first punch from former hockey goon Charles Coxe. "He hits like a girl... a girl without arms."

DAY 4: "My shoulder is throbbing. But I shan't give Charles the satisfaction of knowing my pain."

DAY 7: A nice, dark bruise sets in.

DAY 9: Matt's having trouble keeping his balance: "I attribute the fact that I flew four feet backwards to adverse wind conditions in the office."

DAY 12: "*Owww!*"

DAY 15: "That's it! I'm donkey-punching the next guy I see."

DAY 20: Matt's right arm takes on a jaundiced hue. "It's the color of urine," Matt admits. "And not the good urine."

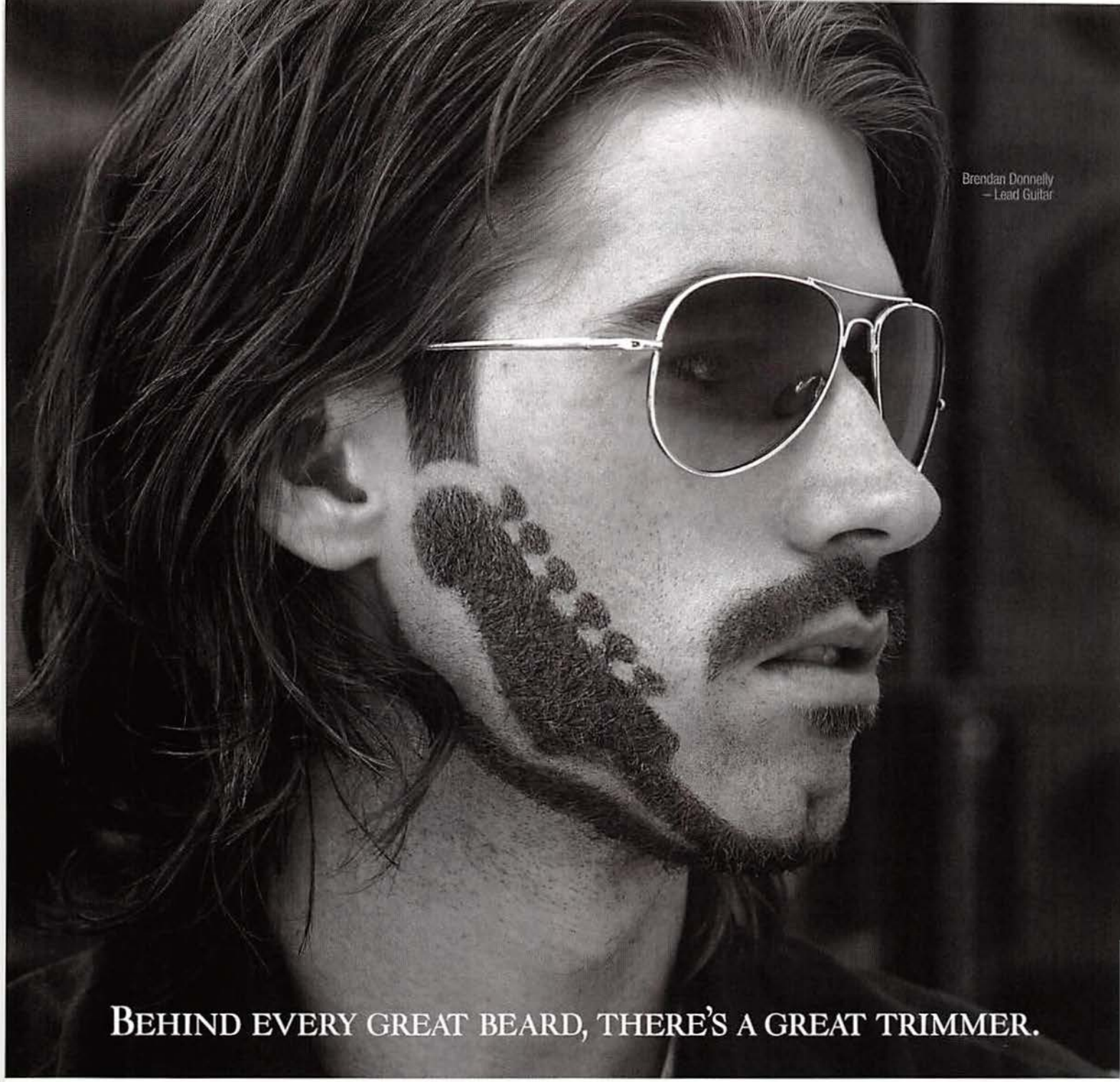
DAY 22: "Dammit!" Matt screams just 12 weeks after winning our "Win a Job at *Maxim*" contest. "I hate this job!"

DAY 25: Charles is out, so a pinch hitter steps up: the boss' assistant. "You *really* hit like a girl!" Matt boasts, between sobs.

DAY 29: Oops! Matt's paranoia backfires: When he flinches, a punch glances off his shoulder to his face.

DAY 30: Houston, we have a shiner!

Photos, Lego (Matt)



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Levitation's cool, but it doesn't win fights

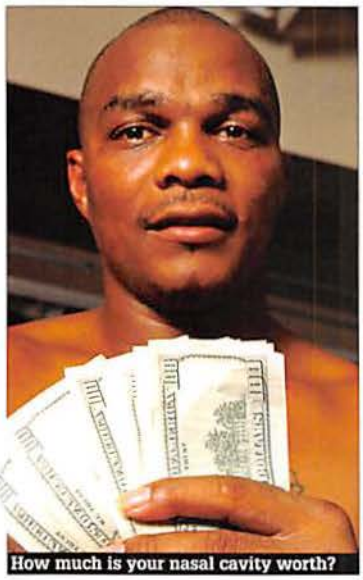
"Blunt force trauma—that's funny."

fracturing the occasional law.

"Before last summer, there were tricks," Strickland says, referring to his habit of fighting under aliases to circumvent the one-fight-per-week limit. "What I don't understand is, how can they deprive someone of his right to work? This is my job." What he won't say, out of respect for the sport, is that this job allows has-beens like Mike Tyson and overrated never-weres like the Klitschkos to rake in millions while he fights every week for several hundred.

"Everybody who fights Reggie says the same thing," says Josh Gutcher, tonight's headliner, who recently came back to boxing after 12 months in Iraq with the Iowa National Guard. "The guy could have been one of the greats. He could be making Bernard Hopkins and Oscar De La Hoya money right now. He's that good."

The man who now calls himself "the People's Choice" ("Sucker Bet" must have been taken)


How much is your nasal cavity worth?

says it all comes back to his refusal to sign his life away to a big-name promoter. "The politics of the fight game got me," he explains. "I should get a title shot right now on merit alone, but it will never happen. Now I have a motto: Pay me at the end and I'm OK."

And the loser is...

After another series of crisp, short punches from the Worst Boxer on Earth, Tyrone Roberts face-plants on the mat, stays down for a three count, then staggers back to his feet. Strickland leans over the ropes again to talk smack to Scieszinski as his prospect is force-fed mouthfuls of leather. Dancing around the ring, looking every bit the world champion he will never be, Strickland is careful not to drop the kid—the one being groomed for a title—too soon.

Scieszinski knows that losing this fight could kill his young prospect's career, but for Strickland today is like any other. He drove himself seven hours from Indianapolis to Des Moines for the fight, and immediately after, he'll collect his pittance and drive back home.

"If I played the political game early on, I'd be a billionaire right now," Strickland insists. "Now I just give the money to my family. It was someone else's money before it was mine, right?"

As the bell rings to end Strickland's 349th career fight, only his sense of mercy keeps his young opponent on his feet. "My whole career, I've been scared that I will hurt the other guy," he says, without admitting that breaking the other guy's knuckles with his face is the most likely scenario. "I pray about that constantly."

As the judges calculate their scores, Strickland triumphantly puts his hands above his head, trying to hide the defeated look that's spreading across his face. The announcer reads into the microphone, "The judges' cards score the fight 56-55, 59-54, and 56-55." The referee grabs both fighters by the wrists. "In a unanimous decision, the winner is... Reggie Strickland!"

With no trainer or manager to lift him up, Strickland lets out a celebratory whoop, then does a backflip in the middle of the ring.

"Where's Scieszinski with the rest of my money?" he shouts, leaning over the ropes. "I could have dropped that kid easy!"

Back in the dressing room, a calm, confident Strickland calls his wife: "I just whipped Paul Scieszinski's ticket seller," he tells her. "I had him knocked out with an uppercut in the third and dropped him again in the fifth, but I let him off the hook. I was beating the brakes off him, and Paul was just begging me at ringside, 'Don't knock him out! Please! Don't knock him out!' Of course, they tried to steal it from me. But they couldn't. Two judges scored it 56-55—it's crazy! I should've knocked that dude out."

Unfortunately, that's not Strickland's job. M

Fontinato: "You should see the other guy's fists!"

FRIGHT FIGHTS

ONE-HIT WONDERS

Reggie Strickland takes a beating, but these jocks never should have stepped in the ring.

Howe: "Actually, my fists feel great!"

LOU FONTINATO VS. GORDIE HOWE

Ding, ding, ding: On February 1, 1959, Mr. Hockey was challenged behind the net by Rangers goon Lou Fontinato. Sixty seconds later, Big Lou's biggest challenge was getting away alive as Howe played bare-knuckle patty-cake with his face.

TKO: "With every blow you could hear something break," Red Wing trainer Lefty Wilson said. "Squish, squish."

"Grandpa, you're hurting me!"

ROBIN VENTURA VS. NOLAN RYAN

Ding, ding, ding: Ventura, 26, charged the mound after Ryan, 46, nailed him with a fastball in 1993. Like a matador toying with a bull, Ryan calmly put his young victim in a headlock and pummeled him with uppercuts.

TKO: Old man Ryan laughed off Ventura's headlong charge, saying, "I think he had a change of heart when he got there."

Tomjanovich got lots of milk shakes

RUDY TOMJANOVICH VS. KERMIT WASHINGTON

Ding, ding, ding: Elbows flew on December 9, 1977 when Tomjanovich caught a nasty sucker punch from the 6'8", 230-pound Laker.

TKO: Washington dislodged Tomjanovich's skull, leading to five facial reconstruction surgeries, a wired jaw, and the 2002 book *The Punch: One Night, Two Lives, and the Fight That Changed Basketball Forever.* Insult, meet injury.

A little facial restructuring

STEPHEN DAVIS VS. MICHAEL WESTBROOK

Ding, ding, ding: According to eyewitness reports, on August 19, 1997 Davis called his teammate a "fag" during the Redskins' afternoon practice. Westbrook snapped.

TKO: After landing five unanswered punches to Davis' face, Westbrook became a legend. Now in NFL circles, if a teammate destroys you in practice, you've been "Westbrooked."

THIRD ANNUAL,

THE GREAT MAXIM ROAD TRIP

What's more quintessentially American than a stupid, aimless, gas-burning asphalt odyssey?

ENTER ONLINE
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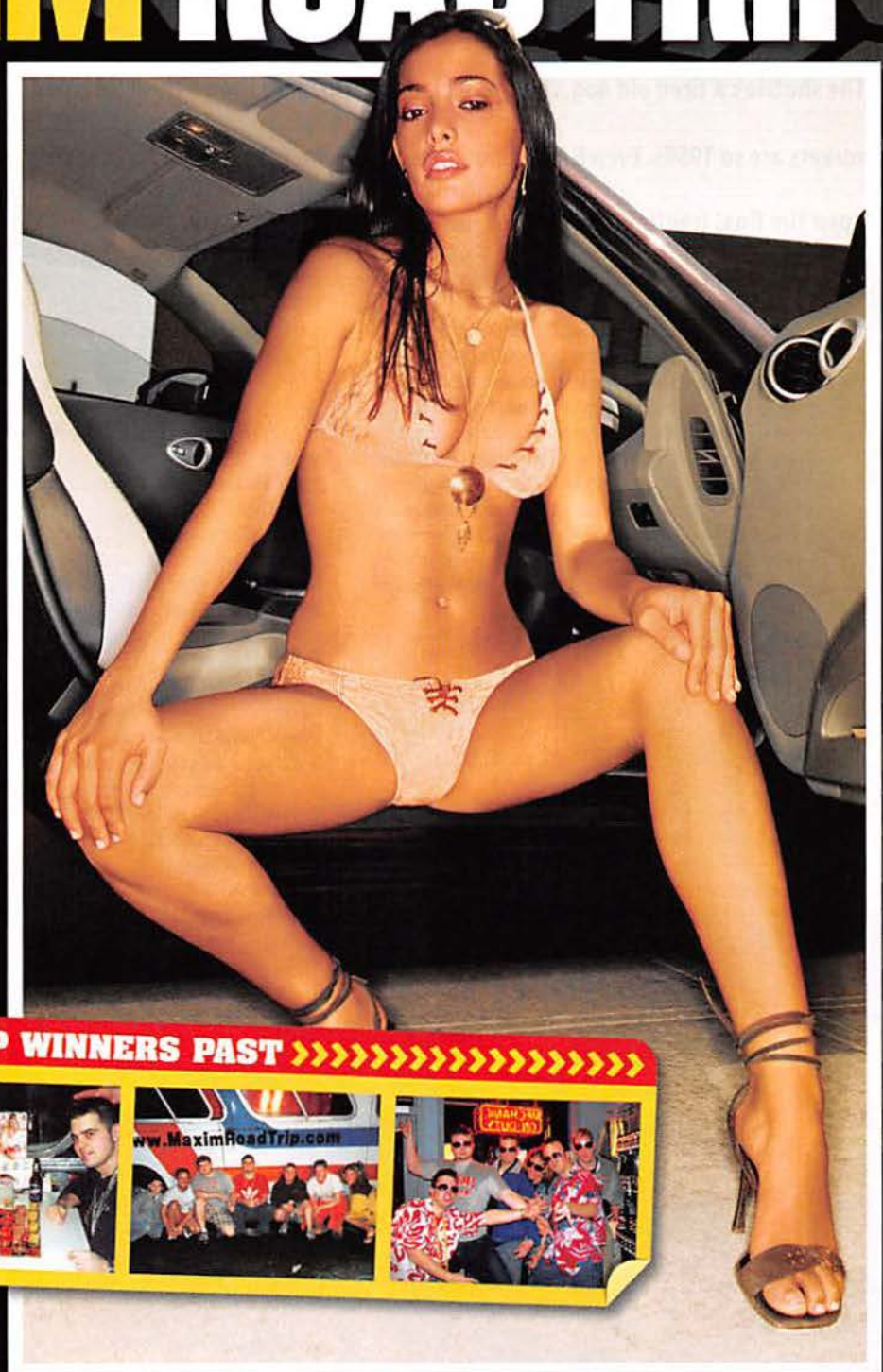
LOADS OF PRIZES!

From Lewis and Clark to the Blues Brothers, from Christopher Columbus to Jack Kerouac, from the Grateful Dead to Ozzfest, that irresistible urge to hit the open road just for the sake of hitting the open road has helped define this great country.

There are more than 4 million miles of pristine road to tear up in the U.S. alone (Canada's roads are made mostly of logs and blocks of ice, but they're relatively drivable). Gas is still less expensive than bottled water, and the average American owns 87.3 cars—you do the math. Go ahead, grab an imaginary steering wheel. Make screeching sounds. Now yank the wheel over and run that police cruiser off the road for laughs. *Wheeee!*

When was the last time you slept face-first in a Waffle House breakfast? Got banned from a national park? Visited a girls' college to pick up your fiancée Fawn Liebowitz from Fort Wayne, Indiana? (Well, you're engaged to be engaged.) We know: You're busy with your job and school and all that. But what if your next road trip is in the back of a hearse? (Unless you're banging an undertaker—then it's cool.) We're calling upon every guy in this nation, young and old, rich and poor, retarded and semi-retarded, to get behind the wheel. Go find out what's around that next bend... how long it takes to drive to Yellowknife... how many pairs of damp panties it takes to replace a fan belt. Then tell us all about it.

In our July issue, we're going to feature the best stories in this fine magazine. We're also giving away a truckload of great prizes (we'll give you a glimpse next month). Be sure to check our special Road Trip Command Center at **maximonline.com**—the site will be updated regularly with new info, stories, prizes, and directions to some great parties we'll be throwing along the road. What are you waiting for? Gentlemen, start your engines!



GHOSTS OF ROAD TRIP WINNERS PAST

ENTER VICTORY LANE
Check out our updated Command Center at **maximonline.com.**

TO THE 24,000TH FLOOR

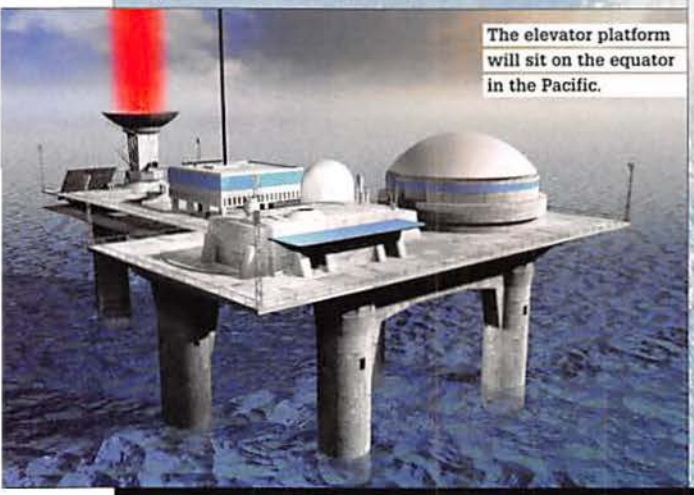
The shuttle's a tired old dog, the space plane's little more than a thrill ride, and rockets are so 1950s. Even NASA is now wondering if our best hope for breaking open the final frontier is a crazy-ass idea: an elevator into space.

About 2,500 miles west of the Galapagos Islands, a black ribbon rises into an impossibly blue sky. Like Jack's beanstalk, it fades into the heights, beckoning a climb. The earthbound end is anchored to a giant platform in the middle of the Pacific, and a pod the size of a minibus courses straight up the cable at 124 miles per hour. Lasers 49 feet wide beam energy to the pod from as far away as the Mojave Desert and the Andes Mountains. The beams are harmless enough for birds to pass through but 10 times as intense as the sun. Within 15 minutes, occupants inside the pod—maybe you—see the sky black out as they enter the upper atmosphere. The top floor is 62,000 miles away, one quarter the distance to the moon.

This isn't science fiction. Brad Edwards, Ph.D., a former research scientist at Los Alamos, has received a grant from NASA to research the first space elevator prototype on Earth.

Only 110 years in the making... a perfect NASA schedule!

The idea for a space elevator has been around for a long time, at least since 1895, when Russian schoolteacher Konstantin Tsiolkovsky drew up some of the first plans for the space age—like liquid-fueled rockets that could break free of Earth's gravity. He also wrote about a tower stretching into space and calculated the magic point where a climber would experience total weightlessness, about 22,000 miles up. Almost a decade before the Wright brothers' first flight, Tsiolkovsky had theorized geostationary altitude.



The elevator platform will sit on the equator in the Pacific.

In the ensuing years, a few people sketched out this idea of constructing a tower into space; then in 1975, Jerome Pearson, a young Air Force engineer, published a comprehensive plan. Not long afterward, he got a call from a godfather of sci-fi, Arthur C. Clarke.

"We talked quite a bit," says Pearson. "He was really interested in the whole thing." The two men began to correspond, and Clarke developed *The Fountains of Paradise*, a classic sci-fi novel that envisions Earth's first space elevator.

Clarke gave the idea more credibility than it ever had. But there were still two major theoretical hurdles that needed to be overcome before the elevator could move from sci-fi to feasible: power supply and cable composition.

A practical way to pump juice to the elevator cars materialized in the early 1990s, when optical physicist Hal Bennett and NASA scientist John Rather began developing technology to beam megawatts of energy to a point thousands of miles away with free electron lasers, which use some of the same components as atom-smashing supercolliders. Their initial idea was to use the lasers to power satellites.

"But then the bubble burst," says Bennett. Too many satellites were already in the air, meaning a low demand. Bennett and scientists like him were stuck with powerful lasers and nowhere to aim them. The perfect target, a space elevator car, had yet to become viable because there was still no material strong enough to form the massive cable needed.

That engineering problem was solved in 1991, when the Japanese scientist Sumio Iijima discovered a carbon configuration that created tiny, narrow, superstrong tubes. These "carbon nanotubes" are the strongest known material: A single thread one eighth of an inch thick could pick up a 40-ton humpback whale.

After Iijima's discovery, all the theoretical pieces for the space elevator were in place. They just needed someone enterprising enough, and crazy enough, to try to put them together.

Building a super-elevator to heaven

Brad Edwards hates it when people tell him something can't be done. In 1998 he was a 35-year-old physicist working on advanced laser technology at the Los Alamos National Laboratory, and married to a beautiful Russian model, when he read a NASA report that really stuck in his craw. Some bureaucrat wrote dismissively that the time line for a space elevator would be "300 years to never."

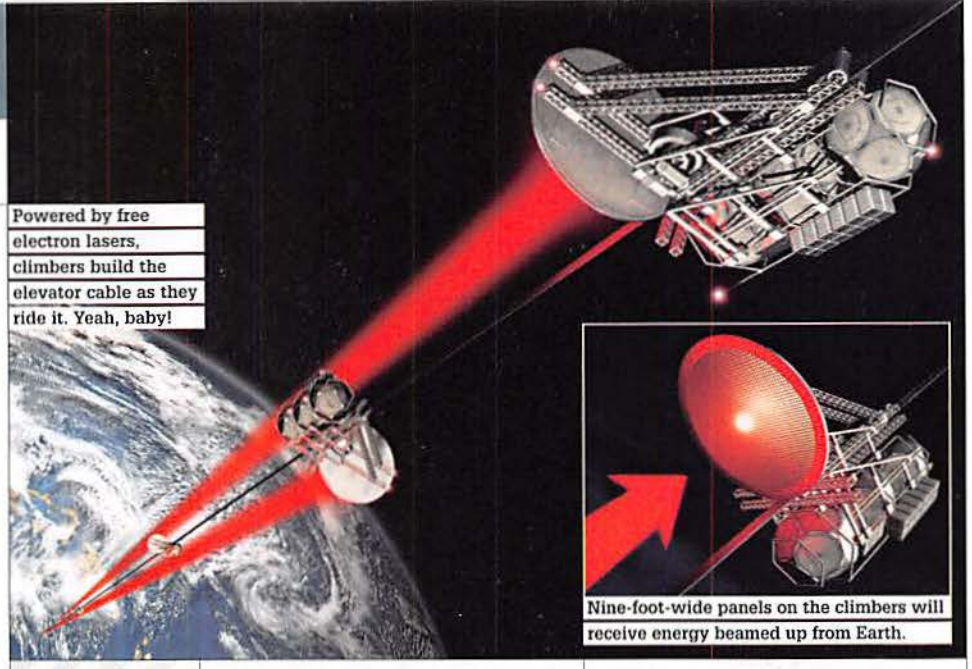
Edwards pored through the article but couldn't find any numbers to back up this assertion. He read everything he could get his hands on and even published an article in *Acta Astronautica*. By 2001 he'd tossed off a proposal to the NASA Institute for Advanced Concepts (NIAC), a branch of the agency that pipes dough into some of the most left-field, and potentially revolutionary, aerospace research.

"They told me anything with 'Space Elevator' in the title gets dismissed," he says. But times had changed: Laser technology could power the climbers, and carbon nanotubes were strong enough to hold the cable together. NIAC gave Edwards $570,000 to complete a study. He quickly came up with a construction plan that many aerospace engineers consider totally feasible.

The first step is launching a platform into geosynchronous orbit, where it would hover over a spot in the Pacific far enough from civilization to minimize the damage should 800 tons of cable come crashing to Earth. A small "starter" nanotube ribbon less than a foot wide would

BY PAUL BIBEAU ILLUSTRATIONS BY KENN BROWN

If the ride doesn't kill you, 62,000 miles of orchestral Nirvana will.



Powered by free electron lasers, climbers build the elevator cable as they ride it. Yeah, baby!

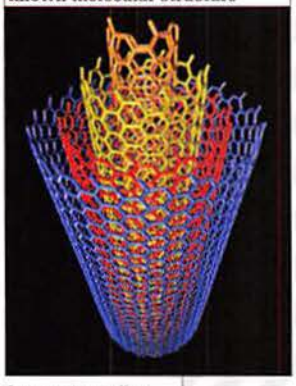
Nine-foot-wide panels on the climbers will receive energy beamed up from Earth.

descend from the platform, all the way down to the ocean, to be anchored to a floating platform. At that point a one-ton laser-powered climber would begin to ascend, gripping the ribbon with a mass of rollers, unrolling more carbon nanotubes from a large spool and stitching them onto the elevator's starter ribbon in one-millimeter-wide strips.

As the ribbon widened to three feet, the space platform would increase its altitude, counterbalancing the growing mass. It would top out at 62,000 miles. When the climbers reached the end, they'd either be discarded into space or hung on the top platform as counterweights.

Edwards estimates it would take two and a half years to build the elevator, with a price tag of about $6 billion—a fraction of what a space station costs.

Carbon nanotubes: the strongest known molecular structure



Get ready to join the 62,000-mile-high club

Once the space elevator opened, payload costs—currently about $10,000 per pound of material put in space—would plummet, possibly hitting less than $1 per pound. Up to eight elevators could travel the ribbon at a time in a steady stream of traffic.

According to Edwards, the most immediate use for the elevator would be to put telecommunications and military satellites in orbit using the Earth's rotation. (If the satellite market were to rise to 100 launches a year by the time the elevator debuted, launches would cost 99 percent less than any shuttle or rocket option.) But that's just the beginning. The elevator would make viable solar energy satellites many miles wide; they'd beam "clean, limitless electricity from space" to Earth in the form of microwave bursts, Edwards says. And naturally, with one elevator up there, building more becomes easier.

A golden age of space tourism would begin. A space hotel made from a 33-yard-wide globe could be launched into orbit with six or fewer elevator trips. It would initially hold a few dozen people but eventually could develop into a 100-person palace. Edwards says the elevator might be available for long stays in the hotel or just daylong "joy rides." Initial prices could run up to $20 million for a two-week stay, but a short trip would be about $100,000. And some studies suggest that costs could eventually go as low as $200 a pop, allowing the average Joe to take a short, pants-crappingly scary trip into orbit.

Finally, the elevator could put space exploration within reach. Because they have lower gravity than the Earth, the moon and Mars could each have its own space elevator made with material that we can already mass-produce, like Kevlar, capable of supporting 15,000-pound payloads. The Earth-based space elevator could use the planet's rotation to fling payloads toward the Moon, where they'd hook onto the lunar elevator and climb down to the surface to supply and resupply factories, mines, and even colonies. A spacecraft launched toward Mars might hook an elevator directly over that planet, or it could climb down elevators based on one of its two moons, Phobos and Deimos. Because it cuts launch fuel out of the equation, it makes low-cost, long-range probes and massive structures like a solar collector field or a five-star hotel possible for the first time in human history.

The average Joe could take a short, pants-crappingly scary trip to space.

T minus 25 years

But mission control won't launch just yet. Pearson still thinks that avoiding thousands of pieces of space junk and satellites will be a problem.

"These satellites in low Earth orbit have a velocity of four miles a second," he says. "Anything it hits at that speed will be completely obliterated." And if the ribbon ever suffered what engineers call a catastrophic failure, it could come apart in reentry. The prospect of thousands of miles of nanotubes descending on population centers around the world is enough to kill the project. But Edwards is confident he can prove the ribbon will stay clear of satellites by moving it a little less than a mile a day.

Another problem is scale. Just because scientists can make a few nanotubes in a lab doesn't mean factories are ready to pump them out by the billions. Executives in the industry say that kind of production is about 20 years away, and factories will need high standards.

"Even if you're using a really good engineering fiber, like Kevlar or Xylon, the real tensile strength of a commercial product is only going to be about 10 percent of theoretical maximum," says Howard Schmidt, executive director of the Carbon Nanotechnology Lab at Rice University. "You get a variation in length, or the guy making them on the third shift has a hangover, and it will take some real tricks to move that 10 percent up to 50 percent."

Despite these obstacles, Edwards is convinced his dream will become a reality—and it won't take 300 years. "When I started this project, I didn't know anyone else working on it," he says. "Now there are hundreds." And if the momentum continues, he believes NASA will have a working elevator in your lifetime. M

DREAM SCHEMES

PIES IN THE SKY?

Here are some other projects OK'd by the rocket scientists in NASA's accounting department.

MOON UNITS

Massachusetts company Physical Sciences, Inc. scored a NIAC grant to develop an army of 10-centimeter robots to explore any oceans beneath the ice of Jupiter's moon Europa. The "roboswimmers" will have different designs based on sea animals—like fish, eels, and crabs.

MIND CONTROL

Using brain-wave scanners and other monitors, a Vanderbilt University scientist is working on a way to translate human thoughts and emotions into commands that robots can understand. The ultimate goal: technology that will allow people to control robots operating in space.

STAR HOTELS

Global Aerospace Corp wants to build a rapid transit system to bring people between Earth and Mars. Small solar-electric-powered astronaut hotels, or "Astrotels," will transfer passengers to networks of "taxis" that orbit the different planets of the solar system and can land on their surfaces.

BLACK POWER

Turns out that black lights can power more than just marathon bong-hit sessions and raves: NIAC gave Anthony Marchese of Rowan University in Glassboro, New Jersey the scratch to research rocket engines that use high-velocity hydrogen (which emits black light) to power a spacecraft.

"I pray this makes me more nerdy-looking."

THE SEXIEST AND MOST THRILLING CHAPTER IN THE *SPECIES* TRILOGY COMES TO DVD DECEMBER 7!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER presents "SPECIES III" ROBIN DUNNE ROBERT KNEPPER AMELIA COOKE J.P. PITOC MICHAEL WARREN CHRISTOPHER NEAME and NATASHA HENSTRIDGE and SUNNY MABREY
Music by ELIA CMIRAL Edited by JAMES COBLENTZ Production Designer CAMERON BIRNIE Director of Photography CHRISTIAN SEBALDT Produced by FRANK MANCUSO JR. Produced by DAVID DWIGGINS Based on the Characters created by DENNIS FELDMAN Written by BEN RIPLEY Directed by BRAD TURNER

UNRATED

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MAXIM SAVES JAMES BOND!

Because the fate of our 12 million readers hangs in the balance!

OUR 007 DEMANDS

MAXIM

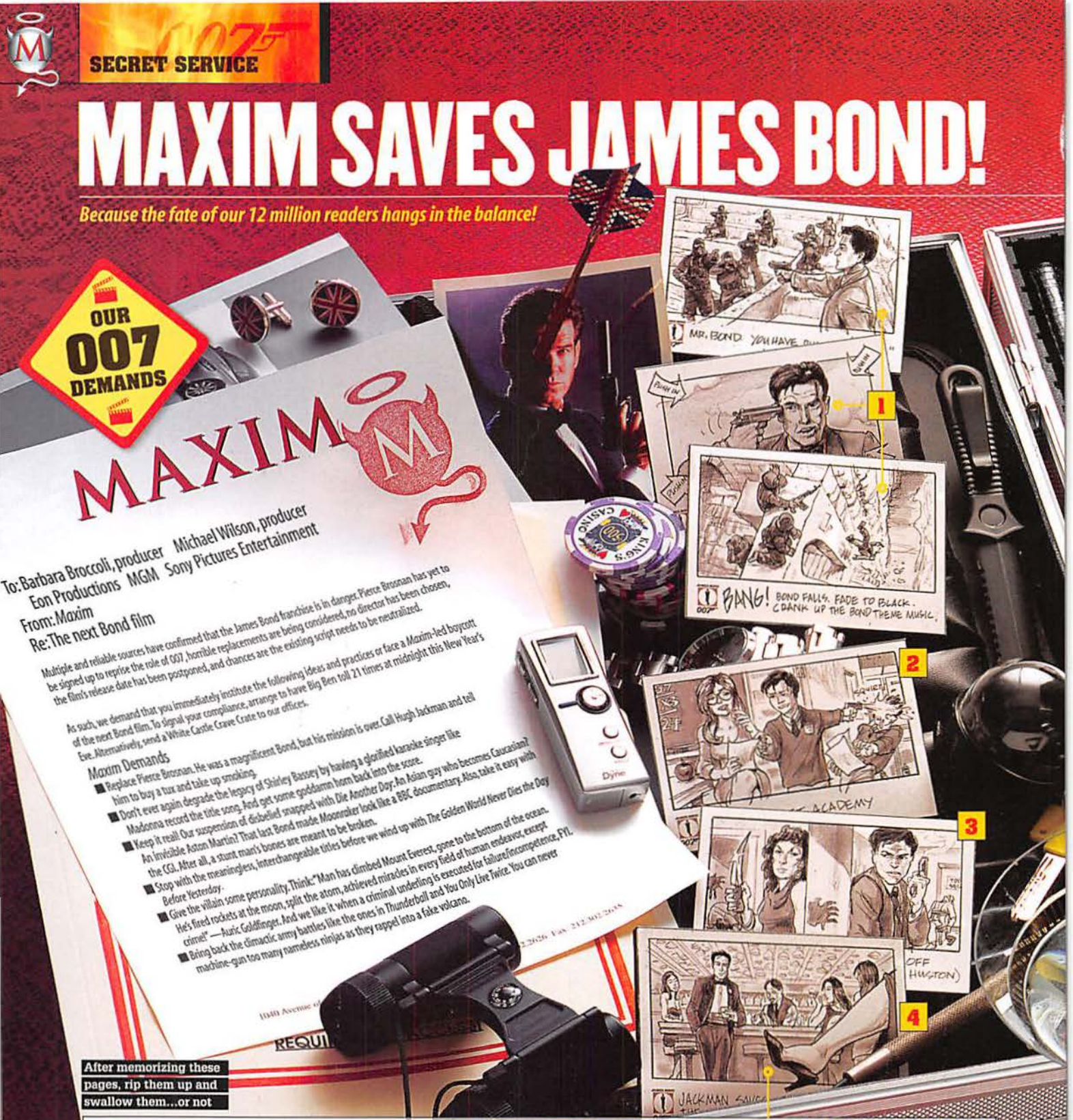
To: Barbara Broccoli, producer Michael Wilson, producer
Eon Productions MGM Sony Pictures Entertainment
From: Maxim
Re: The next Bond film

Multiple and reliable sources have confirmed that the James Bond franchise is in danger. Pierce Brosnan has yet to be signed up to reprise the role of 007, horrible replacements are being considered, no director has been chosen, the film's release date has been postponed, and chances are the existing script needs to be neutralized.

As such, we demand that you immediately institute the following ideas and practices or face a *Maxim*-led boycott of the next Bond film. To signal your compliance, arrange to have Big Ben toll 21 times at midnight this New Year's Eve. Alternatively, send a White Castle Crave Crate to our offices.

Maxim Demands

- Replace Pierce Brosnan. He was a magnificent Bond, but his mission is over. Call Hugh Jackman and tell him to buy a tux and take up smoking.
- Don't ever again degrade the legacy of Shirley Bassey by having a glorified karaoke singer like Madonna record the title song. And get some goddamn horn back into the score.
- Keep it real! Our suspension of disbelief snapped with *Die Another Day*. An Asian guy who becomes Caucasian? An invisible Aston Martin? That last Bond made *Moonraker* look like a BBC documentary. Also, take it easy with the CGI. After all, a stunt man's bones are meant to be broken.
- Stop with the meaningless, interchangeable titles before we wind up with *The Golden World Never Dies the Day Before Yesterday*.
- Give the villain some personality. Think: "Man has climbed Mount Everest, gone to the bottom of the ocean. He's fired rockets at the moon, split the atom, achieved miracles in every field of human endeavor, except crime!" —Auric Goldfinger. And we like it when a criminal underling is executed for failure/incompetence. FYI.
- Bring back the climactic army battles like the ones in *Thunderball* and *You Only Live Twice*. You can never machine-gun too many nameless ninjas as they rappel into a fake volcano.



After memorizing these pages, rip them up and swallow them...or not

A PREFAB PLOT FROM MAXIM, WITH LOVE

It's easy to come up with a story line for the 21st Bond flick when you follow the secret formula.

1 **Pre-title sequence:** Bond, played by Pierce Brosnan, is cornered at the edge of a cliff. His pursuer says, "You have finally run out of time." "I have all the time in the world," responds Bond as he puts the Walther PPK to his temple and fires. He falls backward toward the ocean far below. Fade to black and crank that theme music!

2 **Act 1:** The year is 1970. Some suits touring an English orphanage select an infant, then whisk him away to a secret academy. Over the years he studies reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as sharpshooting, karate, culture, and women (his female instructors). Fast forward to today, when his number is called: 007.

3 **Act 2:** Bond (now Hugh Jackman) must complete his predecessor's last assignment. Seems the old Bond broke the heart of a fabulously wealthy American broad (Anjelica Huston), and with a scientific breakthrough making sperm obsolete, she decides it's high time someone rid the world of the evil that men do. Ironic, no?

4 **Act 3:** Bond's to-do list: *(1)* Travel to Laos, where he visits his favorite bartender. *(2)* Fight off a squad of ninja babes and quip, "They should've taken a Midol." *(3)* Ruin his Aston Martin, then trade it in at a used car lot. *(4)* Win at something, preferably against some Eurotrash douchebag. *(5)* Save the day.

BY JAMES HEIDENRY PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE COHEN

THE PRINCIPALS

Because nobody could do it better.

A BOND

Played by: Hugh Jackman **Intel:** While this Aussie likes to twinkle his toes on Broadway, he's also kicked ass as Van Helsing and Wolverine. And the rumored alternatives for the title role include Jude Law, Colin Farrell, and Ewan McGregor. All fine actors, but Jackman stands out above the pack...by about a foot, if we had to guess.

B VILLAIN

Played by: Anjelica Huston **Intel:** Gert Frobe in *Goldfinger*, Alan Rickman in *Die Hard*, Angela Lansbury in *The Manchurian Candidate*—strong villains help make good movies great. Going with this Oscar winner and Jack Nicholson table scrap should ensure a memorable character, and it'll help appease ass-wipe critics.

C BOND GIRL

Played by: Charlize Theron **Intel:** Sure, this South African's hotness segregates her from every other starlet in Hollywood, but there's a lot more to a Bond girl than, ahem, beauty. Dare this Oscar winner try to wow the Academy again whilst prancing around in bikinis and cat suits? It can be the only true test of her craft.

SPECIAL DIRECTOR'S CUT

A hell of a lot more important to the operation than Judi Dench...

RIDLEY SCOTT

So what if he made your dad's favorite movie, *Thelma & Louise*? This cinematic master also directed *Alien*, *Blade Runner*, and *Gladiator*. Scott could make the best Bond flick since *Thunderball*.

JOHN MCTIERNAN

His first movie, *Nomads*, starred none other than Pierce Brosnan. He followed that up with *Predator*, *Die Hard*, and *The Hunt for Red October*. He is perhaps the best action director outside the porn industry.

DAVID FINCHER

As long as he didn't make it too moody, the helmsman of *Seven* and *Fight Club* could help update the James Bond visual template. And if he decided to ratchet up the gratuitous violence, so be it.

THE GADGETS

They give 007 his license to ill.

THE GUN

Of course a Walther PPK can kill a midget henchman, but how about a train? Time to upgrade to an electromagnetic rail gun.

THE CAR

We didn't buy the invisible Aston Martin, but that shouldn't stop the development of a Vanquish that converts into a fighter jet complete with Sidewinders.

THE WATCH

The question isn't "Does 007 really need a pocket watch/earthquake machine?" It's "How'd he last this long without one?"

Illustrations, Patrick Gnan (gadgets); Anthony Zierhut (storyboard); prop styling, Elizabeth Engelhardt

HOT ZONE

KILL 'EM ALL!

With automatic weapons, Vietnam flashbacks, and wood chippers, The Punisher is the most brutal game ever. Go ahead—press start.

MAXIM TOP PLAY!

Filled with more horrific acts of violence than you can shake a severed, meaty limb at, the new *Punisher* game makes the *Grand Theft Auto* series look like *Super Mario Kart*. The game is ripped from the bloody womb that birthed Marvel's new generation of *Punisher* comics, writer-artists Garth Ennis and Jimmy Palmiotti, who held nothing back when it came time to make their visions virtual.

"The kills in this game are extremely, excessively violent," laughs Palmiotti. "I'm a big game player, and *The Punisher* is the most violent one I've ever seen. Our intention was to shock, and it works. Guys get their faces peeled off and you actually see some skull flying."

As antihero Frank Castle, when you're not busy feeding bad guys to ravenous zoo animals and wood chippers, you're making a perp bite the curb as you stomp on the back of his head and grind out his teeth. Gunshot blasts are more like mini-explosions, which can easily amputate limbs (and heads) with a single bullet. Anything goes. Use helicopter blades to turn goons into goulash, stuff them into raging fireplaces, or use them as meat shields...

"Even if Frank Castle's gun runs out of bullets, he'll throw it at the bad guy," says Palmiotti. "As the guy goes to catch it, Frank will pull out a knife and stab him in the head."

It's not all brutality. *The Punisher* is also one of the most immersive strategy games ever created. Aim for the head and enjoy.

—*Gene Newman*

SIX MILLION WAYS TO DIE

1 THE FLAMETHROWER FACIAL
"Don't move. I'm dry-cleaning your collar."

2 SQUISH AND CHIPS
"Cheer up! You don't look very chipper today."

3 COFFIN LIDS = DEADLY WEAPONS
"You've got something...oh, it's blood."

4 GIVE 'EM THE CHAIR!
"Nah, I don't smell anything funny. You?"

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

THE MAN BEHIND THE SKULL

Garth Ennis talks about raising the body count and breathing new life into the Punisher *comics.*

Flamethrowers, wood chippers, feeding bad guys to animals...What is Frank Castle's favorite way to kill?
He knows the best way to attack the enemy is to wipe out as many of them as possible with minimal risk to yourself: Bring a number of criminals together at one place and turn a heavy machine gun on them when their backs are turned.

How honorable. What's the inspiration for the creative ways you mangle bad guys?
One time while I was walking around Central Park Zoo, I thought, *Supposing Frank lost his gun and was being chased around here by a large force of mobsters, what would he do?* You'd have to use what you have at your disposal. In the *Punisher* world, you can dunk a man in a piranha tank and he'll come out as a skeleton. You can punch a bear in the face and get him angry enough to rip your opponents to little pieces.

How did you feel about the movie, since you're the guy who inspired it?
It took a bit too long for him to become the Punisher, but I was pretty impressed when the violence got going *[laughs]*. It was a lot harsher than I expected it to be. And I did get a big kick when John Travolta said, "Call the Russian," because that's my guy.

Castle uses any means necessary to get the job done, but is it possible to go too far?
When the hero gets his hands on the villain at the end and exacts his vengeance, it should be a terrible, horrific thing, because the villain's done some unspeakably awful things.

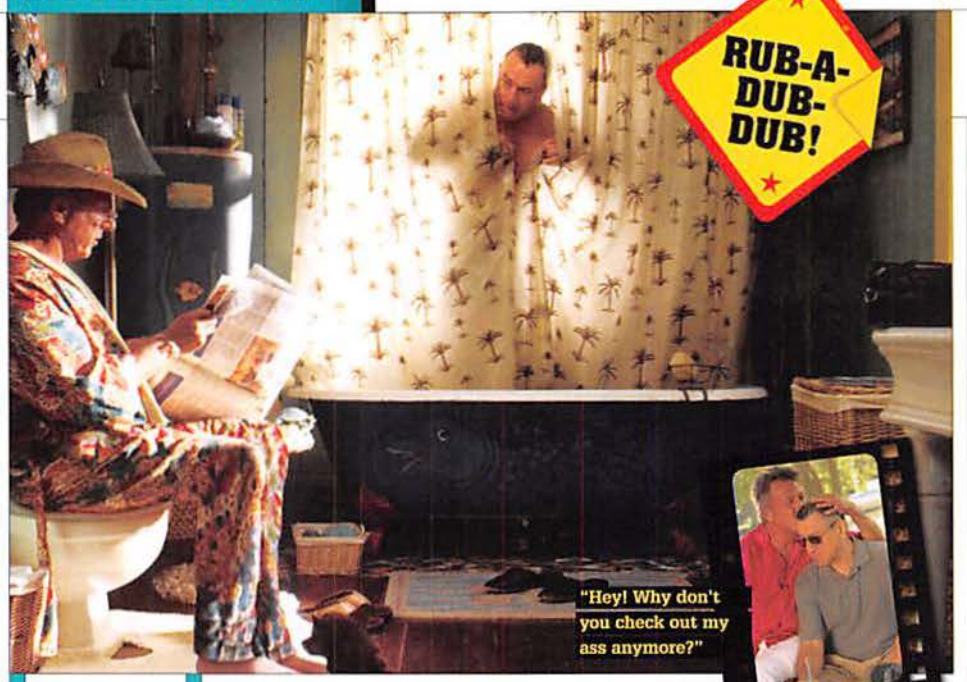
Speaking of awful, have you written anything that freaked even you out?
There's a comic book that a friend of mine and I do called *Dicks*, ostensibly 'cause the two guys are private detectives. The cover of last year's Christmas special had one of the lead characters being forced to fellate the devil. And it's up close.

How do your friends and family react to the ghastly methods of torture you conjure up?
To be honest with you, there are few surprises for anyone who's been drinking with me for the past 15 years.

What comic book character out there would you like to see Frank Castle end?
Well...probably Batman. He can't *not* be fucking Robin. Child molester *[laughs]*.

Given the mayhem he creates, is the word *peace* in Castle's vocabulary?
No, he's gonna continue being exactly who he is till his last breath. He's never gonna say, "It's enough." Because it never will be.—*Interview by Gene Newman*

MAXIM ONLINE
To read an extended interview with Garth Ennis and Jimmy Palmiotti, go to **maximonline.com.**



"Hey! Why don't you check out my ass anymore?"

> MAIN ATTRACTION

MEET THE FOCKERS

A family holiday comedy sequel—now with cheese!

Out: December 22 **Director:** Jay Roach
Stars: Robert De Niro, Ben Stiller, Dustin Hoffman, Barbra Streisand
The story: After spending the first movie with his fiancée's parents from hell (De Niro and Blythe Danner), Gaylord Focker is finally taking his soon-to-be in-laws home to meet his own mom and dad, played by Barbra Streisand and Dustin Hoffman. (Streisand and Hoffman makin' babies—now *that's* a nightmare that'll cling to our retinas for all of eternity.) Plenty of hijinks and creepy family moments, naturally, ensue.
The buzz: As a last-minute holiday date movie, there's nothing better out there, and Jay Roach, of *Austin Powers* and *Meet the Parents* fame, hasn't had many strikeouts. If you can deal with a film full of hammy schmactors Streisand and Hoffman mugging for each other, go for it—at least it beats *Surviving Christmas*. It'll also make *your* family seem a little less dysfunctional. . . and isn't that what the Christmas spirit is all about?
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪○

GET THIS!

> De Niro was so pale as a child that other kids called him Bobby Milk.

> DON'T MISS

"Don't mess with me—I had the top score on *Duck Hunt*."

ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13

An outlaw. An assault. A precinct. And Ja Rule!

Out: January 21
Director: Jean-François Richet
Stars: Ethan Hawke, Laurence Fishburne, John Leguizamo, Drea de Matteo, Ja Rule
The story: It's a snowy New Year's Eve in a police precinct building that's about to be closed. An infamous and hunted mobster, Marion Bishop (Laurence Fishburne), is behind bars. Naturally, a gang comes to break him out, ghetto style.
The buzz: A remake of John Carpenter's 1976 cult movie, *Precinct 13* circa 2005 has a lot more star power, not to mention it's being released at a time of year when good movies are almost nonexistent. As for Ethan Hawke as a tough guy. . . well, had it not been for his performance in *Training Day*, we'd *really* be laughing. And hot peppers Maria Bello and Drea de Matteo guarantee it won't be a complete sausagefest.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪○

"Want some jellybeans?"

RATINGS:

SISTER-IN-LAW	✪✪✪✪✪
BROTHER-IN-LAW	✪✪✪✪○
FATHER-IN-LAW	✪✪✪○○
MOTHER-IN-LAW	✪✪○○○
GRANNY	✪○○○○

> ALSO PLAYING

WHITE NOISE

Director: Geoffrey Sax **Out:** January 7
Michael Keaton hears ghosts communicating through static on his television. It's like *Poltergeist*, but without the little girls and clowns.
We're guessing: ✪✪○○○

FAT ALBERT

Director: Joel Zwick **Out:** December 25
Hey, hey, hey! Bill Cosby, who created the original cartoon, moves the gang to the real world. Yep, Dumb Donald's still got a jellyfish on his head.
We're guessing: ✪○○○○

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Director: Joel Schumacher **Out:** December 22
Hollywood's most flamboyant director brings us a falling chandelier, a masked man, and dancing galore—like your nephew's bar mitzvah!
We're guessing: ✪✪○○○

ELEKTRA

Director: Rob Bowman **Out:** January 14
Jennifer Garner gets a *Daredevil* spin-off, directed by the guy who did the firebreathing dragon flick *Reign of Fire*. Thankfully, much less Affleck.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪○○

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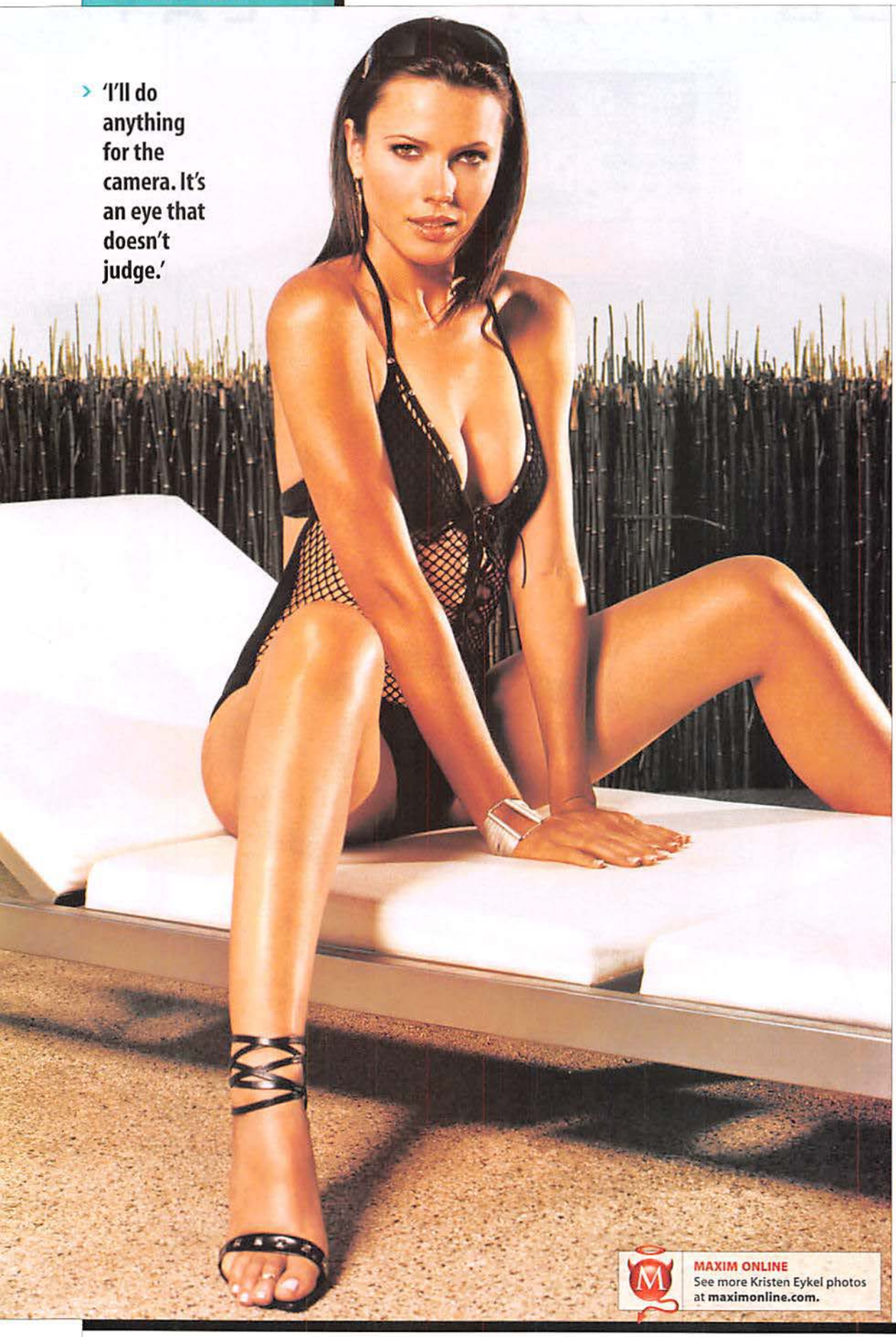


> 'I'll do anything for the camera. It's an eye that doesn't judge.'

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

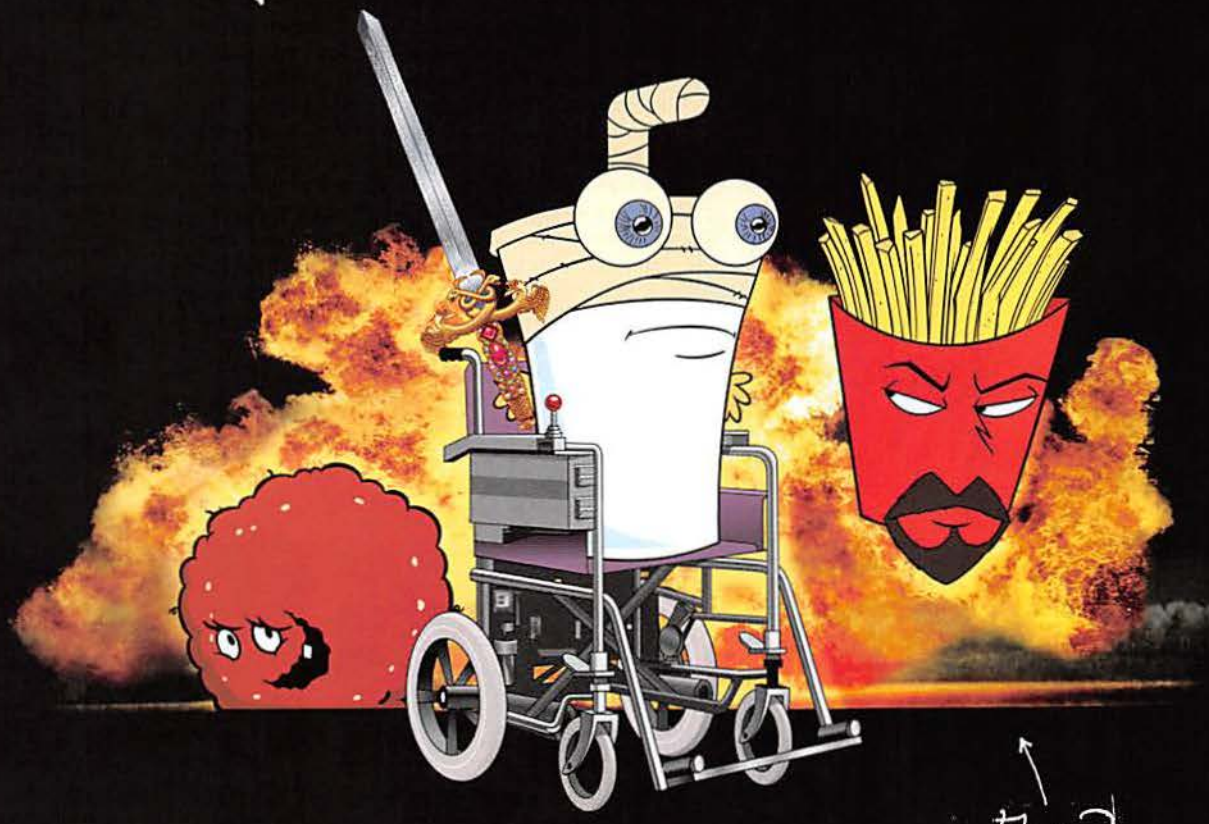
Real name: Kristen Eykel
Better known as: The smart and sexy co-host of Court TV's *Saturday Night Solution*.
Her story: Kristen started her career as a model and spent extensive time in Paris, which was a wonderful place except that it was absolutely *crawling* with Frenchmen. "I can't tell you the number of times I had men put their hands up my skirt just walking down the street," Kristen recalls. Not surprisingly, she promptly moved back to America and into a new field: television. Time as a VH1 VJ led to other hosting work and her new post at Court TV, a.k.a. the station that O.J. built. "Hosting has definitely been my gig for a little while now. And I love it, because I get to be myself." And who exactly *is* Kristen? "I am a beautiful woman, but I am not unapproachable." Ah. And when all's said and done, to what does she attribute her success? "I love the camera," she explains. Really? How about secret Web cams?

PUSH PLAY
> She's also a pregnancy yoga teacher.

MAXIM ONLINE
See more Kristen Eykel photos at **maximonline.com.**

Photograph, Steve Shaw; styling, Suzie Hardy; hair, Laurent D. for Privé Arts; makeup, Lutz at Solo Artists/Elizabeth Arden

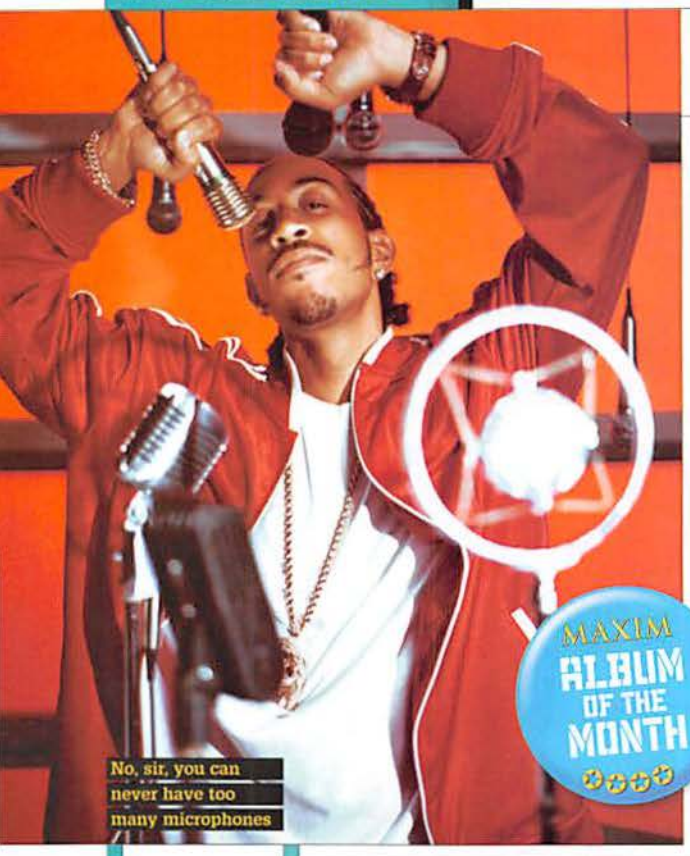
This is the Aqua Teen Hunger Force



Why aren't you watching this?

MIDNITE Sunday through WEDNESDAY

[adult swim] on the CARTOON NETWORK
adultswim.com



No, sir, you can never have too many microphones

> ALBUM OF THE MONTH

LUDACRIS

The Red Light District (Def Jam)

When we think of red lights, Amsterdam sex clubs and traffic violations come to mind. Ludacris has described his newest, *The Red Light District*, as a sort of concept album—the concept in question being a rundown of all his favorite vices. While that might sound like an instant replay of the Atlanta rapper's past three discs, this tooth-rattling set boasts quite a few new angles. For one, Luda's embraced a new bad habit: gambling, which he toasts to great effect on the DMX collaboration "Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is." (But seriously, what's wrong with a little Pai Gow?) Musically speaking, he's used his passport outta the Dirty South to incorporate elements as diverse as old-school N.Y.C. thump (which boosts the bottom end of "Virgo") and West Coast astro-slide (in full effect on the DJ Quik–enhanced "Spur of the Moment"). The constant, however, is his flair for whiplash-inducing comic timing—which extends on "Large Amounts" to quoting Oliver Twist's Fagin as the ultimate authority on big pimpin'. (Charles Dickens in da house!) Those with a taste for raw beef might hunger for more than one measly swipe at Bill O'Reilly, but the bong water chaser is potent enough to make up for the shortfall.—*David Sprague*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✩

LIKE THIS? TRY THESE

Thirstin Howl III
Skilligan's Island
(Landspeed, 2002)

Blowfly
Blowfly's Party
(Hot Productions, 1996)

GET THIS!

> **Ludacris acts up in the Memphis rapping flick *Hustle & Flow*, as Skinny Black.**

> RELEASES MAKING NOISE

GETO BOYS
War & Peace
(Rap-A-Lot)

What can a group do to shock listeners after turning out raps about rape, murder, and the necrophilia combo platter? For the Geto Boys, the answer is prayerfully invoking the name of God. While *War & Peace* has a few such epiphanies, there are plenty of good old pleasures like motormouth midget Bushwic Bill, who promises to "send the whole world a fuck-you note." Hallmark would be so pleased. —*D.S.*

✪✪✪✩✩

STYROFOAM
Nothing's Lost
(Morr Music)

Most sensitive singer-songwriter types long ago ceded electronic music to Ecstasy-popping ravers. Fortunately, Styrofoam's Arne Van Petegem never got the memo. His latest album is a swirling masterpiece of bedroom electro-pop: Minor star cameos like the Postal Service's Ben Gibbard on the gurgling, downbeat "Couches in Alleys" give Styrofoam a well-earned nod of approval. —*David Peisner*

✪✪✪✪✩

CAM'RON
Purple Haze
(Roc-A-Fella)

On his fourth album, the Harlem MC known as Killa Cam lets the music do the killing for him. Between the Kevlar-piercing beats and his Sizzurp-voiced menace, there's plenty of roughneck to go around. Cam gets word-high on his own dizzying, dense rhyme schemes. Then, just to change things up, he goes pop on the Cyndi Lauper–biting single "Girls." Sometimes gangstas just want to have fun.—*Josh Eells*

✪✪✪✪✩

SHIVAREE
Who's Got Trouble?
(Rounder)

Shivaree frontwoman Ambrosia Parsley (yes, that's her real name) looks almost exactly like her music sounds: slinky, alluring, and ever so slightly dangerous. The band's third album sashays gracefully from breathy roots-pop and sultry junk-blues to smoky jazz and soul like a less sleepy Cowboy Junkies or Norah Jones with a sex drive. Personally, we prefer the latter.—*D.P.*

✪✪✪✪✩

THE GREAT UNKNOWNS
Presenting...The Great Unknowns
(Daemon)

There are thousands of bands pounding out perfectly decent rock'n'roll in dank bars across this fine land—so why stop to listen to the Great Unknowns? Well, they play unpretentious heartland rock reminiscent of the better efforts of the Crows—both Sheryl and Counting. Becky Warren writes about guys who've treated her like shit with a dignity they don't deserve and sings with a soulful, rebellious swagger, giving an otherwise ordinary meat-and-potatoes sound a little extra spice.—*D.P.*

✪✪✪✩✩

RATINGS:

LUST	✪✪✪✪✪
SLOTH	✪✪✪✪✩
GLUTTONY	✪✪✪✩✩
WRATH	✪✪✩✩✩
PRIDE	✪✩✩✩✩

IN THE MAXIM BOOMBOX

Ben Folds
Super D
(Sony Music, 2004)

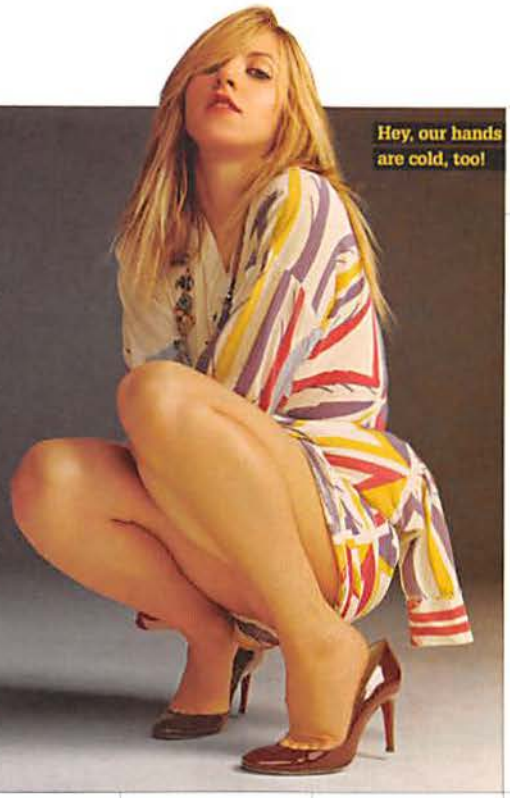
Ted Leo/ Pharmacists *Shake the Sheets* (Lookout!, 2004)

Kasabian
Kasabian
(Arista, 2004)

Pizzicato 5
Happy End of the World (Matador, 1999)

STAR PICKS

We spent 2004 spouting our own opinions. Now the pros chime in...



BUTTERFLY BOUCHER
FLUTTERBY

LIZ PHAIR:
■ "She is my new rock'n'roll superstar. It's like watching a new and improved prototype of a female."

EAGLES OF DEATH METAL
PEACE LOVE DEATH METAL

LOVES BOY TOY'S WORK!

BRODY DALLE
OF THE DISTILLERS:
■ "Rock'n'roll has come back with a vengeance in the form of coochie-grinding, mustache-growing desert pirate dance beats mixed with old Southern-style sing-alongs that make you shake booty till you sweat wetter than a pygmy orgy in the Amazon. I've never danced and laughed so much at the same time—or thought about just how much I love the devil."

OTHER CELEBRITY FAVORITES

■ **DAVID CROSS (ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT):**
Modest Mouse
Good News for People Who Love Bad News

■ **JUDD APATOW (UNDECLARED):**
William Shatner
Has Been

■ **JULIETTE LEWIS (OLD SCHOOL):**
The Killers
Hot Fuss

■ **BAM MARGERA (VIVA LA BAM):**
Fireball Ministry
The Second Great Awakening

GHOSTFACE
THE PRETTY TONEY ALBUM
BLACK THOUGHT
OF THE ROOTS:
■ "The music he samples is the music that influenced me to make music: oldies, doo-wop shit. I feel like it's one of the only true hip-hop albums that came out this year."

KELIS
TASTY
SIMON LEBON
OF DURAN DURAN:
■ "It's funky. And the production is really incredible. When Kelis sings things like, 'Freedom to you has always been whoever landed on your dick,' she's really cool about it."

LORETTA LYNN
VAN LEAR ROSE
PATTERSON HOOD OF DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS:
■ "Ooh-la-la. She's one of my all-time favorite songwriters and singers, and she came back in 2004 with a vengeance. The songs are as good as any of her all-time classics."

GREEN DAY
AMERICAN IDIOT
JOEL MADDEN
OF GOOD CHARLOTTE:
■ "I've been a Green Day fan for 10 years, and this was like finding them all over again. I've listened to it every day; every listen I find something new I love."

CEE-LO
CEE-LO GREEN... IS THE SOUL MACHINE
TALIB KWELI:
■ "This record's got club bangers, straight-up hip-hop, funk, soul—his range is spectacular. There were times where I've had to listen twice to understand what he's trying to do, but I enjoy that."

THE PONYS
LACED WITH ROMANCE
JASON STOLLSTEIMER
OF THE VON BONDIES:
■ "The Ponys' album is so smart. I hope they're the future of music. They'll open kids' minds up to there being more than three chords in a song."

INTERPOL
ANTICS
MELISSA AUF DER MAUR:
■ "Although I'm a heavy-rocking musician, I also have my vulnerable, sensitive, melancholy parts. Interpol reintroduced beauty and patience in music. They dare to be delicate and romantic."

AMBULANCE LTD.
AMBULANCE LTD.
BRANDON FLOWERS
OF THE KILLERS:
■ "This album has so many great songs. There's a lot of John Lennon influence there. The way everything's arranged, it's not done much now."

JOANNA NEWSOM
THE MILK-EYED MENDER

TIM DELAUGHTER
OF THE POLYPHONIC SPREE:
■ "I love this record. It's become a soundtrack to my family's daily life. When we're driving in the car, my kids request it first thing. I'm fond of the production and the simplicity, and moved by the lyrics and the sound of her voice. It's been a while since I've heard a 'sound' in anyone's voice."

HIPPIE DRIVING MUSIC!

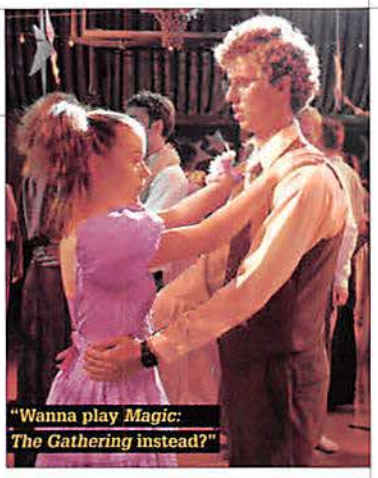
THE ARCADE FIRE
FUNERAL
JIM ADKINS
OF JIMMY EAT WORLD:
■ "It sounds like everything I liked from the late '80s-early '90s—Siouxsie and the Banshees, Pixies, Dog Faced Hermans—but *new*. Like the best parts of your record collection in one album."

KANYE WEST
THE COLLEGE DROPOUT
ADAM "MCA" YAUCH
OF THE BEASTIE BOYS:
■ "Why? I don't know... Do I have to give a reason?"

—Interviews by David Peisner

MAXIM DVD OF THE MONTH ★★★★

"If this chopper musses my hair, you're all fired."



"Wanna play *Magic: The Gathering* instead?"

> MUST OWN

ANCHORMAN: THE LEGEND OF RON BURGUNDY

Release date: December 28

For the love of scotch! Will Ferrell, Steve Carell, Paul Rudd, and Christina Applegate exchange sex jokes; rumble with Ben Stiller, Vince Vaughn, and Tim Robbins; and fall into bear habitats. It's the funniest comedy of 2004, and not just because of every single word that comes out of Steve Carell's hilarious mouth. **Extra!** As you may or may not have heard, Ferrell's swinging movie epic about San Diego news anchormen of the '70s was largely improvised. Tons of material remained on the cutting-room floor...so much, in fact, that a separate feature-length bonus movie, called *Wake Up, Ron Burgundy,* has been made out of all the snippets and is included on the unrated two-DVD set. Two movies for the price of one, you say? And there's more: Ron Burgundy on the MTV Video Music Awards, a Ron Burgundy audition for ESPN *SportsCenter,* outtakes and bloopers, and a documentary, as if you had the time to cram this much Ron Burgundy information into your skull. Yes, it's a great flick; it also may be the best extras compilation we've ever seen. —*Scott Stein*

Movie: ★★★★★
Special features: ★★★★★

> WORTH WATCHING

NAPOLEON DYNAMITE

Release date: December 21

In the middle of the great American farmland, there exists a nerd by the name of Napoleon Dynamite. He loves to draw unicorns and talk about "ligers," he has mad nunchucks skills, and his brother mail-orders a time machine that vibrates his balls. He and his wig-wearing friend Pedro live in a strange '70s-world of dorkdom, full of some of the weirdest laughs in recent years. You'd think an indie film full of geeks would be something to hate, but it's surprising how much Napoleon's asthmatic drooling is actually funny—and Pedro's a silent comic genius. And we didn't even mention the American-flag-pants-wearing kung fu man. **Extra!** A five-minute epilogue called "Wedding of the Century" gives you a little extra Napoleon for the road, plus there's a gaggle of deleted scenes to keep you nerdy. **Trivia:** Coincidentally, Elvis Costello used the pseudonym Napoleon Dynamite for his 1986 album *Blood & Chocolate.* What are the odds? —*Scott Stein*

Movie: ★★★★☆
Special features: ★★★★☆

> ALSO PLAYING

HAROLD & KUMAR GO TO WHITE CASTLE

Out: January 4 **Director:** Danny Leiner
From the guys who brought you *Dude, Where's My Car?* comes a stoner journey to get hamburgers. Plus: "The Art of the Fart," a documentary.
We're guessing: ★★★☆☆

GARDEN STATE

Out: December 28 **Director:** Zach Braff
Scrubs star Braff writes, directs, and acts in this prescription-drug-glazed comedy-psychodrama with Natalie Portman. Even better than it sounds.
We're guessing: ★★★★☆

GOD, THE DEVIL AND BOB

Out: January 4
NBC aired only three episodes of this animated series about a man who's the helpless pawn of a bet between God and the devil. Pussies.
We're guessing: ★★★★☆

THE VILLAGE

Out: January 11 **Director:** M. Night Shyamalan
Shyamalan sees people trapped in the Pennsylvania woods, and he thinks, *This is excitement!* Unfortunately, moviegoers do not.
We're guessing: ★★☆☆☆

White Castle

GET THIS!

> White Castle is the oldest burger chain in America.

> OLD JOKES

PURE GOLD

Who's the sexiest Golden Girl? Bea Arthur! With Season One on DVD, we had some Girl talk with Bea.

Never has the term *granny panties* been so hot!

What was your favorite part about working on *The Golden Girls*?
I think the relationship between Sophia and me was one of the greatest comedic duos I have ever seen. Sophia, because she had some kind of stroke or something, could say anything she wanted. It was just delicious.

Who would you say was the sexiest Golden Girl?
You know, I really don't know. It never entered my mind.

Have you ever considered yourself a sex symbol?
That's a terrible question to ask anyone! But I guess so, in a strange way. The character Maude had been married five times, so I guess that makes her some kind of sex symbol.

Did you know you have a cultlike following among college students?
As a matter of fact, I sometimes think I'm Britney Spears. I have become a bit of a cult figure. I have become kind of a gay icon as well.

Do you think of yourself as edgy?
I hate bullshit. I'm a bubble pricker; I like the idea of breaking facades. I will never be as outspoken as Maude was. First of all, I am not that political—I spend a lot of time debating whom I'm going to vote for.

"I sometimes think I'm Bea Arthur."

Speaking of being a bubble pricker, you had a bit of an incident in 2004 with security at Boston's Logan Airport...
Oh, my God! Shall I tell you what happened? In my purse, which I had been carrying from L.A., they found a Swiss Army knife. I couldn't figure out how the hell it got there. Knowing who I was, they let me go. But I was very concerned. It made all the papers. It was a tiny little thing—it couldn't have hurt anybody—but how the hell did it get in my bag?

Are you aware there are Web sites calling for you to become president?
Oh, Lord. It's interesting, isn't it? The power of television. My God, who ever dreamed?

Is it time for our spanking yet?

Would you have a platform?
Of course not. When we were doing *Maude*, I was always asked to think of a plot line. One day I looked in the mirror and I said, "How about we do something about a facelift?" That's the only subject I ever came up with.

How do you feel about television now?
I love *The Daily Show* and *Curb Your Enthusiasm*. But I'm really a nut for movies from the '50s. Last night I watched *All About Eve* at three in the morning.

Is there a career moment you wish people forgot?
I did *Saturday Night Live* in the '70s, and they simply did not know how to write for me. It really was an embarrassment.

...And *The Star Wars Holiday Special*?
You know, I did it with Harvey Korman, and then I just forgot about it. And I still get mail about it. I didn't even know that it had anything to do with *Star Wars*. I still don't understand what the hell I was doing there selling drinks to all these people with funny-looking heads.

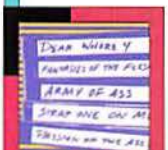
Did you ever think, *I really want to be an action hero*?
Oh, no. Like every woman, I always wanted to be a ballet dancer.

What have you been up to lately?
I went to Sacramento to get the legislature to pass a bill banning the production of foie gras. I hope you know something about the force-feeding of ducks and geese.

Is there any special message you'd like to convey to our readers?
I guess I want to thank everyone for whatever the hell they are doing. Be nice to each other, my God. And have a little compassion for things that can't speak for themselves. Most of all, enjoy life. I really am getting teary here.

—Interview by Scott Stein

"What's the deal with foie gras?"



GET THIS!

> Typing ***Bea Arthur Sex Tape*** into Google gets 5,460 hits.

> BEA'S LIFE IN (SIX) PICTURES

1972: Bea gets sassy as *Maude*.

1974: *Mame* takes the joke too far.

1978: *The Star Wars Holiday Special*.

1984: Latino laffs! *A.k.a. Pablo*.

1985: *The Golden Girls*, those flirts.

2000: *Malcolm in the Middle*. Aww.

Late again, Governor Schwarzennegger pushes past security

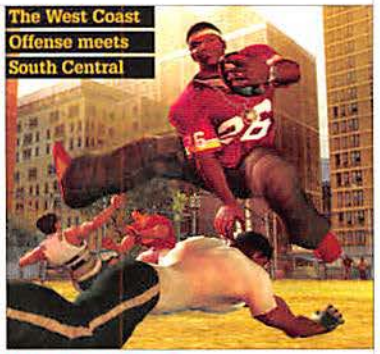
CHEATS!

The Sims 2 [ ]
Prevent aging! Press Ctrl + Shift + C to bring up the cheat console. Then type "Aging off" to stop the pruning.

Conflict: Vietnam [ ]
Be sneaky and use the cheat mode: Press R(2), L(2), B(2), Y(2), X(2), White to unlock the cheats menu under the "Options" screen.

Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas [ ]
Get outta the dog-house! Wipe out your wanted level and keep playing clean as a whistle. Enter R1, R1, CIRCLE, R2, UP, DOWN, UP, DOWN, UP, DOWN when the heat gets too heavy.

Tony Hawk's Underground 2 [ ]
Trick out the cheater's way and get Infinite Rail/Lip Balance: Enter pass code "straightedge."



NFL STREET 2
Electronic Arts [ ]
Fourth and inches. The Falcons are down by six. You're Mike Vick. The obvious call: Chuck the ball behind your back at an open receiver, who leaps off a wall, catches it, and rushes to the end zone, high-stepping like a pimp the entire way. The seven-on-seven football farce sees pro athletes assaulting everyday environments from rooftops to aqueducts. Feel frisky? Gamebreaker 2 power boosts leave league legends looking more humiliated than Jay Fiedler.—*Scott Steinberg*
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

GAME ON!

RESIDENT EVIL 4

Capcom [ ]
We don't know what's scarier: hordes of crazed villagers who'll happily tear you limb from limb, or the fact that their preferred haunting ground is a GameCube exclusive. Either way, be afraid. The intelligent, fast-moving fiends who stalk special agent Leon Kennedy will almost make you yearn for the embrace of old-fashioned brain-hungry cadavers. Tiptoe past traps and kick down doors with new action button options, and dodge chain-saw-wielding yokels while sneaking around creepy communes and photo-realistic forests. A fresh over-the-shoulder camera perspective aids your aim, though a familiar stutter-prone approach to turning frequently results in accidental death or decapitation. Set six years after the hair-raising *Resident Evil 2*, it's light years ahead techno-logically. This is the freakiest European vacation since Chevy Chase took his brood overseas.—*Matt Lachlan*
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

Hope you like shades of brown

GAME GADGET

EYETOY: ANTIGRAV
Does dancing in front of your TV set and waving your hands sound as fun as a barrel of monkeys? Don't knock it till you've tried it. PlayStation's EyeToy camera gizmo makes acting like an idiot fun. Add in the latest title, *AntiGrav*, which has you operating a hover board with your arms, and you've got a new drinking game! *(Sony, $50)*

GAME KEY:
- XBOX
- PS2
- GAMECUBE
- PC

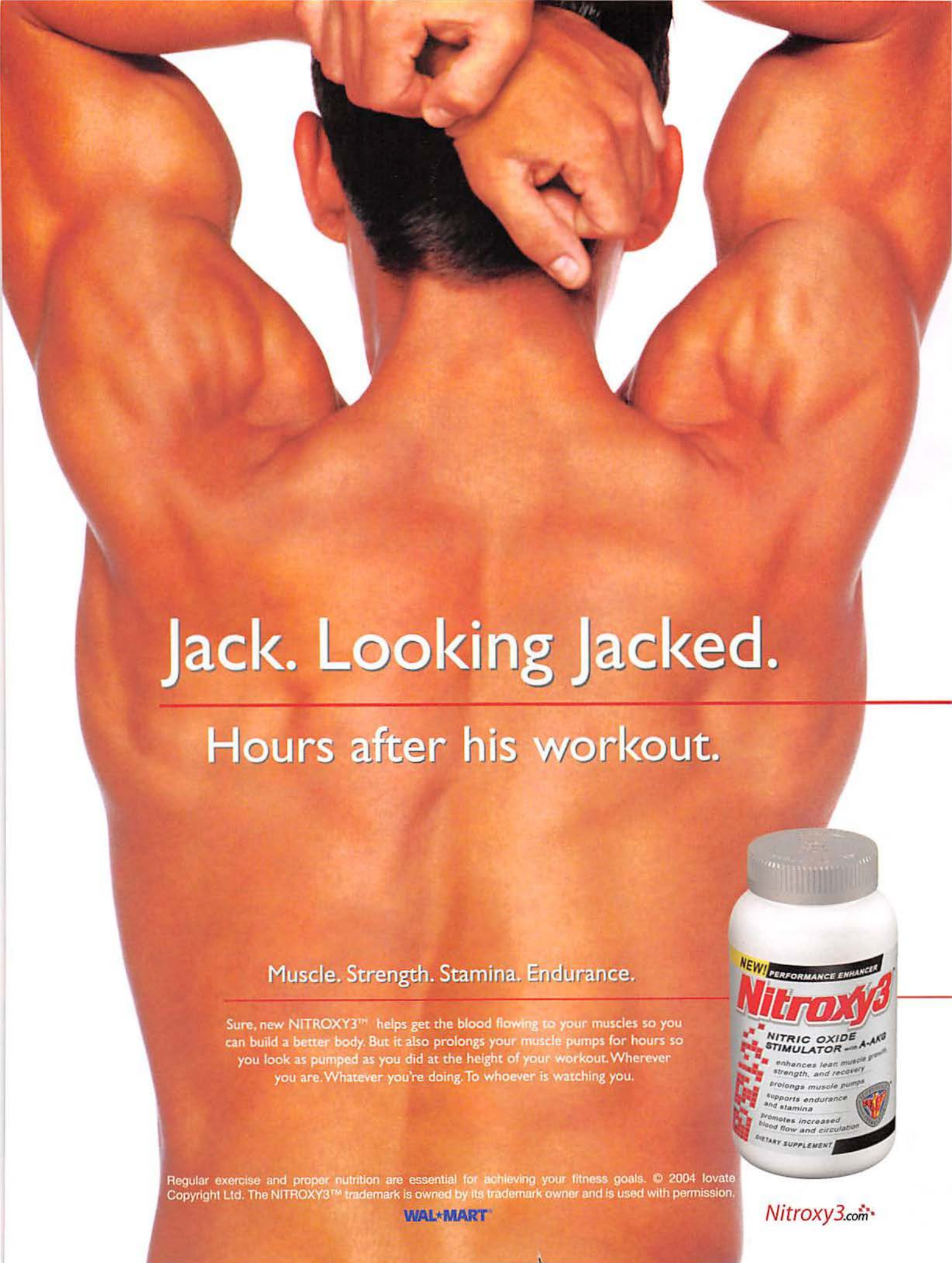
BLIPS ON THE SCREEN

GRAN TURISMO 4 Sony Computer Entertainment [ ]
If 650 different cars from 80 manufacturers on 100 separate tracks aren't enough play value for you, try cruising Times Square in a turn-of-the-century steam engine.—*Scott Stein*
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

GHOST RECON 2 Ubisoft [ ]
Four platforms, two separate story lines (GameCube/PS2 owners get an entirely different adventure from the PC/Xbox addicts), one kick-ass rumble in the jungle. Lock and load alone or online.—*Scott Steinberg*
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

VIRTUA QUEST Sega [ ]
Patience, Grasshopper. That's what you'll need to survive *Virtua Fighter's* shoddiest spin-off, where players converse with and combat computer-generated constructs. The toughest battle you'll face? Staying conscious.—*Scott Steinberg*
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪

MERCENARIES LucasArts [ ]
Commandeer tanks, helicopters, and heavy artillery, then set about ravaging North Korea into a landscape gnarlier than Kim Jong Il's complexion. Cash earned on bounties buys impromptu air strikes and a clean conscience.—*Scott Steinberg*
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪


Jack. Looking Jacked.
Hours after his workout.
Muscle. Strength. Stamina. Endurance.
Sure, new NITROXY3™ helps get the blood flowing to your muscles so you can build a better body. But it also prolongs your muscle pumps for hours so you look as pumped as you did at the height of your workout. Wherever you are. Whatever you're doing. To whoever is watching you.
NEW! PERFORMANCE ENHANCER
Nitroxy3
NITRIC OXIDE STIMULATOR with A-AKG
enhances lean muscle growth, strength, and recovery
prolongs muscle pumps
supports endurance and stamina
promotes increased blood flow and circulation
DIETARY SUPPLEMENT
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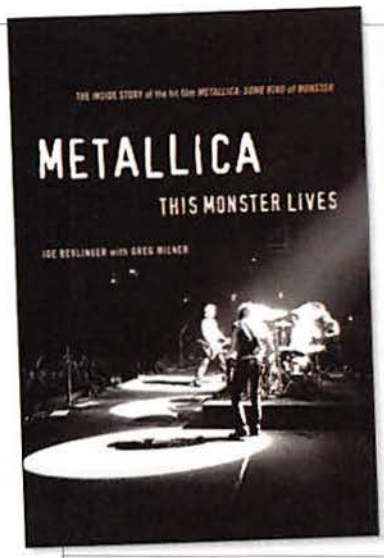
MAXIM BOOK OF THE MONTH



> THRASH IT!

METALLICA THIS MONSTER LIVES

By Joe Berlinger with Greg Milner (St. Martin's Press, $25)

By writing a book about the making of a documentary (*Metallica: Some Kind of Monster*) about the recording of an album (*St. Anger*), Berlinger truly puts the *meta* in Metallica. Having codirected the film, he's got the cred, skill, and 1,600 hours of unused footage needed to pull it off. With the same brutal honesty that got *Monster* into Sundance, he details the wrenching creative journey that mirrors that of the legendary group. Like the film, the book is rough going at times—a heavy emphasis on the documentary filmmaking process may not be everyone's cup of ale. But loads of deleted scenes and a metal-friendly theme (everyone has monsters to slay) are riffs we can all bang our heads to.—*Steve Mazzucchi*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✩

SURVIVE!

By Peter DeLeo (Simon & Schuster, $24)

Since Sally Struthers isn't peddling Ethiopian kids on TV anymore, you'll have to get your recommended daily allowance of "At least my life doesn't suck *that* bad" from this real-life horror story. After crashing his plane in the snowy Sierra Nevadas in November 1994, badly mangled DeLeo took off on a 12-day trek, kept alive only by keen survival knowledge, sheer guts, and the hope of reaching civilization in time to rescue two broken friends left back at the wreckage. Unbelievably, DeLeo stays sickeningly positive throughout the hellish ordeal, even amid tales of rockslides and eating bugs for sustenance. You still want to whine about that carpal tunnel?—*Jon Wilde*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✩✩

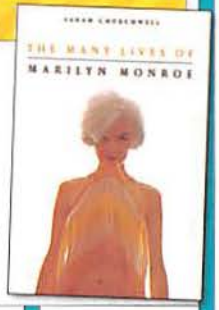
> DEAD CELEBRITY BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE MANY LIVES OF MARILYN MONROE

By Sarah Churchwell (Metropolitan Books, $26)

Marilyn Monroe was the ultimate blonde bombshell who titillated the masses in ways performers like Madonna and Britney can only desperately try to imitate. Sarah Churchwell tackles the legendary icon loved by millions (including Joe DiMaggio, Arthur Miller, and JFK), as well as the very human woman named Norma Jean behind the flirty mask; however, her interpretations often sink into dull armchair psychology. Well-researched, this book is solely for diehard fans. If you're expecting something sexy, better use your imagination and a damp washcloth instead.—*John DeVore*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✩✩✩



> THE FINE PRINT

HOME LAND

By Sam Lipsyte (Picador, $13)

Lewis Miner, a fictional Jersey high-school alum, writes to the principal he admires and despises about his obsessions with sperm-covered leg warmers and spurned friends. Disturbingly dark yet funny fury-filled passages à la Chuck Palahniuk (*Fight Club*) make the self-pitying worthwhile.—*Scott Stein*

✪✪✪✩✩

THE CADDIE WAS A REINDEER

By Steve Rushin (Atlantic Monthly Press, $23)

"Extreme sports" can be more than beach bums doing flips on bikes: premier sports-writer Rushin tries arctic golf, James Bond test driving, and Japanese competitive eating. The absurd anecdotes are not only funny weird, they're funny ha-ha.—*Matt Christensen*

✪✪✪✪✩

WRONG ABOUT JAPAN

By Peter Carey (Knopf, $18)

A father-son memoir (bear with us...) about discovering the weird Japan of the *otaku*, a.k.a. manga nerd. Samurai swords, brothels, and *Mobile Suit Gundam* are rounded out by cool Japan-pop illustrations. Give it to your dad and invite him to visit the Pleasure Gardens.—*S.S.*

✪✪✪✩✩

THE MAKING OF A NAME

By Steve Rivkin and Fraser Sutherland (Oxford University Press, $28)

Subtitled "The Inside Story of the Brands We Buy," this book explores, in fascinating but sometimes exhausting detail, the big-money world of product naming, including why consumers like burger places named after royalty.—*J.D.*

✪✪✪✪✩

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BABY STEWIE

The potty-mouthed, pint-size star of *Family Guy*—television's favorite on-again, off-again, on-again animated sitcom—spoon-feeds us his thoughts on family, sex, and the Olsen twins.

What's it like having the brain of a sadistic tyrant and the libido of a love-struck Italian man trapped in the body of a one-year-old?
You forgot to mention the junk of a porn star.

What pisses you off most about other plebian babies?
"Basghetti." What the hell is that? You think it's cute? *Basghetti?* Well, we'll see how cute it is when you're a 45-year-old derelict, pushing your possessions around in a shopping cart and trading sexual favors for malt liquor in a bus station lavatory, because you never took the time to master the bloody language! It's *spaghetti,* you slack-jawed imbecile! *Spaghetti!*

What's your position on diapers: empowering or demeaning?
Definitely empowering. Honestly, if you could relieve yourself without having to leave the couch, wouldn't you?

Any celebrities you wouldn't mind showing your crib?
Jimmy Fallon. But only so I could force that self-absorbed punk's face into my pillow, thereby testing my hypothesis that adults can also succumb to SIDS.

Once you manage to get a beautiful baby back to your crib, how do you like to set the mood?
Well, they say there's no greater aphrodisiac than one's own natural scent, so I usually set the mood by soiling myself.

Describe your perfect woman.
Red hair, nasal voice, six feet underground.

Finish off this sentence: "Mommy, I want..."
...to drown you in the toilet bowl.

Why do you hate Lois so much? Is it the spanking? An unfortunate lack of breast-feeding?
Well, you'll have to trust me when I say no jury that's tasted her turkey tetrazzini would ever convict me for killing her. I kid, of course. It's because she's a total bitch.

What's it like having a talking dog as your only confidant?
Honestly, sometimes it's like talking to a wall. A very pedantic, condescending wall that smells like gin and Mighty Dog.

If Baby Stewie were somehow elected to public office, what could the American people expect?
War, an enslaved lower class, a pillaged environment...pretty much what we've got now.

Do you have any idea where Osama bin Laden is hiding?
No idea. Although I hope he's dead. Mostly because I'm tired of seeing those crappy home movies he makes of him talking to Mr. Microphone in front of that rock.

Any plans for a film career? If so, are there any particular actors or directors you'd like to work with?
I'd love to work with Naomi Watts. Did you see her nipples in *21 Grams*? Like traffic cones. Made me hungry for lunch.

As a budding young reader, do you have a favorite book?
Machiavelli's *The Prince,* Sun Tzu's *The Art of War,* and Richard Scarry's *Cars and Trucks and Things That Go.*

How about a favorite insane deposed dictator?
Slobodan Milosevic. I just like the name: *Slobodan.*

Describe each of your siblings in exactly five words without using the terms *lummox* or *slut.*
I want you to know I resent your insinuation that Chris is a slut.

Do you feel that, as a father, Peter presents you with an appropriate male role model?
Oh, absolutely—that is, if I'm aspiring to become a fat dimwit who has an ass for a chin and eats anything he picks out of his ears with a pen cap.

With the ever-changing, increasingly chaotic geopolitical climate we now face throughout the world, who do you see yourself aligning with to finally achieve global domination?
Dick Cheney. Now, there's a frightening fellow. Look into his eyes, man. He'll eat your kidney for lunch and then wash it down with a Diet Dr Pepper. Not necessarily a leader, but a fine henchman.

The Olsen twins certainly set a high precedent for television babies. How do you measure up?
I poop more, vomit less.

What can a person who pinches your cheeks expect in return?
A torn scrotum.

Allegations that you are already on your way to growing up to bat for the "other team" are rampant in the media. Care to comment?
Thus far I'm as straight as a Miller Lite commercial. Although I do enjoy unwinding at the end of a hectic day with a glass of Chablis and a bit of *The Bachelor.* Damn it, now you've got me confused.

OK, let's get really personal: Where were you when you found out that Santa Claus wasn't real?
Where were you when you found out that your parents purchased you on the black market in exchange for a car battery and a carton of cigarettes?

You've just discovered your best friend naked in bed with your wife; what do you do?
Rupert sandwich!

Is there one thing you most wish you could change about yourself?
Gee, I don't know...My head's about twice the size of my body and shaped like a football. Maybe that?

Is it true that you have a fetish for Tony Danza?
My friend, you publish that and you sign your own death warrant.

How's the whole potty training situation coming along?
None of your beeswax, Ramona. Say, how's your premature ejaculation coming? Get out of my face!

So what's the deal—can the family hear you or not?
Here's the deal. They're all complete dullards. Even if they did actually listen to me, they wouldn't understand a word I was saying, because I don't speak Moron. Thank God for the Internet, though, where I can converse with other intelligent beings via chat rooms under the guise of a 45-year-old political science professor. Or a 15-year-old cheerleader. That's a fun one, too.

If you were made editor-in-chief of *Maxim* for a day, who would you put on the cover?
Lesley Stahl. The brain on that one...*Meow!*

Do you have any special advice for couples out there who are planning to conceive children?
Yes. The ding-dong goes in the hoo-hoo. Repeat until stuff comes out.

Interview by Matt Christensen. Baby Stewie and the *Family Guy* posse return to Fox this spring.

QUICK PICKS

BEDTIME STORY
Rupert tells a great one about when he and the Snuggles bear tag-teamed a waitress in Vegas.

CELEBRITY SIGHTING
"Fabio once cut me off on Wilshire Boulevard. At first I was pissed. But, hey, it's *Fabio.*"

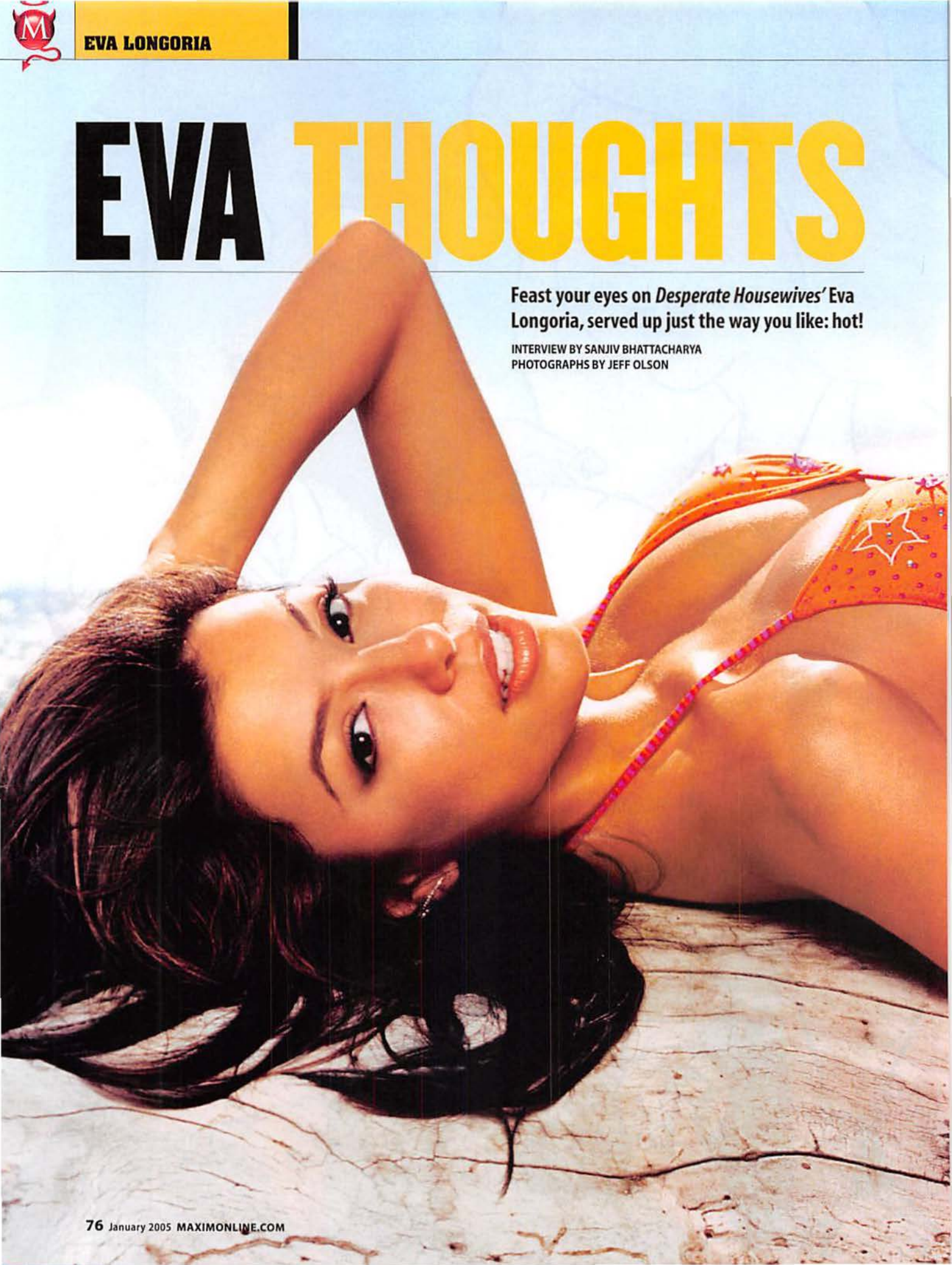
PICKUP LINE
"I've got two surprises for you in my diaper. One is soft and squishy, and the other is a doodie."

"My, what a dashing set of pompoms."

EVA THOUGHTS

Feast your eyes on *Desperate Housewives'* Eva Longoria, served up just the way you like: hot!

INTERVIEW BY SANJIV BHATTACHARYA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF OLSON



I love sports! It's so sexy when a man rattles off statistics.

On ABC's latest dirty drama *Desperate Housewives,* Eva Longoria plays Gabrielle Solis, a runway model who married for money and finds herself home alone, bored, and horny. Sound familiar? "It's a pretty racy show," says the brain-meltingly hot Eva. "It definitely pushes the envelope for network television. Teri Hatcher gets naked by episode three. And I'm in panties and bra in practically every scene." OK, God—you exist. Thanks for the sign.

Not that sexiness doesn't come naturally—Eva cut her Hollywood teeth playing Isabella, the unhinged Latin spitfire on *The Young and the Restless.* Now she appears on prime time even hornier and more skimpily dressed than before, curing her suburban ennui on *Desperate Housewives* by secretly banging her 17-year-old gardener.

But not everything about this sexy show makes sense. For instance, how did the 5'2" Eva, a diminutive Latin scorcher, get cast as a leggy runway model? And since when do drop-dead gorgeous catwalkers give it up to barely legal lawn boys—uh, other than in that story we've been telling since high school? Eva explains that it's all about planting seeds...

Your new character is a real cradle-robber; did you mind bedding down with a 17-year-old boy?
Not at all. Why would I? Men reach their sexual peak at 19, so I'm all for it. Besides, the actor is 25, so it's not illegal. Although, for the pilot we had an 18-year-old, and he was very inexperienced. I tried to make a man out of him, but it didn't work—so they replaced him.

You're a single twentysomething hottie. What would you talk to a teenager about?
Who cares? It's not like I'm dating him for the conversation! Seriously, I wouldn't do anything illegal, but otherwise there's no "too young" for me. And no "too old" either. I don't define love and romance by age. ▶

Wait—who said anything about love or romance?
Exactly! Those are just code words.
Before this you were a sultry bombshell on *The Young and the Restless*. We have to ask: When you kiss on daytime TV, is there any tongue?
Not unless you both agree on it. I never did, because kissing for me is more intimate than having sex. I still find it very difficult to kiss costars that I have no romantic involvement with. And I know that dating your costar is a very bad habit to get into. It happens all the time in Hollywood, and before you know it you've dated half the room.
Now that *Desperate Housewives* is pulling Super Bowl–esque ratings every week, are you a millionaire?
Oh, sure! Everyone assumes we're driving Ferraris as soon as the ratings figures come in, but it's not like that. I did get a portable DVD player from the head of the studio...
So you're just sitting back watching the presents roll in, huh?
I wish. The best I got was flying to the Oprah Winfrey show in Disney's private jet. It was so Disney—everything from the napkins to the blankets had ears.
Even Oprah has ears. Did she sing the famous song for you?
No. But she did bring in real-life people who were similar to our characters, and guess what? My character got the most hits. There were so many women who said, "I'm depressed, I'm rich, I'm a trophy wife, I'm having an affair..."
"...I'm banging the gardener."
Ha! I'm sure the gardening profession is going to grow as a result of this show.
But is there really anything sexy about being a gardener?
Well, there's the whole metaphor about tending to your garden and planting seeds. I've always said I want a farmer, not a hunter. Hunters go for the kill and they move on. A farmer nurtures; he watches things grow.
So you like your men a bit grubby around the edges. Where do you stand on the facial hair issue?
It's not too attractive on women.
Good one...
On men it doesn't bother me. Even a big Castro beard is OK—Brad Pitt pulls it off pretty nice. And you could stick a beard on Johnny Depp and I'll still kiss him.
You're a single woman who's half-naked on billboards all across the country. Does that make dating tough?
Yes, I'm officially on the market! But I'm not aggressively looking. I like to leave these things to destiny, not match.com. But people don't actually recognize me that much, because I'm really tiny and people assume I'm much bigger. I look 12 in real life.
Please don't tell one of those "I used to be ugly" stories...
You got it. My three sisters are all beautiful, and I came out all dark, so my mom called me *prieta fea*, which means "ugly dark one." And I really was ugly; I'm not just saying that. I was very skinny, and girls at school always called me Skinny Minny.
What kind of a guy is an ugly girl like you looking for?
Someone who knows that my favorite flowers are white casablancas, that I love Italian food, and that my favorite music is Sade.
Got it! For the record, would you ever sleep with someone on the first date?
Put it this way, I don't have rules about what you can or can't do on a date. My only rule is that I have to date a guy who likes sports.
So now you're one of those girls who pretend to be sports fans?
Oh, no! I really love sports. There's something so sexy and masculine when guys rattle off ▶

★ EVA AT A GLANCE

Vital stats: Born March 15, 1975. Eva grew up in Corpus Christi, Texas and went to Texas A&M, but she's not a big fan of Dubya. "In 1998 I won Miss Corpus Christi and came out to L.A. to try to be an actress," she says. "I didn't know anybody, and I didn't have any money. My first car was a $1,000 Ford Festiva, which took me two years to pay off."
Bubble boys: Eva's latest character, a famous runway model sleeping with her gardener, is hardly a stretch. "My real-life Jacuzzi guy is this hot Russian. He can't speak English, and he cleans my Jacuzzi with his shirt off," Eva says. "He's perfect. I think there should be an agency for hot gardeners. You can get a maid to clean your house in a bikini, so why not?"
The naked truth: "I'm always offered lead roles where I have to be naked," Eva admits. "It all comes from the Latin lover thing, which is a great image to have. I'd never do porn, but I'm not saying I'll never do nudity."

Looking up? Yeah, us too.

I'm on the market, but I like to leave it to destiny, not match .com.

names and statistics. I can listen to them all day long. But if a guy doesn't like boxing, that's grounds for a breakup.

So...you're hot, young, single, you love sports, and you're not opposed to sex on the first date. Did we miss anything?

And I love to cook! Looks pretty good on paper, doesn't it? I like to throw parties when there's a good fight on, and I make anything Mexican, from enchiladas to tacos to tortilla soup. I think it's true that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. So obviously, I try to cook as much as possible for whomever I'm dating.

Next you're going to tell us you're also bisexual, right?

No. But I do wish I had that gay experience, because I think women are beautiful creatures. They're much more attractive naked than men. And it sounds like fun. Maybe I'm just holding out for the future.

This is too good to be true. What's your position on pornography?

I'd rather see Janet's boob on television than violence, that's for sure. It's silly that Americans are so scared and sheltered from sex and nudity, but they'll embrace people killing each other in a music video. In Europe they have more sex on television and there's less crime. Why not go to a sex store and help your love life, instead of to a gun shop?

Do you know any dirty jokes?

Of course! There's a woman talking to her girlfriend, and she says, "I named my three lovers after soda pop. My first lover's called 7-Up because he has seven inches and he can always get it up. My second one's called Mountain Dew because when he gets to mountin', he always knows what to do. And I call my third lover Jack Daniel's." So the girlfriend says, "Jack Daniel's ain't soda pop—that's a hard liquor." And the woman just smiles and says, "Uh-huh."

Not bad. That reminds us of the bar sign that says, LIQUOR UP FRONT, POKER IN THE REAR.

Yup, you can get T-shirts with that on 'em, too. I also love poker, by the way. Texas Hold 'Em is my game.

Are you a good bluffer?

I'm a good liar, period. All you have to do is date me to find out...

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See hot exclusive video of Eva at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, Christophe Saluzzo for cloutieragency.com using Matrix; makeup, Agostina for cloutieragency.com using Giorgio Armani Cosmetics; props, Kyle Kamnenberg

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SANYO

THE THIEVES OF BAGHDAD

While fighting in Iraq, U.S. soldiers stumbled onto a war trophy no man could resist: $200 million in cash. BY ADAM PIORE

The nervous official at Iraq's central bank didn't ask any questions when Qusay Hussein, son of Saddam, passed him the handwritten letter from his father. In it the dictator stated that he was making a withdrawal: $1 billion, most of it in U.S. bills. TO SAVE THEM FROM AMERICAN AGGRESSION, TAKE THE NECESSARY ACTION, read the note. It was about 4 A.M. on March 18, 2003, and if banking hours had never applied to Saddam, they meant even less today. In 26 hours, the first bombs would strike Baghdad.

Security guards from the bank immediately began executing the dictator's orders. Entering the main vault, they pulled out 230 stainless-steel cases, each brimming with up to $4 million in shrink-wrapped bricks of immaculate $100 bills, then loaded them onto three tractor-trailers parked outside. Two hours later, as the dawn of the war's first day broke over Baghdad, Qusay and his retinue drove off, trucks in tow.

In the following days, a quarter-million American troops would invade Iraq. They would scour the country in a search for leaders of Saddam's regime and weapons of mass destruction, unaware that somewhere out there, in a scene eerily reminiscent of the 1999 movie *Three Kings*, was nearly 10 tons of cash.

WAR TROPHIES

Sgt. Matt Novak was good at finding things. In the weeks before the 3rd Infantry Division deployed to Kuwait, the brass back at Fort Stewart had awarded the blond, blue-eyed supply sergeant with achievement coins and citations for his dedication in equipping his unit, the 10th Engineer Battalion, for the upcoming war. Novak had worked long hours, often running off base in search of hard-to-find items like GPS devices, Camelback canteens, and sun goggles. A veteran of the first Gulf War who reenlisted after 9/11, the 32-year-old's experience and cool-headedness had earned him respect among superiors and grunts alike. Then, on the first night in Saddam's palace, after the lightning race to take Baghdad, his reputation as a wrangler grew tenfold.

"How can you sleep when Iraqis and Republican Guard guys are trying to kill you?" Novak had said to his running mate, Spc. Jamal Mann, after pushing him awake. "Let's go explore."

The two activated their night-vision goggles, then began to sniff around the palace grounds in search of war trophies. One ornate building festooned with U.S. Army yellow tape looked particularly enticing. Mann and Novak climbed over a wall, hopped a metal gate, and went in through the rear pool door.

It was worth it. The place was stocked with leather couches, spotless Persian rugs, and crystal chandeliers dangling from the cathedral ceilings—and boxes upon boxes of grade-A booty. Novak collected designer party dresses for his wife; Mann stashed diamond necklace-and-earring sets in the truck. Their buddies were drinking cases of cognac, smoking $800 Cuban cigars, and toking hash for weeks.

"I don't care what you do," Novak claims his captain, Jim Ahearn, told him after that. "If I tell you to get it, use any means necessary. We conquered this country, and I can do whatever I want."

Mann and Novak say the company set a challenge for them: an air conditioner, a computer, a television, and a DVD player for every squad. Novak hit the palace of Saddam's son, Uday, took his silk sheets for his ▶

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAY PATRICK MCBRIDE

Matt Novak is haunted by memories of a room full of money.

brass bed, and later handed out pieces of gold-embossed regime stationery. The tony streets that snaked out from the presidential palace were like a giant shopping mall, stocked with fine carpets, Middle Eastern art, expensive china, big-screen TVs, and jewelry. They came across stashes of cocaine and heroin. Things could also get a little macabre. Novak stepped on a hand in a dark room once, then flipped over a mattress and jumped at the sight of decomposing bodies underneath.

Mostly, they peered in windows, blew open doors and safes with C-4 explosives, and ripped apart storefronts with forklifts. They broke windows with bricks and hauled documents out of camouflaged government offices. They looted everything from computers to a gold-plated submachine gun and MP5s you could fire without even removing from their briefcases. They loaded it all, along with brooms, toilet paper, bottled water, and electronics, into a two-and-a-half-ton Russian truck they'd hot-wired and christened the "haji truck." When they pulled up to the brigade, their fellow soldiers would shout out their nicknames for Novak and Mann: "Sanford and Son."

Then, a few weeks after arriving in Baghdad, they struck the jackpot.

STAFF SERGEANT BUFF MAKES A FIND

On April 18, Staff Sgt. Kenneth Buff went looking for a saw to trim some trees on the conquered palace grounds. Near Baath Party headquarters, he came across a couple of odd-looking, shedlike buildings. The windows and doors had been cemented over, so he and another soldier smashed through them. Inside they found $360 million in cash.

Buff's find got him on television, and when Mann heard about it, he was floored. He ran to tell Novak, hoping they could find Buff, tease him by asking him if he took any money, and maybe get on TV themselves.

At that time Novak preferred to stay away from the barracks. He could no longer walk the halls without fellow soldiers cornering him and pleading for some special item—a carpet, a VCR, wire, toilet paper. Mann found Novak unloading the haji truck, told him about Buff's find, and asked if he wanted to go see it.

"That's stupid," Novak told him. "The money is secure, and you're not going to get your picture with it." Still he agreed to go talk to Buff, if just for the sake of hearing his story. Half an hour later they spotted him outside the company tactical operational center. "Is what I'm hearing true?" Novak asked Buff.

It was. Buff agreed to show Mann and Novak the area where he'd made the find and hopped in the haji truck. Near Baath Party HQ, they left the truck and inspected the buildings where Buff had found the money. Finding nothing of interest, they got back in the truck, but the street was too narrow to turn around, so they continued on. Soon they passed two more one-story, shacklike buildings. Their doors and windows were cemented shut with cinder blocks.

"Hey, Ken, did the building look like that?" Novak asked, pointing.

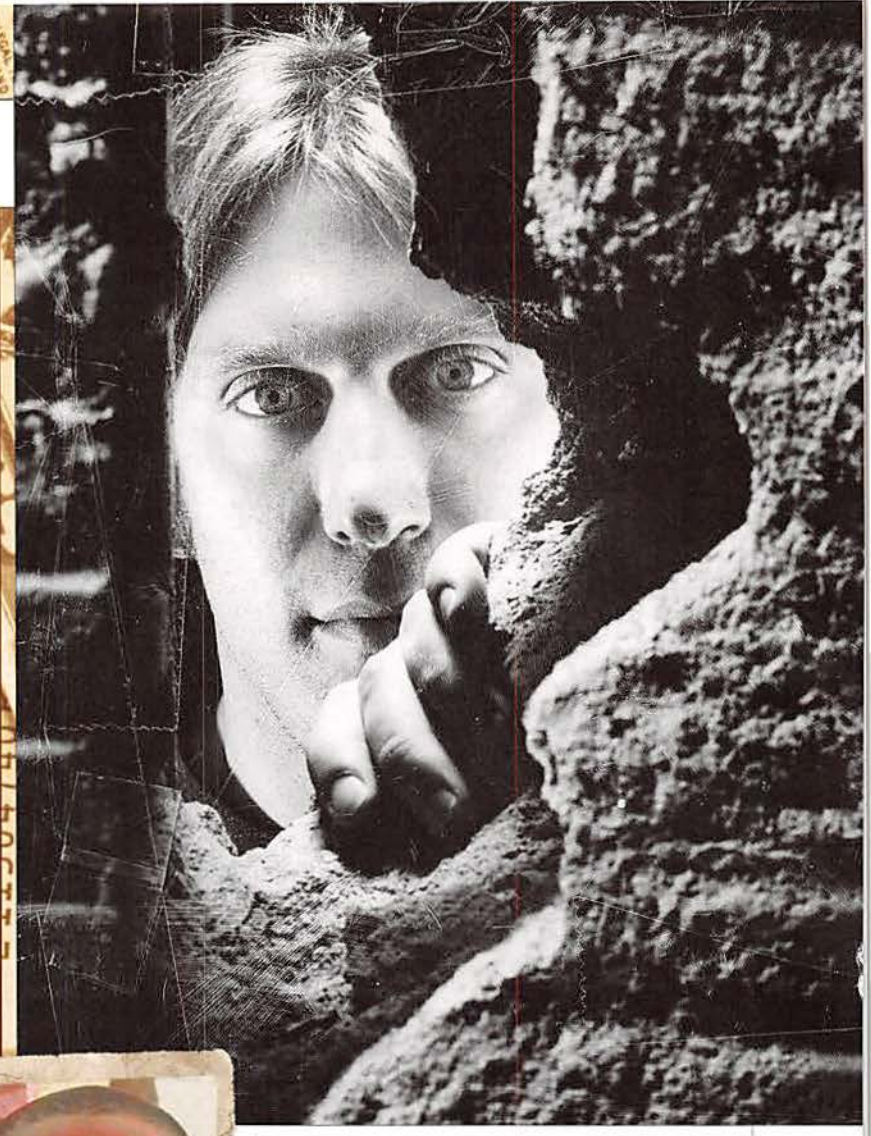
"Yup," Buff replied.

Novak and Mann were eager to explore more, but night was approaching, and the perils of freebooting around a combat zone without an escort was a lesson they'd learned the hard way. On day six of the war, the division had engaged an Iraqi armored force in Karbala. Novak and Mann's job was to race in at 80 mph, pull between a protective line of tanks, and off-load bullets, gas, and water as shrapnel from shell bursts whistled and pinged against the metal nearby. The American M-1 tanks had picked off the Soviet T-72s like it was target practice, but after the battle died down, a soldier spotted a head popping out of a T-72 and, after receiving permission, opened up with a 50-caliber machine gun. The bullet caught the enemy with three rounds through the chest, and the rest of the company tore him to pieces. They later discovered he was a U.S. captain who had been hunting for war trophies.

They drove Buff back to Command, where Mann suggested returning for a second look.

"I'm not going in the haji truck," Novak told him. "If you find a gun truck and a gunner, I'll go back out." Mann recruited Spc. Darnell Emanuel, who drove a Humvee with a .50-cal on top for First Lt. Charles Greenley. Then Pvt. Jeffrey Moyer, a white kid from Detroit who always talked about it, approached. "Matt, what are you guys doing?" he asked, and soon joined the expedition. As the men started to pull out, Greenley himself stopped them.

"If Novak and Mann are involved, it has to be good," he said, hopping in. They let Buff off at his post, then the five of them headed back out.



Matt Novak, above, and Jamal Mann, left, spent weeks breaking into the abandoned homes of Baghdad's elite and looting their contents.

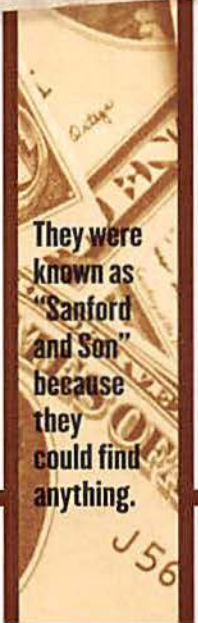
THE MOTHER OF ALL CASH PILES

Back at the cemented-up building, Novak grabbed a six-foot tanker's crowbar off the back of the truck. The doorway of the building was sealed with cinder blocks. He wedged the bar five feet up into a previously chiseled slot, braced his feet against the building, and began pushing and pulling. The crowbar slipped, and Novak tumbled to the sidewalk, smashing his back on the curb and knocking the wind out of himself.

Moyer and Mann took over. They passed the crowbar back and forth until the cinder blocks fell as one, exploding across the road in a cloud of debris and dust. Behind was a storm door.

Novak got to his feet, picked up a brick, and hurled it through the glass. He started clearing away the shards, opening a deep gash on his left middle finger. They bashed in a second door, unleashing a gust of stale air. They entered cautiously as Greenley and Emanuel watched from the Humvee.

Inside, the room was filled with galvanized steel boxes, secured with rivets and wrapped in blue bands. A locked door led to another room. Novak cut the band off one of the boxes, then Mann and Moyer



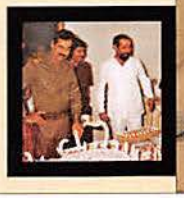
They were known as "Sanford and Son" because they could find anything.

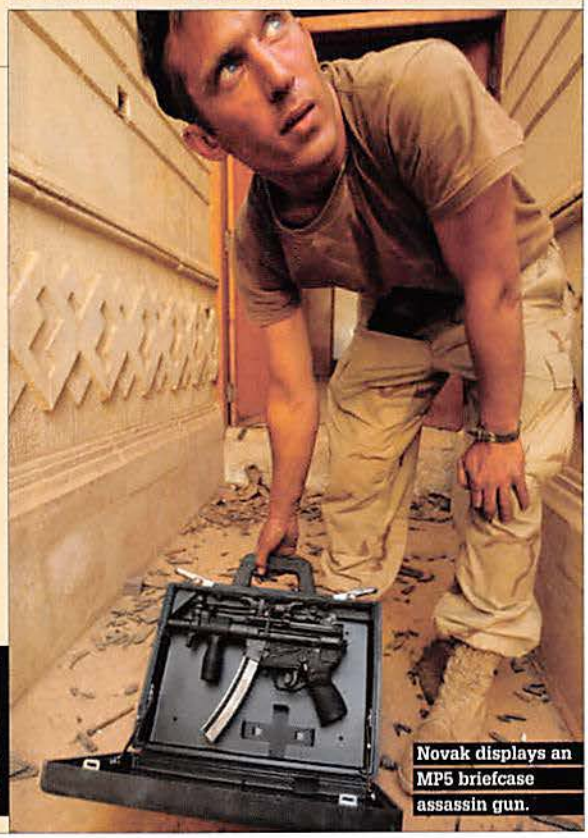
Photograph, Steve Cohen (stationery)

BAGHDAD BOOTY

Some of the items Matt Novak and Jamal Mann "liberated" from the homes of Baghdad's elite.

- Uday Hussein's silk sheets
- **Golden faucet fixtures**
- 50 cartons of Cuban cigars
- **Russian vodka and cognac**
- "Five or six" golden toilet seats
- **15 designer English cocktail dresses**
- Several diamond necklace sets
- **Numerous gold brooches inlaid with rubies**
- Gold-embroidered vests belonging to Uday Hussein
- **The Kuwaiti royal china**
- One chrome-plated Smith & Wesson 9 mm with black ivory handles
- **A large collection of Smith & Wesson pistols from a cabinet in a top general's house**
- 23 MP5 briefcase assassin guns, with triggers in handles
- **A gold-plated MP5 submachine gun**
- Bags of cocaine from Uday Hussein's palace
- **Scuba sets from a Republican Guard locker**
- 10 high-quality Persian rugs
- **Saddam Hussein's armored Mercedes**
- A duffel bag full of cameras and production-quality video equipment
- **Various 12-, 18-, and 24-piece royal Iraqi dish sets**
- DVDs, including a copy of *Bad Boys II*
- **Photo albums of Saddam Hussein and his family**
- One Sony PlayStation





Novak displays an MP5 briefcase assassin gun.

began popping off rivets with the crowbar. Right then First Sgts. Eric Wilson and Cedric Burns pulled up in Humvees. Wilson had been to at least one other site where money was found and had a knack for showing up near the cash.

"Looks like we got another find," Wilson sighed, shining his flashlight.

A moment later Novak turned the box on its side. Thick stacks of $100 bills poured out all over the floor.

Moyer gasped. Then he started laughing like Beavis. Mann dropped to the floor and feigned convulsions. Novak climbed on top of him, and they all started yelling.

Seeing all that money, the first thing Novak thought about was his wife and kids. He had met her in the army in Italy; he was 26, she was 18. They sneaked away to Denmark to get married, then had kids. "In milliseconds it went through my mind," he says. "My kids were going to go to the best college. My wife would finally get to have the big wedding she always wanted, and I didn't have to do the army anymore. You can only push aside dead bodies for so long. . . Pieces of me were dying in that country. I wanted to get home to my family."

Mann could get his mother a big house; she could quit her two jobs. He could buy a big car, open up a few businesses, get people jobs, hook up his friends. Everything was suddenly possible.

"C'mon, first sergeant," Mann said to Wilson, waving him in.

"Yeah, first sergeant, aren't you retiring soon?" Novak asked, tossing him a four-inch stack of $100 bills wrapped in plastic.

Novak glanced at Greenley, who had come to the doorway. "This isn't fair; you're the ranking guy here and you ain't got no money," Novak said. He shoved a stack of money in Greenley's arms.

"All right," Novak recalls Wilson saying. "If you're going to do this, do it smartly. Take only the used bills and get rid of the boxes and the new bills."

Thick stacks of $100 bills poured out all over the floor.

Uday Hussein's personal stationery

According to Novak, Wilson reached down and picked up a couple more stacks of money, then took some to Burns outside, while Moyer was working on another box with the crowbar. "There's not enough used bills," Novak told him. The second box popped open, and Novak stuck a stack in his pocket.

"Time for the LT to leave," Greenley said. "I got to call this in."

The remaining men knew that if Greenley blew the lid on their find, in moments the place would be swarming with security, and they wouldn't get to keep a cent. According to Novak, one of the soldiers—he won't say who—lost control.

"He said, 'I'm going to cap Greenley'" Novak recalls. "I said, 'No, you're not.' There was a moment of tension; we just stared at each other. He didn't know whether I was going to back down or not. Then he dropped it."

Mann picked up a box, handed it out the window to someone on the other side, then followed it out. As the Humvee engines revved, some of the soldiers later recalled, Wilson came back in and dropped two stacks of money on the floor and said, "I don't need this; I got mine." He and Burns got in their Humvees and took off.

Mann came back over to the broken window. "We're going to get rid of the box," he said, referring to himself, Greenley, and Emanuel. "We'll be back in five minutes."

MONEY GROWS ON TREES

"Matt, what the fuck are we going to do?" Moyer asked.

"We've got to open that other door," Novak said. They broke into the second room. Before them were more boxes.

"Did you grab anything?" Moyer asked.

"I got a stack of money in my pocket."

Novak recalls Moyer smiling and gesturing to his cash-stuffed boots, pockets, and underwear. ▶

Scenes from one of several cash finds that troops from the 3rd Infantry Division made in Baghdad. Here soldiers found $650 million behind a fake wall in one of Saddam's palaces. The soldier in the foreground holds a brick of $100 bills totaling $100,000.

"I'm in it at this point," Novak sighed. "I can't change anything. Fuck it."

The two men carried out a box, then sat it down by the side of the road and lit cigarettes. They were now alone in Baghdad after dark, a single M-16 and $4 million sitting between them, and $196 million in a building in front of them. Across the river, AK-47s crackled in the night, muzzles flashed, and red flares arched high above the darkened rooftops, signaling danger. Nobody had really expected to find the money—or that it would be reported so quickly—and they had no idea how to get out of it.

Novak searched the area for a hiding place. He broke a branch off a tree and dipped it into a nearby canal, testing its depth. Mann says at that point he returned in the Humvee and helped Moyer swing a box into the canal. They watched it sink into the murky, sewage-choked waters. Novak smiled. The box had $4 million in it, and he had a full Republican Guard scuba set in his truck. Mann helped heave another box, then the three men reconvened in the building.

They hurriedly filled the remaining box with money from the floor. "There's too much money in it!" Mann said. They pocketed six stacks, trying to level it. "They'll be able to tell we opened the boxes," Mann said, grabbing a broken blue band.

"I'm not taking money out of here," Novak said. He walked across the street and climbed a tree, then wedged his two wrapped stacks between some branches. Novak says he saw Moyer pull a fistful of bills out of his pocket, stuff them under a boulder by the road, then run over to a sapling and wrap a bill around the tiny branches. He then reached into his underwear and planted another fistful along the road.

Minutes later Lt. Col. Philip DeCamp, the 4-64's commanding officer, and his entourage arrived in a convoy that included a Russian two-and-a-half-ton truck and two Humvees. Greenley had reported the find.

DeCamp's arrival was bad news; sometimes the soldiers called him "Flip" because his mood could turn on a dime. DeCamp jumped out officiously and marched straight into the building, then burst back out red in the face. "You little motherfuckers! There's $300,000 missing!" he bellowed.

Novak turned to Mann and Moyer. "Is he fucking Rainman?" he said. "Ain't nobody can count money that fast." Mann and Moyer started busting up. Then DeCamp recited Novak the Miranda rights.

"Do I need a lawyer, sir?" Novak asked.

"Yes, you do."

Soldiers were carrying the boxes of money out now. "Quit standing around—help them load the money!" DeCamp barked at Novak. Another soldier spied the $200,000 Novak had stashed in the tree and Novak's heart sank. The leaves might have obscured it had Mann and Moyer not stacked their money on top of his.

They threw two boxes into a Baghdad canal. Each contained $4 million.

NOVAK BECOMES THE FALL GUY

Captain Ahearn ordered Mann, Moyer, and Novak restricted to the compound, their weapons confiscated. The next morning officers from the Criminal Investigation Command (CID) interviewed the three men. According to Novak, they told him that Mann had confessed to taking $200,000 and that they were going to nail Novak's ass and send him away to prison for 20 years because he hadn't come clean.

Novak lay awake in his bunk later that night. He thought about his modest house back in Hinesville, Georgia and his wife and kids. What kind of life would they have with a father in prison? He thought about the $200,000 insurance policy his wife would get if he died in a combat zone.

"If I'd had my weapon, I would have ended it," Novak recalls.

"I slipped out the window that night and went to the field where Greenley, Emanuel, and I had stashed an open box of money," Mann says. Stealthily, he made his way past guard posts, hopped fences, and took a few stacks. He lay in his bunk with a bundle of U.S. Army envelopes marked "free mail" and wrote I LOVE U on 12 pieces of yellow lined paper, wrapped each around five $100 bills, and mailed all 12 letters to his mother's home in New Jersey.

Early on the morning of April 22, Novak went to see his chaplain. They sat in the middle of a sprawling field, the four-towered palace looming above the trees before them. Novak told him about the greed, the fear, his dreams for his wife and kids, and how he felt like a failure. He asked the chaplain to call brigade commander Lt. Col. Michael Presnell, Cpt. Jim Ahearn, and the CID investigators. He was ready to confess.

Two hours later Novak was escorted to a cold interrogation room—a technique sometimes used to rattle Iraqi prisoners. He opened up his laptop, displaying a written statement recounting everything that had

Photograph, Steve Cohen (stationery seal)

An army commander displays captured rifles inside Uday Hussein's bedroom in June 2003.

happened, naming Greenley, Wilson, and Burns. Presnell, Ahearn, the chaplain, and one CID agent clustered around the computer, reading. "Go get Greenley and have him stand by!" Captain Ahearn barked at a couple of soldiers nearby. Outside a dust storm kicked up, pelting the windows with grains of sand. The CID investigator finished reading Novak's account of what had occurred. "Prove it," he said.

Novak led them to a field where Mann had told him they had hidden the third box, but nothing was there. "This isn't looking good for you, Novak," Presnell said. Soaked with sweat and shaking with nervousness, Novak next led them to the river where they had sunk the other two boxes. The water level had dropped a good four feet. They could see the boxes, coated in grime and sewage, sticking out of the muck.

"You gotta be fucking kidding me!" said one of the CID agents. Novak would later show them the rocks, little twigs, and bushes where he said Moyer had stashed money. They recovered at least $178,700.

Mann mailed $6,000 to his mom in New Jersey, writing I LOVE YOU.

By the time Novak arrived back in the interrogation room, Wilson, Emanuel, and Burns were all in the hall outside. Nobody would look him in the face except Greenley, his eyes burning with hatred and bitter tears. Later Emanuel would lead CID agents to the spot where he said he and Greenley had rehidden the box.

The next day Presnell summoned everyone involved to a briefing room. Novak remembers about 20 people, some he had never even seen before. Apparently, theirs had not been the only "incident."

"Gentlemen, you don't get a second chance in life, and you damn sure don't get a second chance in the army," Novak recalls Col. John Peabody, the engineer brigade commander, saying. "But if you come forward, tell us anything you know about any money and everybody involved, the slate will be wiped clean. . . While other brothers and sisters were dying for their country, you were lining your pockets. Major General Blount does not want this black eye on the 3rd ID. We were the conquerors of Baghdad, and this needs to go away." Peabody announced a two-day amnesty period; whoever came forward would get immunity.

Emanuel, Wilson, Mann, Greenley, and Novak all signed statements admitting involvement. A bag containing $275,300 was left on one officer's desk, with a note—he suspected from Wilson—that read, REST WENT DOWN SEWER. Novak and Mann were reissued their guns, and within days sent out to get new carpets, a mattress, a computer, and TVs for the colonel, and gold-plated toilet fixtures for their new digs in Falluja. It looked like all was forgotten. The guys in the unit teased Novak by calling him Clooney, after the actor who played the ringleader in *Three Kings*.

But despite the army's desire to have the incident "go away," the *Los Angeles Times* ran a story about it, and that October Novak's commander at Ft. Stewart informed him that he was being recommended for a less than honorable discharge. His crimes, the army said, were too serious to overlook.

LOSING THE HOME FRONT

Recently, Novak sat on the porch of his buddy Leo Lumer's bed and breakfast in Linden, North Carolina, smoking and thinking back on it all. His wife left him a few months after he got home from the war, took the kids, and told him she didn't love him anymore. Now he is broke, jobless, living with friends, and lost. A military doctor diagnosed him with depression.

"In the middle of combat, there was nothing—nothing—I couldn't get my hands on," he said. "If they had told me they wanted a nuclear warhead, I probably could have gotten it for them. I lost myself there with $200 million in that dark room." ▶

CASHING IN

MASS DEMONSTRATION

Gotta stash a big wad of Franklins fast? Here's what you'll need.

$13,200
This is the base-level yearly salary for the lowest-ranked soldier in Iraq. Rolled up in his pocket in $100 bills, it takes up a little more space than a pack of smokes and lasts about as long.

$100,000
No one's likely to notice a soldier coming back from Iraq with this much dough. Weighing 2.2 pounds, it amounts to about as much volume as two VHS tapes.

$1 MILLION
When it comes to socking away a cool million, your laptop bag is probably a perfect fit, but at 22 pounds the filthy lucre will easily outweigh your computer.

$20 MILLION
At 440 pounds, Red Sox slugger Manny Ramirez's annual take in bills weighs more than twice as much as he does. To keep that cash cold and hard, he'd need two mini-fridges.

$100 MILLION
Plan on stuffing your mattress? If you have $100 million, you'll need a king. Get a titanium frame, because all that loot will weigh over a ton, about as much as a rhinoceros.

$1 BILLION
To move this much scratch, fill a 10-foot U-Haul truck to capacity. Then order a tow truck, because the U-Haul can carry only 2,765 pounds, while your dough weighs 22,046.

BOOTY CALL

WAR TROPHY HALL OF FAME

Some of the greatest—and most cursed—battlefield finds ever to grace a grunt's knapsack.

A TEXAN TAXES GERMANY

Nobody in his unit said much back in 1945 when Lt. Joe Meador emerged from a mine outside Quedlinburg, Germany with 11 invaluable objects belonging to a nearby church. The 29-year-old Texan had just stolen the Quedlinburg treasures, which included an illuminated manuscript, crystal reliquary flasks, and a casket, all encrusted with jewels and worth about $200 million today. Meador sneaked them back to Texas and stashed them. After he died, in 1980, Meador's siblings sold one of the manuscripts, an act that tipped off investigators. The treasures were repatriated in 1992.

THE VICTOR'S SPOILS

In 1945, Soviet field engineer Victor Baldin was exploring a captured German castle when he struck an art collector's dream: a trove of drawings by van Gogh, Rembrandt, Manet, and other masters that belonged to Bremen's Kunsthalle Museum. Hoping to preserve them, Baldin packed up 362 of the works and hauled them back to Mother Russia in a suitcase. He kept them under his bed for three years before handing them over to a Russian museum. The Russians, who lost much of their own art to Nazi theft, have yet to return the works, worth an estimated $23 million.

COLOMBIAN CASH PILE

Imagine reaching for some leaves to use as TP and instead finding a plastic container filled with cash. That's what happened to Wilson Sandoval, a Colombian soldier fighting rebels in the jungle in 2003. Within minutes his battalion located up to $80 million, assumed to have been buried by rebels. According to the *Houston Chronicle*, "The soldiers abandoned their mission . . . many went on a three-day bender, quaffing 12-year-old scotch, renting out entire bordellos, and buying luxury SUVs. One man reportedly used his share of the plunder for a sex-change operation." Half the unit is still said to be AWOL.

THE $30 MILLION BILL

Sherman's army didn't torch *everything* in the South. In 1865, as the army pillaged Raleigh, North Carolina, a Union soldier snatched a copy of the Bill of Rights from the statehouse—one of 13 copies that George Washington sent to each soon-to-be state in 1789. The Yankee later sold it to Ohioan Charles Shotwell for $5. Despite attempts by North Carolina officials to get it back, the copy stayed with Shotwell heirs until 1996, when the FBI seized the document—worth $30 million—in a sting. A court case will soon decide its fate.

Novak explores a bombed-out palace in Baghdad. "When you step over bodies and don't stop, it pushes away your humanity," he says. "Pieces of me were dying in that country."

'In combat, there was nothing I couldn't get my hands on.'

Novak fought his dishonorable discharge, and the separation board gave him six months' probation. Instead, the 3rd ID commander released him with a general discharge, meaning he's not entitled to some benefits. He's the only soldier to suffer hard consequences for the attempted theft.

"It was determined that Novak's actions were far too serious and that he was very much the ringleader of the theft," says army spokesman Lt. Col. Clifford Kent when asked why Novak was discharged. "It was also determined that he duped subordinates into joining him in the theft."

Novak is mystified by the military's stance, given that going after the money wasn't his idea and that he came forward. Did the army simply need a fall guy? Was he punished for breaking the unwritten code of never squealing on his unit? Even Novak's fellow soldiers say he wasn't any more guilty than the others. "Anybody would have done the same thing," Mann says now. "I'm not a bad guy. Sergeant Novak's not a bad guy. We just saw an opportunity, and we went for it. If we could have done it right . . . It makes me mad just thinking about it." Mann left the army after his commitment was up. He says he's now working a nine-to-five fixing cable in Newark, New Jersey.

Word on the base is that Greenley received only a letter of reprimand after the incident and was put in charge of the brigade's finances; Moyer is with a unit in Italy; Wilson is an ROTC instructor in Connecticut; and Emanuel left with an honorable discharge.

Investigators later determined that the building Novak and Mann had broken into contained 50 boxes, each one containing $4 million—most likely part of Qusay Hussein's $1 billion withdrawal from the central bank. He had hidden most of it in the blocked-in cages in the Royal Kennel and in houses throughout the palace neighborhood. The 3rd ID promised to turn the money over to the Iraqis, and when the army flew the cash to a secure location, they had to call in a C-130 Hercules because it weighed so much.

At the end of *Three Kings*, the gold stolen by the American soldiers is returned to Kuwait, which claims some is missing. The film could hardly have been more prescient. The military has accounted for about $850 million of the $1 billion. Novak claims a CID agent told him that "in every find there has been money missing." He says he has also heard that several soldiers buried millions of dollars at Baghdad University and in the desert, and plan to return for the cash. The three boxes that Novak and his fellow warriors took should have contained precisely $4 million each; amounts in each were annotated by five different regime bureaucrats.

"The investigation says that $12,335,000 was recovered," Novak points out, noting the oddness of the number. "Where does that extra $335,000 come from? Doesn't that imply there's more money out there?" M

Uday Hussein's gold vest, now Novak's

SOME GHOSTS COME FROM THE AFTERLIFE.
SOME SEND YOU THERE.

Tom Clancy's
GHOST RECON 2

TEEN T Violence
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Red Storm

XBOX

XBOX LIVE

ONLINE BROADBAND ONLY

PlayStation 2

UBISOFT

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SPECIAL TWO MONTH PLAN

GET AS STRONG AS A GIRL!

Lazy? Weak? Bullied by schoolgirls? Follow our plan and no one will steal your Barbies again! BY JOSH D'AGOSTINO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILLER ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDY PARK

Those of us who weren't stoned during high school health class know that muscle-strapped men are stronger than women, right? One look at the WNBA exposes that as a big, fat lie. But you *can* get as strong as a female. . . if you make some effort. Now, if we gave you, say, Serena Williams' workout, you'd stand about the same chance as Louie Anderson of getting through it. But in two months' time we *can* get you on your way to matching the level of improvement Serena's hit over years of training.

We went to Rick Macci, owner of the Rick Macci Tennis Academy in Pompano Beach, Florida and former coach for Jennifer Capriati and Andy Roddick. Macci trained Venus Williams through her first pro tennis matches and coached Serena, too. "Even at nine Serena was pretty cut, and you knew she was just going to get stronger," says Macci, who helped give Serena a body envied by weaklings around the world. Using his techniques, and those of some other renowned trainers, we've created a simple plan to whip your sad ass into Serena shape.

Just pick your goal: more strength, better abs, or more endurance. Turn the page and start simply. No matter what your fitness level, you can start sweating estrogen. In our next issue: sassy shoe-purse combinations for spring! ▶

Herman became a trainer for selfish reasons

BUILD SERENA STRENGTH

STATS

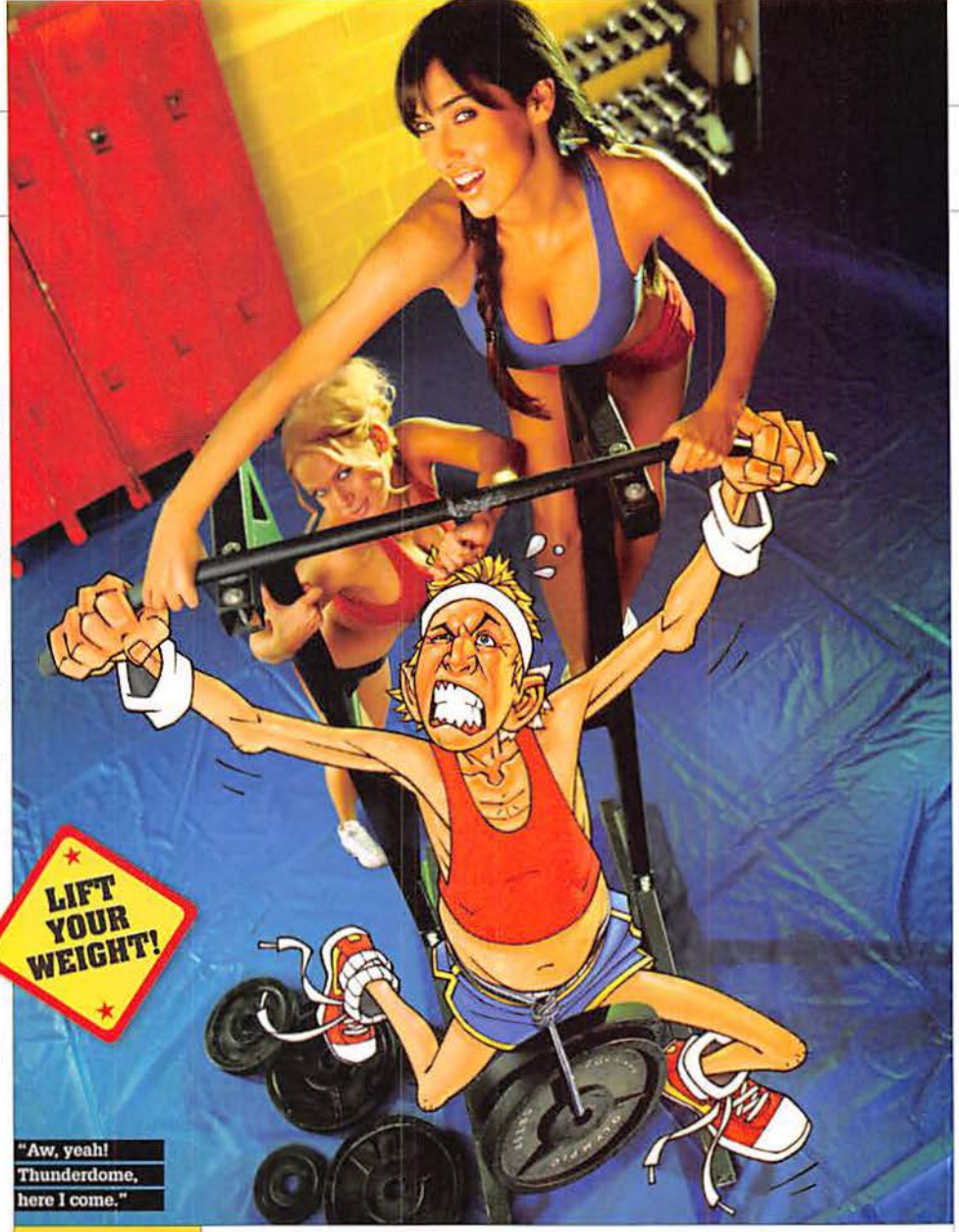
What Serena could do:
15 chin-ups in one shot.

What you'll be able to do:
Twice as many chin-ups as you can do now (or at least one, since we all know that zero multiplied by two is zero).

All it takes: A little practice.

Chin-ups: They're considered the cornerstone of strength by drill sergeants and closeted gym teachers alike. "There's a secret to doing them that most guys don't know," says Michael Cohen, U.S. national women's weightlifting and Olympic coach. It utilizes more of your biceps—among the smallest muscles you have—and deemphasizes back muscles, which most people rely on. "Really buff guys can't do more than a few chin-ups, because they have too much weight to lift." In other words, when your skinny ass saunters up beside them and pops off a dozen, you'll look like the pimp your mom always said you were.

Upper body prowess is just eight weeks away. "The average guy can do about three or four quality chin-ups," says Cohen, who adds that you should be able to do 10 after this routine, or two to three times what you can do right now. If Cohen can transform women into no-neck, car-flipping machines, you'll no doubt be able to rename your arms Turbo and Diesel.



"Aw, yeah! Thunderdome, here I come."

THE PLAN

Cohen prefers a plan that focuses on your immediate goal. "The best exercise for doing chin-ups is doing chin-ups," says Cohen, who uses several variations of the move to develop your strength even faster. Too many different exercises will beef you up in all the wrong places. All you need are these three versions.

Regular chin-up: Grab the bar so your hands are shoulder width apart, palms facing you. Without arching your back, curl yourself up until your chin is over the bar. Lower and repeat.

Cheat chin-up: Do a regular chin-up, but keep a chair below you. Once you can't do any more regular chins, place your feet lightly on the step and help push yourself up—let your upper body do as much work as it can.

Weighted chin-up: Do a chin-up, but have a friend put a light dumbbell (five to 10 pounds) between your ankles, crossing your feet to hold it. Got no friends? Try ankle weights (or suicide).

THE PAYOFF

Now you're a master at pulling two things, only this one you can do 10 times in a row—and you won't get arrested for doing it in public. ▶

MUSCLE MYTHS

"ALL THESE REPS ARE HELPING ME."
Using momentum instead of muscle for sit-ups or weight reps wastes your time and builds no strength. Instead, go slowly to isolate and work the target muscles.

"I'M SO TOUGH!"
Grunting and groaning under too much weight limits your range of motion and puts you at risk for injury. Plus, those noises? *Cree*-py. Trade in the meathead syndrome for good form.

CONTINUED ▶

CHIN-UPS

Before you start, grab the bar and do as many chin-ups as you can. Write total here: S ____ ◀ START NUMBER

1-2 WEEKS

Mon/Fri S ____ ÷ 2 — Do 2 sets of [number ÷ 2] regular chin-ups with 2 minutes rest between sets.

Finish on Friday by doing as many as you can for a first-stage start number. 1 ____

Wed ▶ Do 5 sets of [number ÷ 2] cheat chin-ups with 2 minutes rest between sets. Then do 10 chin-ups, even if you need to use your legs.

3-4 WEEKS

Mon/Fri 1 ____ ÷ 2 — Do 2 sets of [number ÷ 2] regular chin-ups with 2 minutes rest between sets.

Finish on Friday by doing as many as you can for a second-stage start number. 2 ____

Wed ▶ Do 4 sets of [number ÷ 2] weighted chin-ups with 2 minutes rest between sets.

5-6 WEEKS

Mon/Fri 2 ____ ÷ 2 — Do 2 sets of [number ÷ 2] regular chin-ups with 2 minutes rest between sets.

Finish on Friday by doing as many as you can for a third-stage start number. 3 ____

Wed ▶ Do 5 sets of [number ÷ 2] cheat chin-ups with 2 minutes rest between sets. Do another 10 chin-ups, using legs if needed.

7-8 WEEKS

Mon/Fri 3 ____ ÷ 2 — Do 2 sets of [number ÷ 2] regular chin-ups with 2 minutes rest between sets.

Wed ▶ Do 4 sets of [number ÷ 2] weighted chin-ups with 2 minutes rest between sets.

Illustration, Xplane; Styling, Shelli Moore; Hair and Makeup, Yvonne Ouellette; Prop Styling, Kim Pretti

SCULPT A SERENA STOMACH

STATS

What Serena could do: 200 crunches.

What you'll be able to do:

96 various ab exercises in succession.

All it takes: Two types of sit-ups a week.

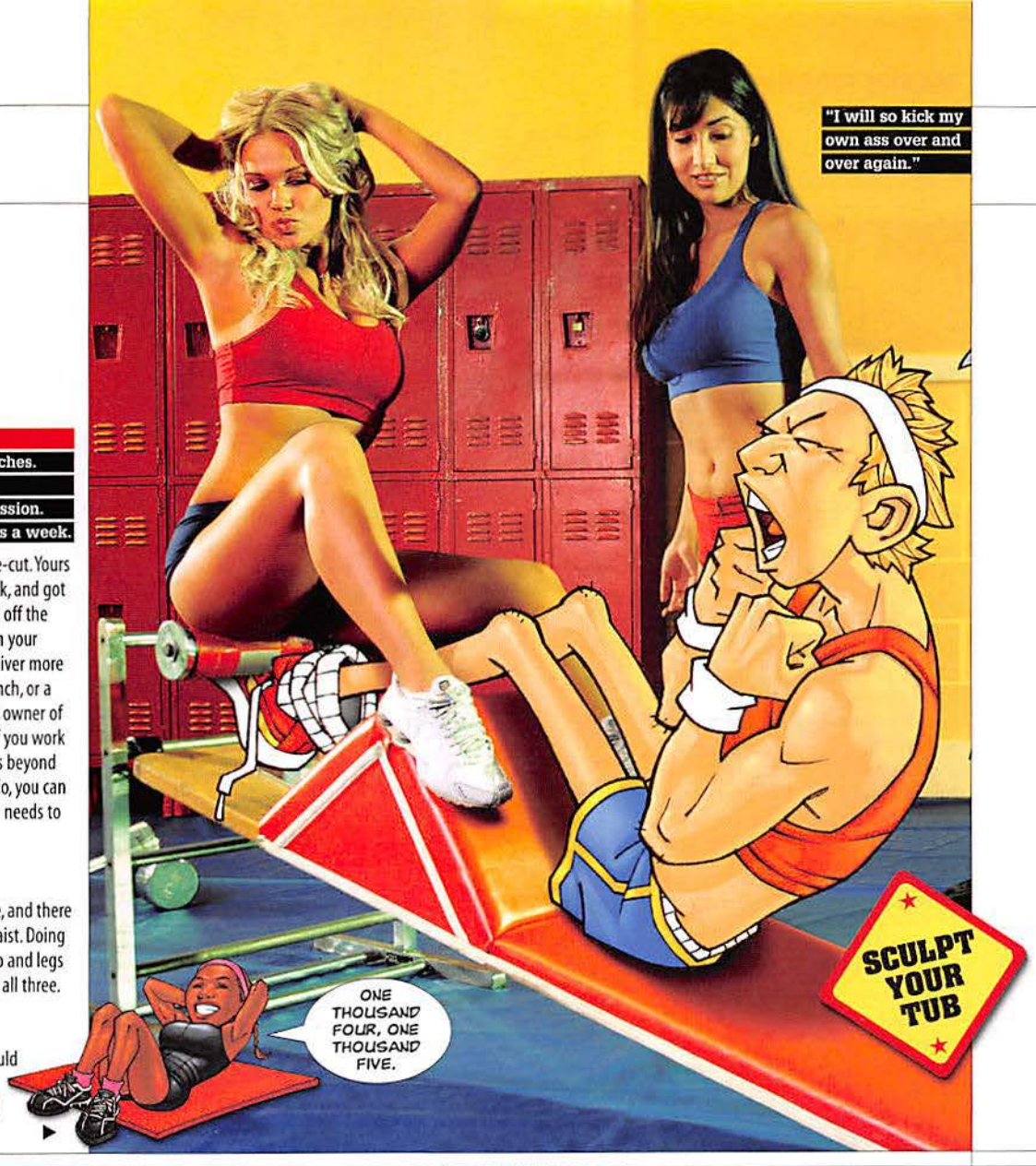
Her six-pack looks like it was stone-cut. Yours looks like you cut one, drank a six-pack, and got stoned. Abs don't just help you get up off the floor after a bender. "The abs maintain your posture and help your upper body deliver more power when propelling a throw, a punch, or a swing," says celebrity trainer Jeff Bell, owner of New York City's Spectrum Wellness. "If you work your core with more functional moves beyond the typical crunch, which most guys do, you can develop the strength your midsection needs to shape itself up faster."

THE PLAN

A six-pack is actually one long muscle, and there are two sets of muscles along your waist. Doing exercises in which you raise your torso and legs and move them from side to side hits all three.

THE PAYOFF

Your abs are so tight now that you could bounce a half-dollar off of them. Slow down on buck-a-beer night and you may lose enough fat to prove it! ▶



AB WORK

1-2 WEEKS

Crunch: Lie with arms folded across chest, knees bent, feet on floor. Curl shoulders up. Lower and repeat for 10-15 reps.

Reverse crunch: Lie with arms folded, knees bent, feet on floor. Lift pelvis and curl knees up. Keep shoulders flat on floor. Lower and repeat for 10-15 reps.

Do each exercise 1-2 times, 3 times a week. Rest 30 seconds between sets.

3-4 WEEKS

Stability ball crunch: Lie back on a stability ball or bench with hands touching ears. Curl shoulders up and twist to the left. Lower and repeat to the right. Do10-15 reps each side.

Cycles: Lie with legs extended and hands tucked, palms down, under butt. Raise legs about a foot off floor. Pull left knee toward chest while kicking right leg straight, then switch legs. Do 10-15 reps each leg.

Do each exercise 2-3 times, 3 times a week. Rest 30 seconds between sets.

5-6 WEEKS

Stability/med ball crunch: Lie back on stability ball or bench, holding a medicine ball with both hands. Curl shoulders up and twist left, extending arms as if to hand the ball off. Lower, repeat to right side. Do 10-15 reps each side.

Twisting touches: Lie with hands and feet raised to point at the ceiling. Spread legs apart into a V shape. Curl up and reach with both hands toward left foot. Lower, then reach for right foot. Repeat from left to right 10-15 reps each side.

Do each exercise 2-3 times, 3-4 times a week. Rest 20 seconds between sets.

7-8 WEEKS

Medicine ball toss: Lie back on stability ball, holding medicine ball with both hands. Curl shoulders up, twist to the left, and toss ball to a partner. After catching throwback (or retrieving), lower and repeat to right. Do 8-12 reps each side.

Screwdrivers: Take vodka and O.J.... wait. Lie with arms at sides, palms flat. Feet together, lift legs toward ceiling. Lift butt off floor while twisting hips to left, legs straight, feet pointed. Lower and repeat to right. Do 8-12 reps each side.

Do each exercise 3-4 times, 3-4 times a week. Rest 10 seconds between sets.

SKIP THE GYM LIKE A GIRL, TOO!

You're not the only thing women avoid. Here's how they weasel out of dates with exercise.

- **"I didn't bring an extra scrunchie."**
- **"All that jumping around makes my boobs hurt."**
- **"I forgot to shave below the knees."**
- **"My cross-trainers look gay with this outfit."**
- **"I look too fat in my sports bra."**
- **"I ate like such a cow this weekend that it won't matter anyway."**
- **"I spilled Diet Coke on my Discman, so now I can't run."**
- **"I'll just smoke a few extra Marlboro Light 100s tonight."**
- **"I had a one-night stand with my hot step instructor, and now things are, like, totally awkward."**
- **"I just got my nails done."**
- **"I can't miss *Desperate Housewives* tonight."**
- **"I had to park really far away, so it'll even out."**
- **"Sweating reminds me too much of crying."**
- **"My ex-boyfriend used to work out a lot." *Sigh.***
- **"My boyfriend says that big women make better girlfriends on account of they can't go nowhere."**
- **"I just feel sad."**

RYAN DUNN: GIRL FIGHTER

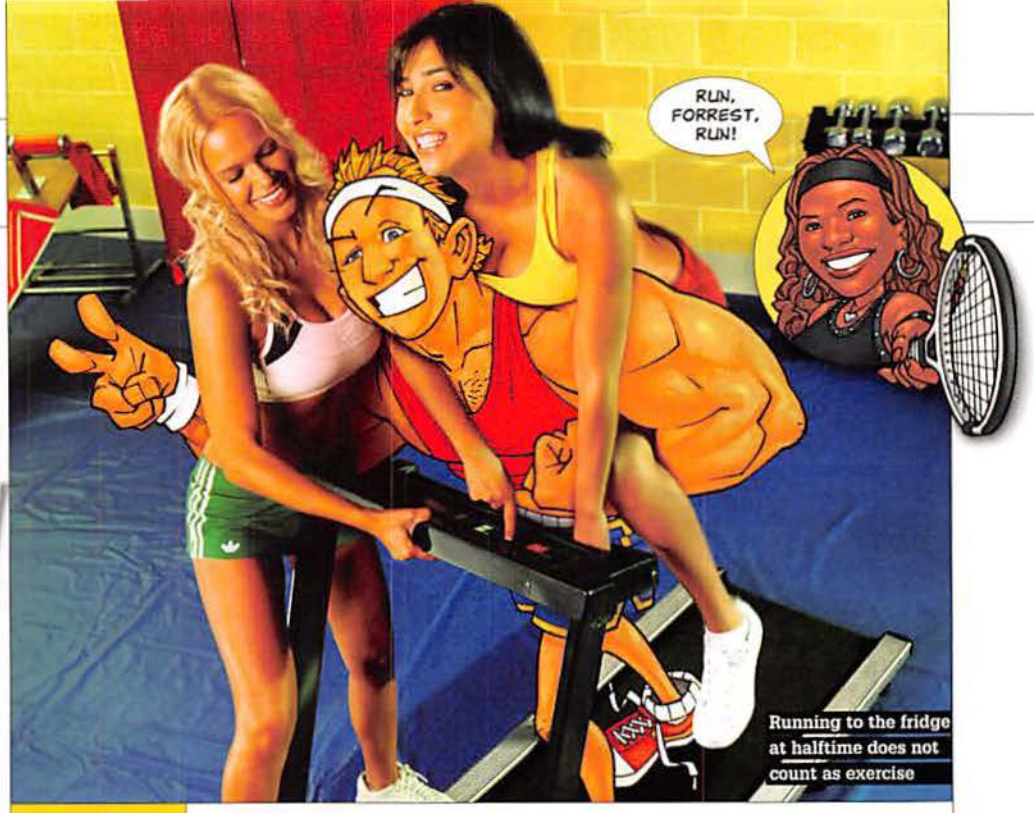
Jackass: The Movie's *resident body bag discusses bitter defeat.*

Tell us what it was like getting your ass kicked by Naoko Kumagai, a woman...
You have to explain that she's a world champion kick boxer.
Right. How many rounds did you go?
Ha! Let's bring it down from rounds to seconds. A full round and I would have been tap dancing with Care Bears. I saw about 17 seconds. Last thing I remember was her kneeing me in the groin. My feet went in the air and she gave me an uppercut. I was bleeding all over.
How did you prep?
The only training I had was trying to get into a bar a few nights before while wearing a hat. I also got the shit kicked out of me in Japan when I hit on a girl who I realized later had a dick.
When you saw Kumagai, did you think you had a chance?

"Ooh...bad."

She was insanely huge, legs the size of tree trunks. I saw her kicking the boxing bag. It was actually looking to me and asking for help. I said, "Screw this—I'm just going to punch her in the boob and kick her in the taco." As soon as I punched her in the boob, she locked my leg in her thighs. That's when I knew I was just a squirrel trying to get a nut.
What was that like for your ego?
My only saving grace was that maybe people would forget about it when I sodomized myself with a car. She was quite an unattractive woman, but after she kicked my ass, I wanted to screw her.
—Matt Christensen

"Goodbye, kneecap."



Running to the fridge at halftime does not count as exercise

MUSCLE MYTHS

"I'VE GOTTA REPLENISH."
Some supplements help, like a protein shake after a *tough* workout. But gulping down a sports drink or energy bar after a jog is calorically counterproductive. Chug water, supersport.

"MY SAME OLD ROUTINE WORKS JUST FINE."
Doing any exercise repeatedly bores you *and* your muscles. After six to eight workouts, your body figures out how to do it with less stress, so you get fewer results in equal time.

"I NEED EXTRA PROTEIN TO BUILD MUSCLE."
One gram of protein daily for every kilo (2.2 pounds) of body weight is all you need. Any more and it ends up on your waist or in the crapper.
—Kimberly Dawn Neumann

DEVELOP SERENA STAMINA

STATS
What Serena could do: Train six hours a day, six days a week.
What you'll be able to do: Double—or more—how long you can run.
All it takes: Run a little extra each week.

When was the last time you did anything for six straight hours that didn't involve sleeping, eating, or watching sports? You're a long way from the marathon stamina Serena possesses, but even if you run only from crime scenes, you can increase your endurance10 percent a week.

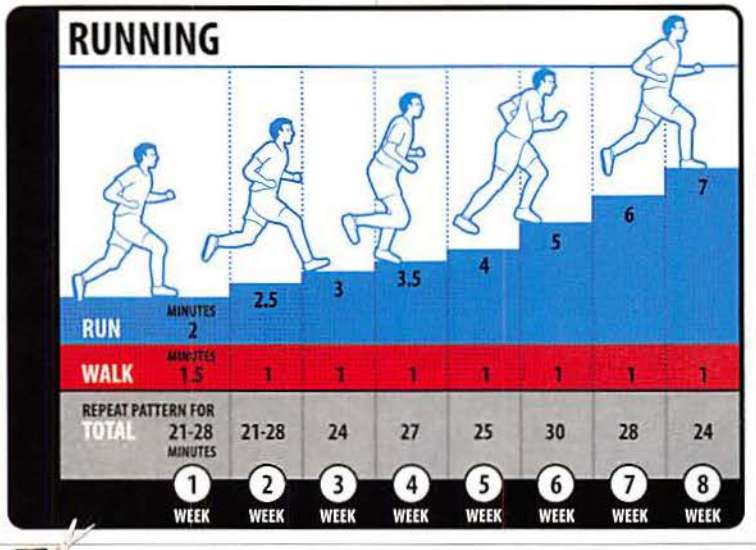
We went to Alan Johnson, who each year runs the Leadville Trail 100, a 100-mile race that once wore off his heel. If he can run without part of his foot, you can learn to jog. He's director of the Colorado High Altitude Running Camp in Colorado Springs and devised a program for the average guy. "Most nonrunners can jog—at a pace that makes it hard for them to talk while running—for 12 to 15 minutes before having to quit," he said. Follow along and maybe you could make it to the 7-Eleven...and *back*!

THE PLAN

This idea is to use walking/running intervals that gradually ease you into 30 minutes of continuous running. Before starting, make sure you can jog for 12 minutes straight. Then do each routine three to four times a week, every other day, for a week. If the first week feels too easy, move to a week that seems more your speed, and if it's too hard at any point, just back up.

THE PAYOFF

Even if you weren't running before, you now have the stamina to polish off a 5K. Now, if only you had a reason to! M



Illustration, Xplane

WE PUT THE S
IN ACTION!
SKECHERS

FOOD FIGHT

FRANÇAIS
Apricot energy bar: excellent for eating while running away.
Nescafé, first popularized in Europe by American occupiers!
Perfect for refreshing the palate during a wine-tasting battle.
Tuna in red sauce, also known as Chicken of the Seine.
Nothing says "Kill the enemy" like a yellow tin of rice pudding.
Pierre's eating calamari tonight... because tomorrow he will die.
We surrendered to this paella dish. At least it wasn't Germany.
Delicious cocoa drink. Serve to enemies while discussing Camus.
Little sugars from the antique car museum. C'est magnifique!

> FROG FOOD

FRENCH RCIR

In culinary combat, the RCIR (Individual Reheatable Combat Ration, in French), could be the one frightening thing about France's army. Not only was the paella entrée tasty; it had—but of course—presentation: real-looking rice, sausage, and chicken. The calamari was similarly authentic, and the tuna came with a spicy red sauce. Why fight when you can eat like this?

ALLIED COURSES

If these countries had armies like their MREs, all but one would defeat us.

GERMANY

Could the Wehrmacht be rising again? Judging by the quality of this MRE, maybe. Two sausage spreads, kick-ass rye bread, and dark chocolate make this ration all about sides. Entrées improve over the day, from a congealed cream of wheat breakfast to sawdust burgers at lunch to a tasty vegetable and—whew, they're still emasculated!—tofu stir-fry.

Prize inside: Four sugar packets large enough to double as foxhole pillows.

NORWAY

Somewhere, camped out on a glacier, a Norwegian soldier looks upon his icy world in satisfaction. Why? Because he just ate the second-best MRE on the planet. For breakfast he had a hot oatmeal cereal mix fit for a spa. Lunch was a respectable pasta with cheese sauce, but dinner was in a class by itself: a rib-stickin' chicken curry so nosh it would satiate an army of stoners.

Prize inside: Honey lozenges, for when the frostbitten army has a cough.

Rumor has it that our troops in Afghanistan are willing to trade five all-American combat rations for just one box of French surrender chow. *C'est possible?* We taste-tested global grunt food to find out where we rank.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE COHEN

DOG FOOD

U.S. MRE

Short for Meal, Ready-to-Eat, a U.S. MRE can last three years, or about 15 wars. Three different companies make MREs, and going by the beef with mushrooms entrée, Purina is one of them. Better was the rice pilaf side dish; eating it, we could pretend we were poor people still dining well. And the jambalaya? If we dropped it on the Middle East, our problems there would be over.

The color of this spoon camouflages perfectly the shit you're eating.

We got milk! Snort it and it doubles as a powerful stimulant.

Just like the nacho dip back home, and it can also lube tank treads!

When you're out of ammo, Skittles also make great bullets.

Rice pilaf: perfect for those bloodthirsty vegan fightin' boys.

Beef with mushrooms: looks like vomit so you don't have to wait!

Moist towelettes? Er, uh, we only use 'em for cleanin' weapons.

Jambalaya: Even desert camels would pass on this slop.

Taster's Choice is Swiss-owned. We're winning the outsourcing war.

AND THE WINNER IS...

VIVE LA FRANCE!

What can we say? Their fightin' food beats ours hands-down...or is that hands-up?

"What? No moose cock, eh?"

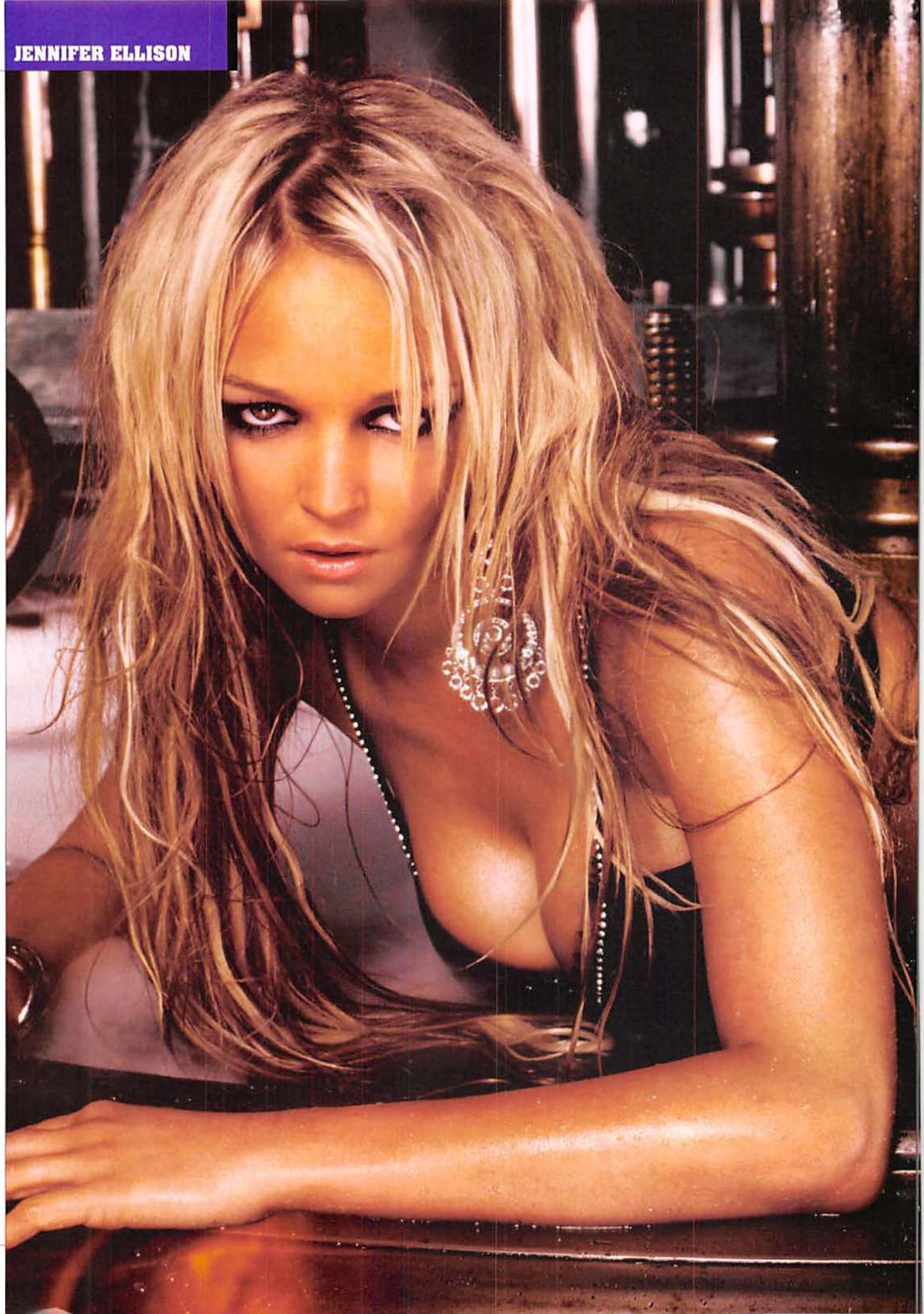
CANADA

We didn't know they had a military till we found this Canuck MRE, complete with French translations for those fearsome Quebecois stormtroopers. And we're loath to admit it, but it beats U.S. MREs by a mile. The spicy apple compote actually looks and tastes like a real breakfast, lunch is nonthreatening Lipton Cup-A-Soup, and dinner is still-pink salmon with teriyaki sauce.
Prize inside: A longnecked spoon that actually reaches the bottom of the bag.

How the empire has fallen

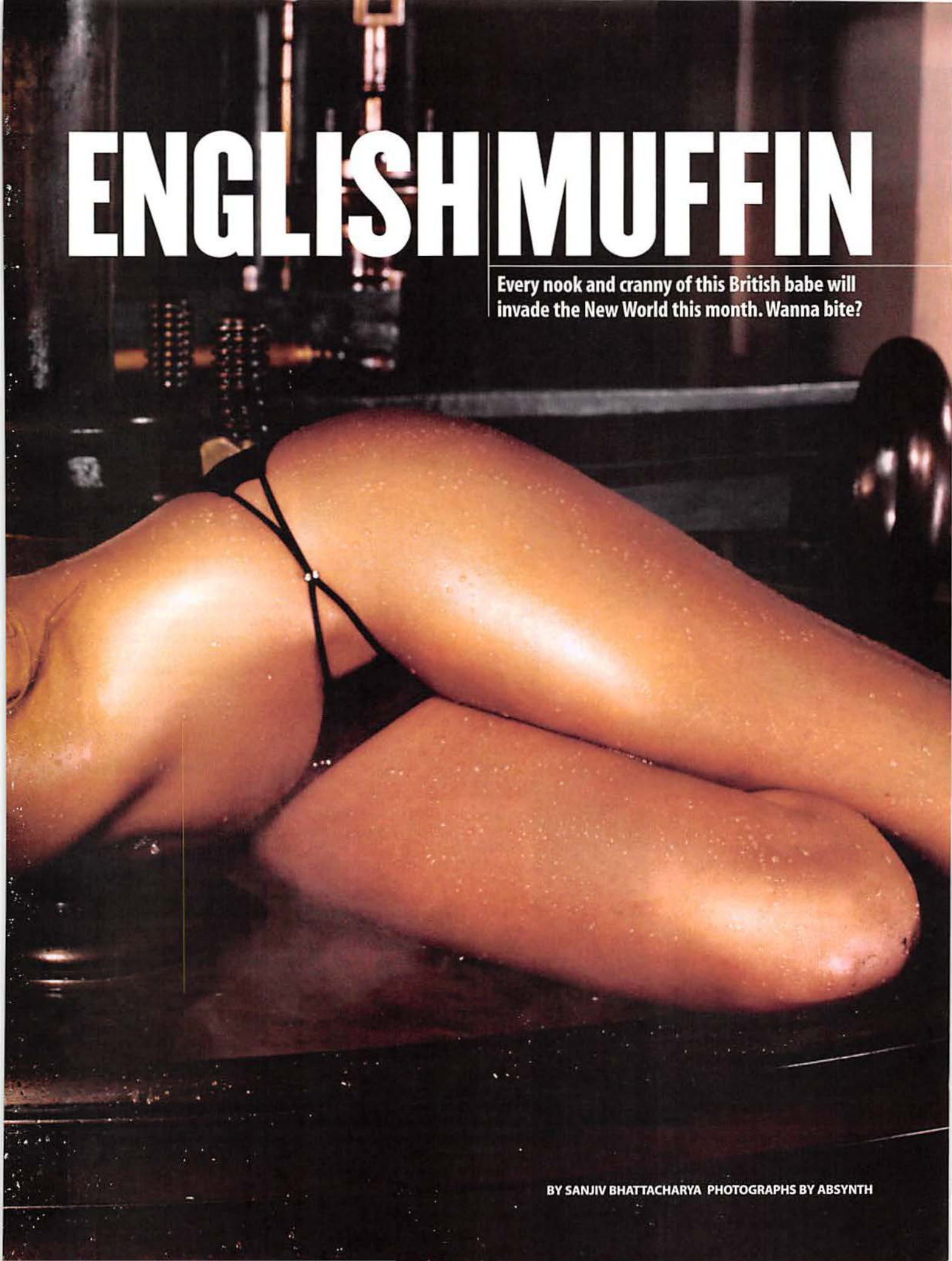
UNITED KINGDOM

Could British combat food possibly be worse than regular U.K. fare? It could. The breakfast meal, "fruit dumplings in custard," should be called "chemical globs in sweet baby puke"; the franks-and-beans lunch is more like little logs of Play-Doh in pig slop. What's really scary is that it's indistinguishable from the lamb stew dinner.
Prize inside: The box has a range card and a bull's-eye for target practice. Too bad they didn't pin it on the chef.



ENGLISH MUFFIN

Every nook and cranny of this British babe will invade the New World this month. Wanna bite?



BY SANJIV BHATTACHARYA PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABSYNTH

England's newest export is already a living legend across the pond. Jennifer Ellison, the buxom 21-year-old making her movie debut in Joel Schumacher's *The Phantom of the Opera,* has had, according to her regular spot in the London tabloids, a roller-coaster ride of a life.

Discovered in a Liverpool fish 'n' chip shop (something akin to a Richmond Waffle House) at the age of two, Ellison initially trained to be a ballerina. Then puberty hit, with all the accompanying, ah, developments. So Jennifer and her two new friends gave up dancing to star as the bad girl on *Brookside,* a wildly popular British soap opera. Soon Jenny was belting out J.Lo-esque pop songs and dating Steven Gerrard, one of her country's most famous soccer players.

And that, as the tabloids tell it, is when her fairy-tale life fell apart: She split up with her soccer stud—and in true civilized British fashion, her house was firebombed and she was attacked by machete-wielding thugs. "There's one thing I want to tell your readers in America," she sighs. "Don't believe everything you read." When it comes to Jenny, seeing is believing.

'When I gave up dancing, I suddenly got boobs and a proper bum.'

In Schumacher's *The Phantom of the Opera,* you're back in ballerina mode. Can you still do all the moves?
I can still do the splits and balance on my toes. But I can't take it too seriously now. It's so disciplined; you can't drink alcohol or anything.

Plus, we've never seen a ballerina with a body like yours...
Yeah, I got the boobs when I stopped dancing. I had a figure like a little boy's until I was about 16. Then I gave up the dancing, and I suddenly got a waist...and boobs...and a proper bum.

Thank goodness for small, and big, favors. We hear your character on *Brookside* was a real hooligan. Is that true?
Yeah, she was a right little bitch. She liked to rob people's credit cards and go on huge shopping sprees. All kinds of crazy stuff.

In London you're playing *Chicago's* murderous Roxie. Are you as bad as she is?
Not really. I've never killed anyone, I've never had an affair, I've never even been in jail. But I do get really bad road rage. Once I get in the car, I tend to think I'm dead hard.

We read that a gang of men started battering your car with machetes while you were inside. Did you give 'em the business?
No idea. It never happened.

What about the thugs that firebombed your house? We heard they pulled a Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes on you back in England.
That's a load of rubbish. The press are a bunch of liars. Some kids put fireworks in the garbage cans outside my house, and the papers told the world all my windows were blown out.

Are you saying the press exaggerates?
Yeah. And I wasn't discovered in a fish 'n' chip shop, either. I wish I was, though—it's a lot more interesting.

Are you even from Liverpool? We know Liverpudlians love to fight and rob, but you don't look so tough...
I know that's what everyone thinks about us, but it's not fair. Apparently, we all wear nylon tracksuits, too. In America people always ask me if I know the Beatles! It's hilarious.

All Brits like to booze—we know that. When was the last time you got smashed?
When I was 16, I think. I don't really drink that much. But champagne and Red Bull, that's a good drink. And vodka, peach schnapps, and cranberry is great, too.

How do you like playing Roxie?
It's going well, and I've had some brilliant reviews. So I guess not all the press are liars! But eight shows a week is a lot of singing.

You need a good pair of lungs, huh?
I've got a great pair of lungs. As you can see. And I haven't had them done, either. I heard a rumor that I've had all this work done—my lips, my boobs. I've had liposuction as well, apparently. Except I haven't had any of it.

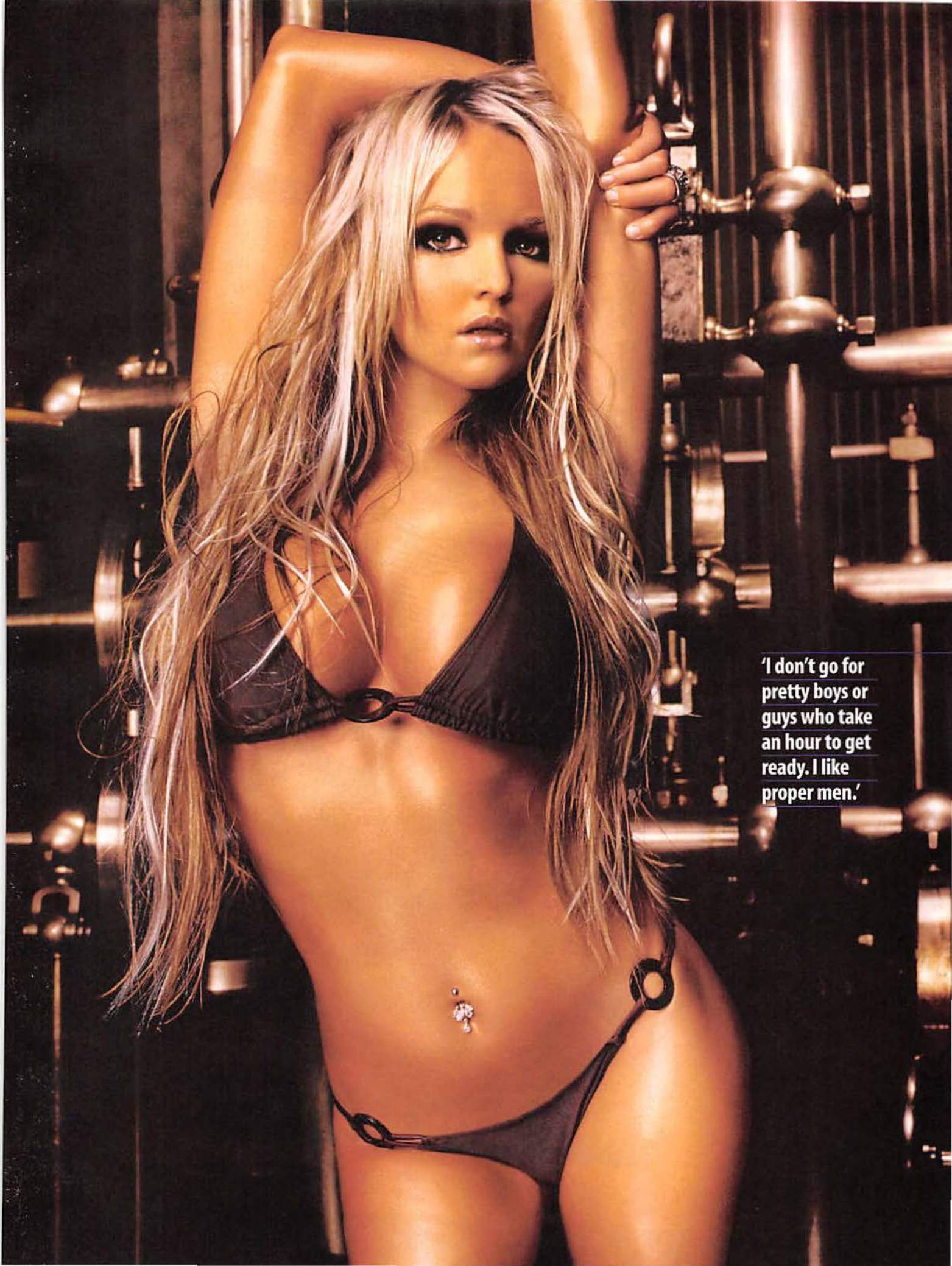
What's the first thing you look for in a guy?
His wallet size! I'm only messing with you. His personality. I don't go for pretty boys or any guy who looks like he'd take an hour in the bathroom to get ready. I like proper men.

What's the weirdest thing you've ever put in your mouth?
I know what you want me to say, but I won't...The weirdest thing is probably a fruit called a lychee. They're all hairy, and when you peel them they look like an eyeball. They even feel like an eyeball in your mouth.

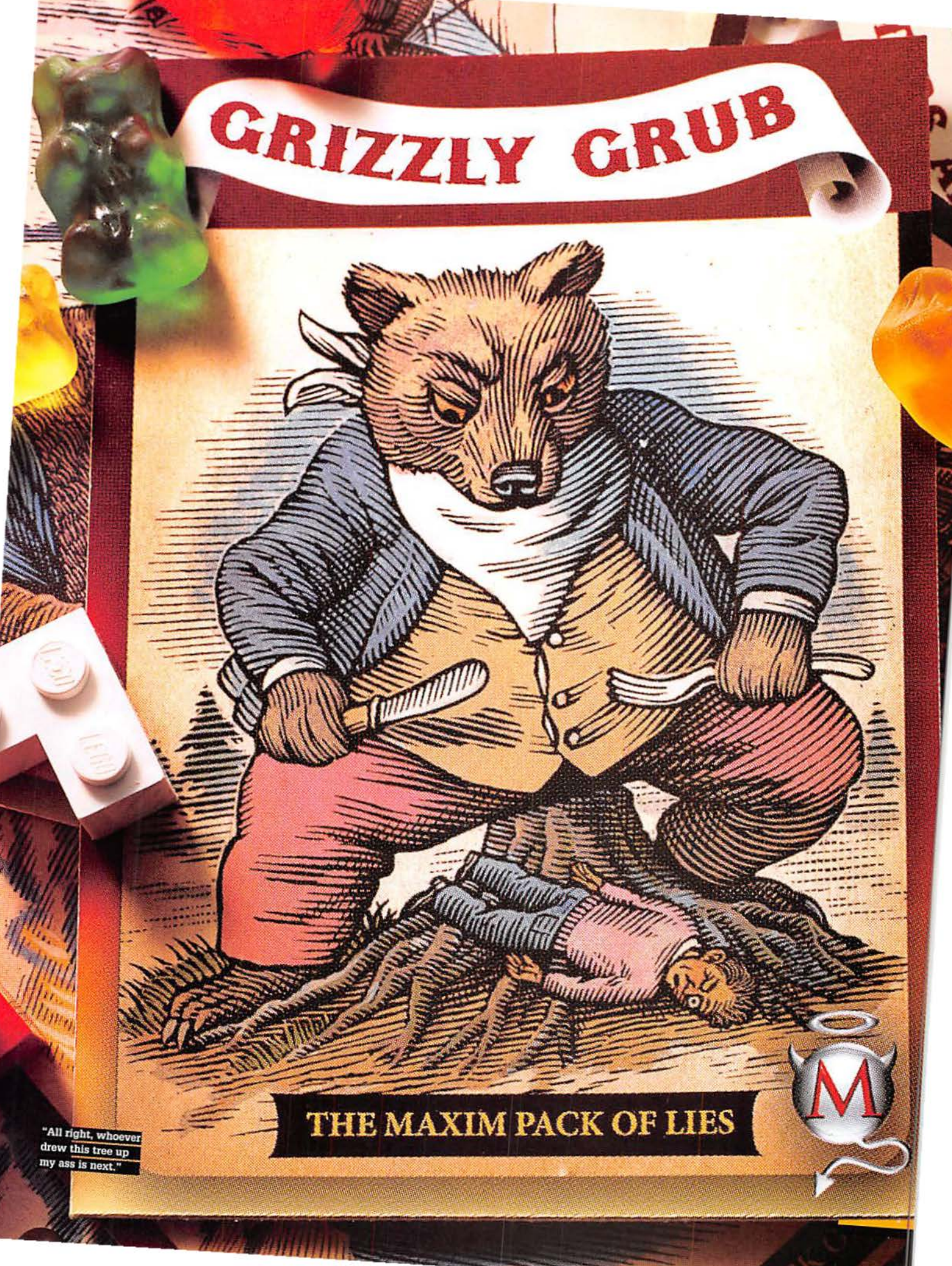
Fine! If you want a softball question, here goes: Who's your pop idol?
Madonna. I don't know about that Kabbalah stuff, though. I'm happy being a Catholic. But I did have nuns in school who were evil. One was allergic to chewing gum, so she'd stand behind you and choke you till you spat it out.

Catholic schoolgirls have a rock'n'roll reputation. What's the most sexually adventurous thing you've ever done?
I won't tell you that! My mum may read this.

C'mon, have you ever done it outdoors?
No, I think I'd be scared of getting caught. Anyway, it's cold in Liverpool. Maybe when I get to Los Angeles... M



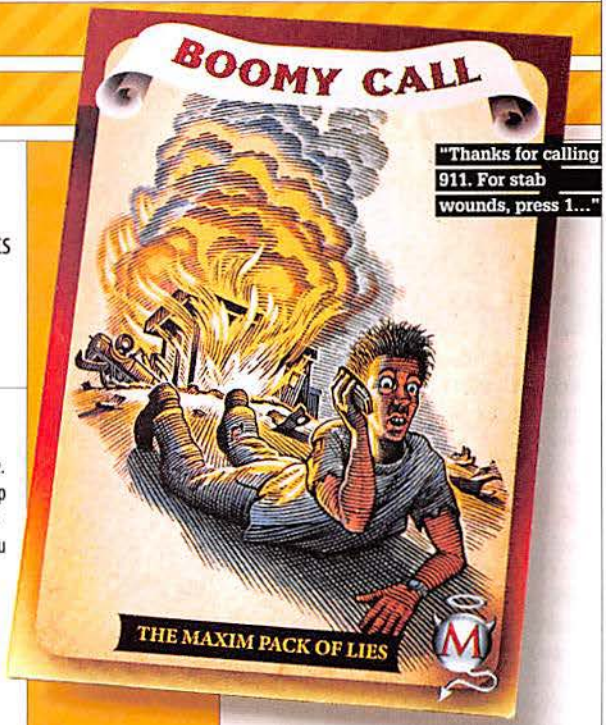
'I don't go for pretty boys or guys who take an hour to get ready. I like proper men.'


GRIZZLY GRUB
THE MAXIM PACK OF LIES
"All right, whoever drew this tree up my ass is next."

LIES YOUR MOMMY TOLD YOU

Your head's been filled with filthy fibs since you were in Huggies.

Time to crack it open for a scalding scrub of truth. BY STEVE RUSSELL



Your mother was good at many things—bandaging wounds, making apple pie, most of the Kama Sutra—but telling you the truth wasn't one of 'em. Since the day you were born, your friends, teachers, and even parents have been passing along an endless stream of half-truths and outright freaking lies. (Remember the Easter Bunny?) Prepare to be rewired, truth-seekers. We're cranking up the bullshit meter and going in!

GRIZZLY GRUB

LIE You can survive a bear attack by playing dead.

The real deal: The good news is you may not need to *play* dead for long. It's probably too late to brush up on zoology when a pissed *Ursus horribilis* is slobbering down your neck, but the truth is, your response should depend on the bear. If it's a grizzly, your only real option is to go limp (hell, you've probably fainted and soiled yourself anyway) and try to remain that way even when you're dragged around like a chew toy. But if it's a smaller black or brown bear, you should fight back. Wave your arms to look bigger and shout or bang pots together to try to frighten him off. If he moves in close, start swinging with anything handy—a tree branch, a tent pole, your Jellystone Park flashlight—and pray it isn't a mother protecting her kiddos.

LIE Drinking coffee sobers you up.

The real deal: The java cure is dangerous jive. Did happy hour last till closing time again? Gulp an espresso if you like, but don't believe it'll set you straight. Though the caffeine may wake you up, it has a negligible effect on blood alcohol level and won't improve your booze-impaired motor skills. The false sense of alertness may even fool you into doing something really stupid, like driving or dialing up your ex. Luckily, Starbucks also offers those comfy couches...

LIE Cell phones make gas pumps go boom.

The real deal: Only if you're calling a phone-sex line and need to light a cigarette. The rumor that the static charge from a cell can suddenly spark gas fumes started in 1999 as a widely circulated e-mail that cited several horrific (and completely made-up) examples. But don't feel ashamed if you've been stuffing your phone into the glove box before pulling up to the pump: This fake-out has clawed its way into cell manuals and nerve-jangling, lawsuit-avoiding caution signs at gas stations. All that even though there has never been a single confirmed incident, and a 2001 investigation by the Center for the Study of Wireless Electromagnetic Compatibility at the ▶

The rumor that your cell can suddenly spark gas fumes started as a made-up e-mail in 1999.

LUNAR BIN

"Hey, moon, ever been *mooned*?"

for everything from leukemia to Alzheimer's to third arms sprouting from people's backs. Unfortunately for salivating class-action lawyers, the hysteria-inducing early studies were both small and flawed. More than 100 subsequent investigations, including a comprehensive, definitive 1997 study by the National Cancer Institute, found almost no correlation between low-frequency electromagnetic fields and childhood leukemia (a prime indicator of harmful exposure). Still antsy? Consider this: Power lines produce electric fields in the human body that are smaller than those produced by the body itself; the magnetic fields they produce are hundreds of times smaller than the field produced by the Earth. And if you truly believe there's no link, we have a beautiful piece of property to sell you that just happens to have a lovely view of a nuclear power plant.

LUNAR BIN <

LIE Crazy behavior spikes during a full moon.

The real deal: Put your pants back on, moon boy. Like beer goggles, this natural phenomenon gets blamed for all sorts of peculiar happenings, from sleepwalking to an increase in traffic accidents, birth rate, psychiatric admissions, and furry man-beasts ripping open the throats of quaint villagers. But in 1996, researchers combed through more than 100 previous studies on lunar effects and found there was no significant correlation between the full moon and your sudden urge to bare your ass to a group of nuns. Curiously, some studies *have* found that women are more likely to menstruate during a full moon. But we'd never say *you* exhibit "crazy behavior," dear. Now please put down the knife.

University of Oklahoma found "virtually no evidence to suggest that cell phones pose a hazard at gas stations." So feel free to crank-call OPEC while you're filling up with their $2 black gold.

LIE Just after 9/11, Bush let a planeload of Saudis, including bin Laden's family, sneak out of the U.S. when all other air traffic was grounded.

The real deal: Don't believe *everything* Michael Moore says. The *Fahrenheit 9/11* director was scarfing down another Crisco hoagie when he should've been double-checking this fat exaggeration. While it's true that *(a)* the American government did help some Saudis (including a few of Osama's extended family) leave to avoid being lynched, and *(b)* the Bushes have more suspicious ties to the Saudi royal family than the Clintons have excuses for sleeping in separate beds, the Saudis didn't split until after air travel was reopened for the general public. And according to Richard Clarke, the Clinton-appointed former counterterrorism adviser whose book *Against All Enemies* is harshly critical of the Bush administration, *he* was the one who approved the exit. Lastly, the 9/11 Commission found that many of the Saudis were asked "detailed questions" by FBI agents before they were allowed to leave. Liar, liar, XXXXXL pants on fire!

'Younger women often feel less comfortable and are less capable of orgasm.'

LIE Living under power lines will give you cancer.

The real deal: This theory can finally be zapped. Starting in the late 1970s, living in proximity to electrical power lines was blamed

Nike's new Air Bozo sneaker line

LIE Big shoes equal big schlong

The real deal: Size 14 loafers may qualify you for a clown act, but not a porn flick. The feet-matches-meat myth has likely been around since man started wrapping his equipment in pelts, leaving horny cave women to gossip about any appendage they could still see. Feel no shame, size six wearers! In 2002, researchers at University College London measured the poles and soles of 104 men, from teens to retirees, and found no evidence linking foot and penis length. Caveat: Only limp, "gently stretched" penises were measured. Apparently, science won't go to any length to settle this issue.

LIE Men reach their sexual peak 15 to 20 years before women do.

The real deal: Oh . . . oh . . . that feels so wrong! Despite compelling evidence presented by *The Graduate* and Stifler's mom, the fact is that by their late teens,

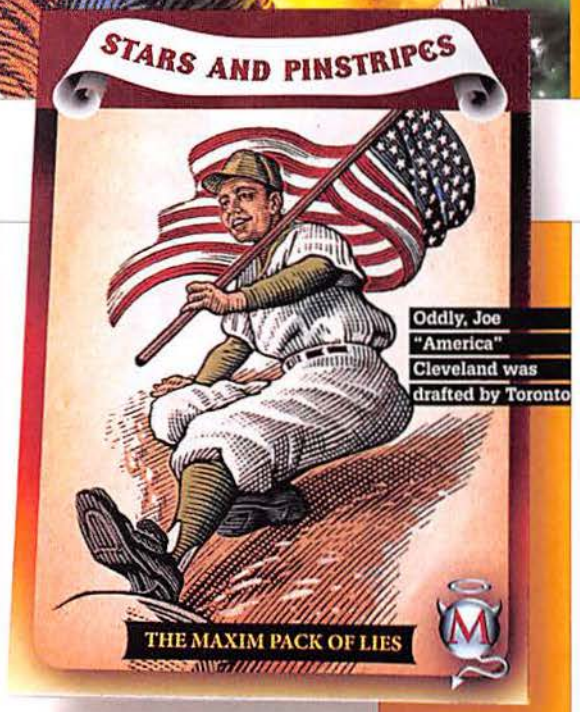
men and women *both* peak in regard to physiological factors such as hormone levels and ease of arousal. "But because of societal pressures in our culture, women often feel less comfortable and are less capable of orgasm in younger years," explains Sandor Gardos, Ph.D., a sex therapist and the CEO of adult-product-and-information site MyPleasure.com. "The sexual-peak myth probably derives from women in their mid-30s finally saying, 'To hell with it, I'm going to enjoy myself.'" Hence your mother's success in the scheisse-film industry.

LIE Dogs only see in black and white.

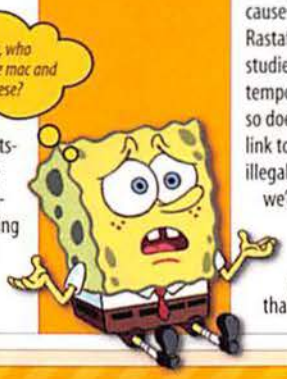
The real deal: Only if Rover is humping a Dalmatian. Though your best friend's keen sense of smell is equally vital to navigating his ass-perfumed world, canine vision isn't limited to the colors of an Oreo. *(Down, boy! No begging!)* "Dogs are color-blind compared to humans, but they don't see only in black and white," explains Diane Hendrix, associate professor of veterinary ophthalmology at the University of Tennessee. "Dog eyes contain only two kinds of cones, which actually see in yellow and blue. In other words, dogs are red-green color-blind, as is the case with many human men." Great—as if we needed another excuse for running stoplights.

LIE Baseball was invented in America.

The real deal: The seventh inning isn't the only thing being stretched here. First of all, Abner Doubleday didn't invent our national pastime. That patriotic fib came from a 1908 baseball commission's claim, based solely on the testimony of a boyhood pal, that the Civil War hero devised the game in Cooperstown, New York in 1839. Baseball most likely evolved from "rounders," a child's stick-and-ball game common in England in the 1600s (it was even called "base-ball" there as early as 1744). Further back, illustrations from 13th-century Spain and ancient Egypt seem to depict versions of the game. Football similarly evolved from the U.K., and basketball was invented by a Canadian. Luckily, we *can* credit New York sportsman Alexander Cartwright with founding the first organized baseball club in 1845 and codifying many rules of the modern game, including tagging a runner out instead of beaning him with the ball. Hmm, anybody else think that wasn't necessarily an improvement?



Some studies have indicated that marijuana use hinders sexual performance.



LIE Going out in the cold causes colds.

The real deal: Finally, a cure for this common quackery. "You're going out without a coat? You'll catch a cold!" Actually, Mother dear, you'll nag us to death before we get sick shoveling snow in a Speedo. Studies funded by the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases reveal that exposure to cold weather has little or no effect on cold susceptibility. Despite its name, the common cold is caused by numerous viruses, not temperature. You catch a cold when a virus is deposited into your nasal passages by droplets from coughs and sneezes or your own contaminated fingers. (Although you may feel stuffed up when you go from your warm house to the cold outdoors, this is because your nasal membranes swell from contact with cold air; this stuffiness then briefly becomes a runny nose when exposed to warm air, but it's not a cold.) So why do colds spread like crazy in winter? Because rug rats are locked up in germ-factory schools and adults spend more time indoors, where infection thrives.

LIE Smoking marijuana will make you sterile.

The real deal: More reefer madness. If pot causes sterility, how could there be any little Rastafarians running around? Yes, some lab studies have indicated that marijuana use temporarily hinders performance (for the record, so does alcohol), but there has been no proven link to actual weed-fiend infertility. That said, illegal drugs aren't tested nearly as often as we'd like, and for couples having difficulty conceiving, doctors often suggest putting the ganja away. After all, it's tough to make a baby if you can't stop watching that *SpongeBob SquarePants* marathon.

THE RICH AND FALLACIOUS

Believe everything you read in the tabloids? So do we! But sometimes a show biz lie gets out. Here are five famous fake-outs.

1 Bill Cosby bought *The Little Rascals* to keep them off TV.
While Bill Cosby is very rich and doubtless not amused by Buckwheat, King World Productions still owns the show. And King World itself is more than happy to let you watch every minute of the Rascals, especially if you're willing to shell out the bucks to buy them on DVD. Otay!

2 *Waterworld* was a monumental box office disaster.
Kevin Costner's epic *Road Warrior* ripoff cost a ton ($175 million) and received miserable reviews, leading many to conclude it flopped in theaters. Wrong. Thanks largely to overseas moviegoers, it raked in over $264 million. Never underestimate the crappy taste of foreigners.

3 Mama Cass choked to death on a ham sandwich.
While she *was* a big fan of groceries, the Mamas and the Papas singer died of heart failure, not aggravated sandwich. This tasty bit of gossip grew legs because a ham sandwich was found on her nightstand after her death, apparently with a very guilty look on its face.

4 Robert De Niro is the greatest Italian of all time.
We hate to break it to you, folks, but the star of *The Godfather Part II* and *GoodFellas* has a secret. Tell 'em, Bobby: "I'm not all Italian. I'm part Dutch, I'm part French, I'm part German, I'm part Irish." Whew. If it turns out Denzel ain't actually black, we're going to be very disappointed.

5 Richard Gere went to the hospital with a gerbil up his ass.
There are no documented cases of a man needing medical care to remove a gerbil from his colon. This story picked up steam after a hoaxer sent out numerous fake ASPCA press releases attacking Gere for "animal cruelty." Still, Gere's career remains firmly lodged in his rectum.

TRUE LIES

These wild rumors are for real!

1 Sly Stallone starred in a porn film.
Stallone did play Stud in *A Party at Kitty and Stud's*. Later he made a slightly more successful film—*Rocky*—leading to the porno being rereleased as the less-explicit flick *Italian Stallion*.

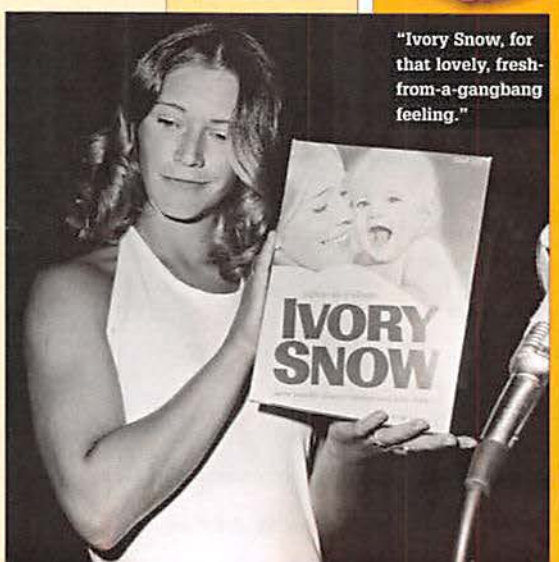
2 A man got a million air miles by exploiting a pudding promotion.
After doing the math on a Healthy Choice travel giveaway, David Phillips bought some soup and 12,150 cups of pudding for $3,150 and received 1.25 million free miles. Score!

3 Laura Bush killed her friend in a car accident.
We would have suspected Dubya on this one, but in 1963 the future First Lady (then 17) ran a stop sign, striking a second car and killing its driver (also 17), who happened to be her boyfriend.

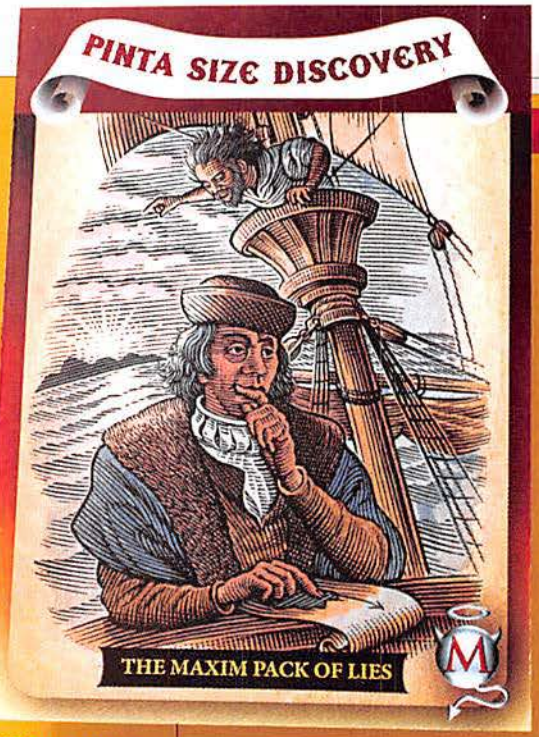
4 Japanese vending machines sold schoolgirls' panties.
Japan's schoolgirl fetish is so intense that their worn knickers fetch $50 and up. In 1993, entrepreneurs began selling them like candy; the practice was subsequently outlawed.

5 Coca-Cola once contained cocaine.
Coca-Cola received its name in 1886 from two key ingredients: kola nuts and coca leaf extract. After public awareness of blow's dangers began to grow, Coke became officially coke-less in 1906. *Sniff.*

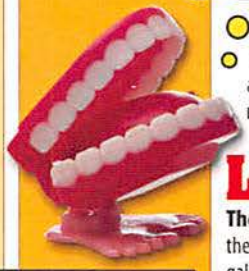
6 Porn star Marilyn Chambers used to be featured on the Ivory Snow soap box.
A 17-year-old Marilyn posed as a mom on the package. Soon she appeared in the seminal porn flick *Behind the Green Door*, and the crossover appeal made it a hit.



"Ivory Snow, for that lovely, fresh-from-a-gangbang feeling."



'There are no documented cases of someone catching an STD from a toilet seat.'



LIE You should brush your teeth after every meal.

The real deal: Smile, you need dentures! Acidic foods soften tooth enamel, so if you dash for the Pepsodent after every glass of O.J. instead of letting your saliva naturally neutralize the acid, you could actually erode that hard layer and open the door to—cue third-grade health film—Mr. Tooth Decay. (You're better off brushing before meals.) Furthermore, recent periodontal research shows that electric and hard-bristled toothbrushes are causing people to scrub their teeth and gums too enthusiastically, which can result in sensitivity, gum recession, and general chopper funk. Instead, use a soft brush and rinse out before the two-minute mark. Or just move to England.

Start dancing, Grandma!

LIE You can catch VD from a toilet seat.

The real deal: Well, it's highly unlikely. No, there's no reason to emulate those germphobic gals who build Charmin bird's nests on public toilet seats. According to a spokesperson for the Centers for Disease Control, "There are no documented cases of someone being infected with an STD from contact with a toilet seat." So that's settled. Except . . . the CDC admits, "More research may be needed to say it is completely impossible." And consider this: Though gonorrhea, chlamydia, and syphilis bacteria die quickly outside the body—as does HIV—studies show that the secretion from an open herpes sore can survive outside the body for up to four hours. So, theoretically, herpes microorganisms on a toilet seat could be passed along to another squatter who has a sore or break in the skin. But that's strictly theoretical. Yep, next to impossible. Pass another roll of paper over here.

PINTA SIZE DISCOVERY

LIE Christopher Columbus discovered America.

The real deal: As we all learned in first grade, in 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue . . . and that's about it. He never actually docked on the American mainland, instead hopping around Caribbean islands like a 15th-century Jimmy Buffet. Even if he had, the Vikings beat him by, oh, 500 years with a colony in Newfoundland. A Portuguese map from 1424 shows islands in the Caribbean, and other evidence suggests that everyone from Chinese explorers to Druids to Pacific islanders might've sailed here first. Plus, as any freshman worth his multicultural-studies syllabus will note, Europeans couldn't technically "discover" anything already inhabited by tribal peoples who migrated from Siberia (and maybe even earlier from Australia, according to new evidence) 10,000 years before Columbus set sail. But don't get us wrong—we'll still use his birthday to skip work and "discover" our couch.

LIE Committing suicide is against the law.

The real deal: Go jump off a bridge. Do you really think they'd drag a dead body in front of a judge? Not even attempted suicide is treated as a crime. "As a practical matter, that's myth," says Texas attorney Skip Simpson, who specializes in suicide malpractice law. "States simply don't prosecute individuals for attempting to kill themselves—it's never happened in the U.S." Information from the American Association of Suicidology shows that while nine states technically considered suicide a crime in 1968, only two—South Carolina and Kentucky—still had it on the books as a felony in 1998. However, attempting it *can* get you committed to a psych ward. And assisting in another person's suicide will still land you in jail almost everywhere. Keep that in mind the next time your mother-in-law leans out a window.

LIE Everybody loves Raymond.

The real deal: Don't believe the hype! Sure, 10 million Americans watch this suburbanized rehash of *The Honeymooners* every week (and we'll give credit where credit is due: Peter Boyle is a comic god among us mere mortals). But simple math shows that there are 280 million Americans who dislike Raymond enough to do something else on Monday nights. Just to be sure, we asked Agnes Watkins, 59, of Cedar Falls, Iowa about her affection for Raymond, and as far as she's concerned, she "can take him or leave him." So *there*. M

"Go ahead, hate me. I can buy you."

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KID ROCK
"I GET PAID TO DRINK BEER!"
WHEN WILL KEITH RICHARDS DIE?
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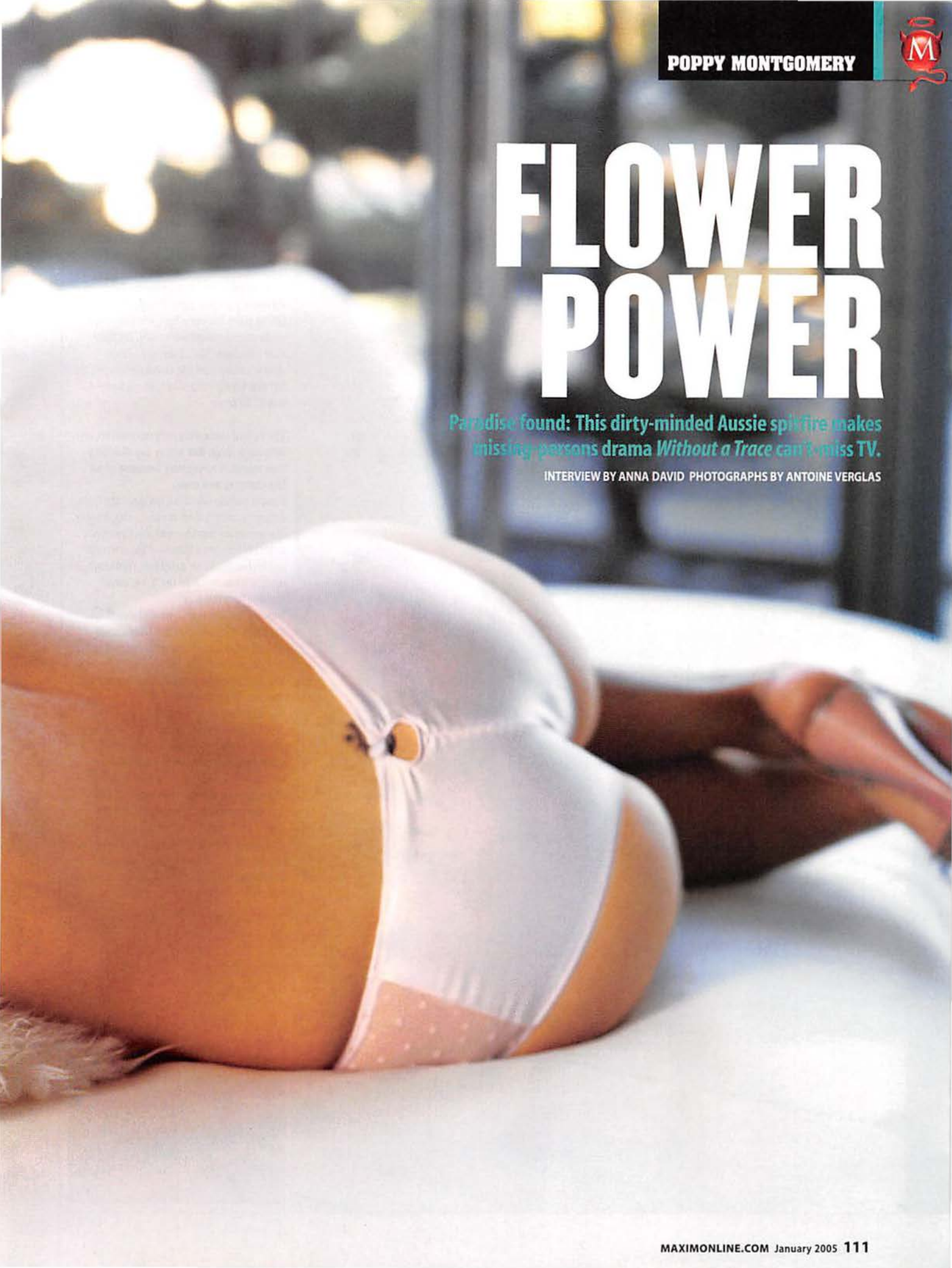
FLOWER POWER

Paradise found: This dirty-minded Aussie spitfire makes missing-persons drama *Without a Trace* can't-miss TV.

INTERVIEW BY ANNA DAVID PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS



If Poppy Montgomery is trying to look innocent, she's failing miserably. The front door of her sunny home in L.A.'s trendy Los Feliz neighborhood is open when we walk in. Moments later the leggy Aussie appears on the stairs, strawberry-blonde hair tousled, wearing only a see-through white nightgown and a mischievous grin.

It's worth noting that Samantha Spade, the FBI missing-persons agent Poppy plays on the CBS hit series *Without a Trace,* is involved (and we do mean *involved*) with two of her three male coworkers. "She's a sexy girl," Poppy observes of her alter ego, obviously relishing the fact that her life imitates art. "Thank God—I love it." So do we.

You've had some very racy encounters on *Without a Trace*. But actors say shooting love scenes is never sexy, because of all the cameras and crew.

If you're making out with a hot guy, I don't care if there's a camera there or not. It's *cool.* It's sexy. The one on the premiere with Eric [Close] was weird because he's a friend—I know his wife and his beautiful little daughters. We'd laugh because it's technical. I'd say, "Is my boob showing from this angle?"

How's a lesbian sex scene different?

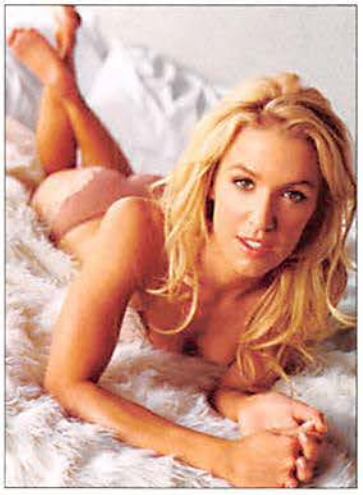
In *50 Ways to Leave Your Lover* I had a scene where I was naked in bed with Tori Spelling. We giggled our asses off. It felt like a slumber party.

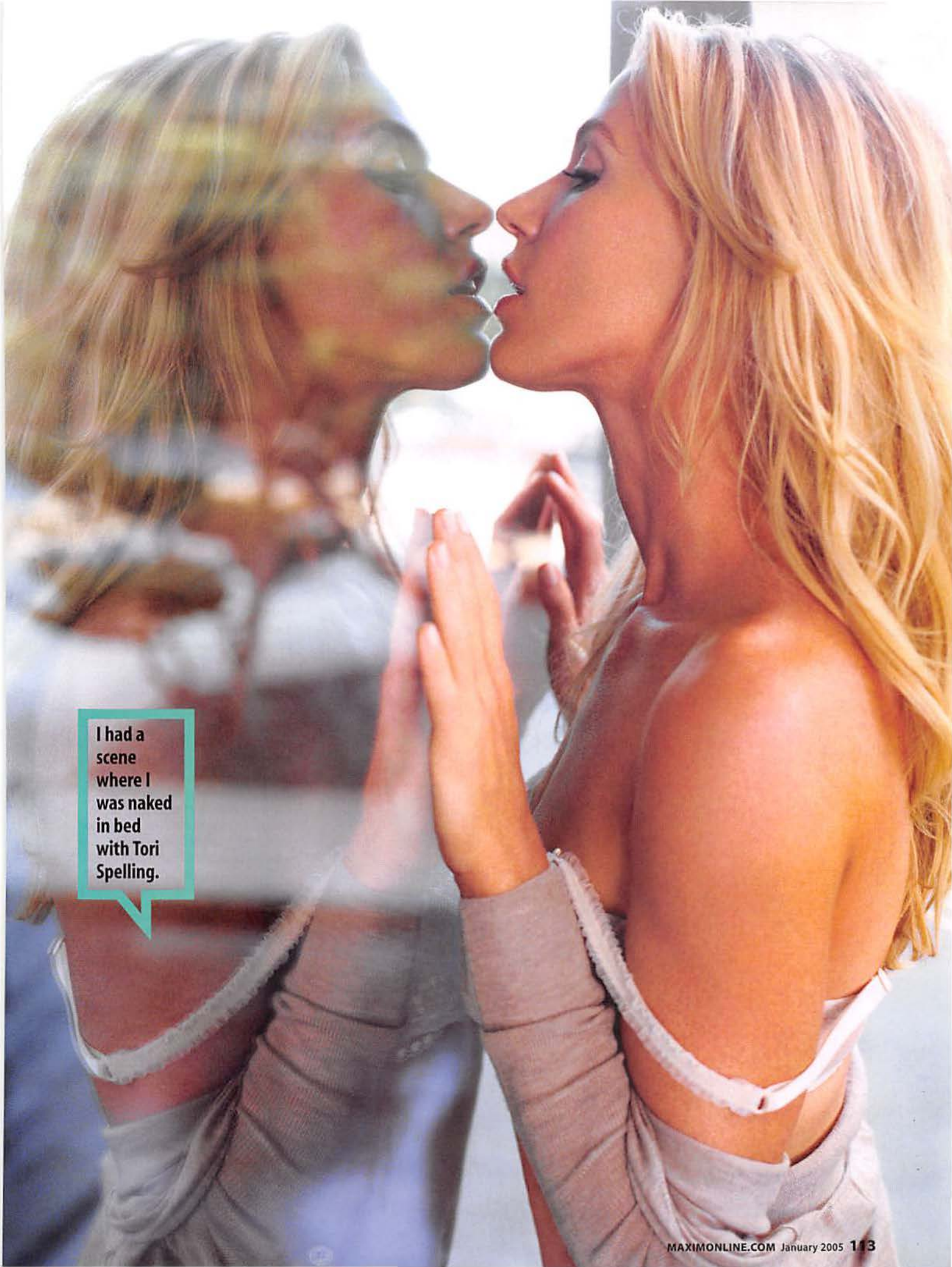
You also played a lesbian on *Party of Five*. Any real-life experience?

No, unfortunately. I love men—everything about them: the way they look, the way they smell, the way they feel. I love their minds.

How'd you get here from Australia?

My brother had a high school friend who was an exchange student. I fell in love with him and went to see him in Florida. When I got there, I realized he wasn't for me, so I got on a Greyhound bus and took off to L.A. I knew two people, and I stayed with them. I was an au pair, I worked at the Gap, I worked at Jerry's Deli for one day—wherever I could. ▶




I had a scene where I was naked in bed with Tori Spelling.

I got kicked out of school for wearing the wrong panties.

That's a bold move for a teenage girl.
I was rebellious. When I worked at my dad's restaurant in Australia, he fired me. I was horrible. People were rude to me, and I was like, "Fuck you." I worked at McDonald's for a week scooping fries. I got kicked out of one school for wearing the wrong panties.

So you were a tough kid.
I was never tomboyish. I loved Barbies. It's just the way I grew up. We had poisonous spiders and snakes, but we were always running around barefoot. I'm the girliest girl you'll ever meet.

You talk like one of the boys, though!
I don't get offended by stupid jokes. It makes me laugh. My male friends have crass senses of humor, and it cracks me up. And I have a mouth on me. If I lose my temper...

Do you have a favorite swear word?
Fuck or any variation thereof. *Fuck, motherfucker, fucker. Fuckwit*—that's very Australian. "Don't be such a fuckwit!" My mom's theory is, "Can't you think of anything more interesting to say than 'fuck'?" And I say, "Frankly, no."

How'd you lose your accent?
Pretty much by myself. I'd watch American TV.

So are you still a rebel?
I haven't changed. If you're rebellious about the right things, that's not a bad thing. It's a trait that got me where I am today.

You're dating your costar from *Between*, Adam Kaufman. How's that going?
I think for the first time in my life I'm in love. With guys before, I would get bored and lose interest superfast. In terms of romance, I have "male" qualities. I'm very much about *my* life, *my* space, what *I* want. I have a lot of friends who fall in love and everything goes to shit.

So we won't look for you at a soccer mom gathering in 10 years.
Women are supposed to want to settle down and have a family. That's not for me. I love the idea of saying, on a moment's notice, "You want to go to Vegas? Let's go to Vegas, then." If I have a dog or a cat or a child, I have to take care of it. I'm not yet willing to part with my freedom. M

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See more exclusive Poppy photos at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, Tracey Cunningham for artistsbytimothypriano.com; makeup, Joanna Schlip for cloutieragency.com; prop styling, Kyle Kennenberg

JANUARY 8th

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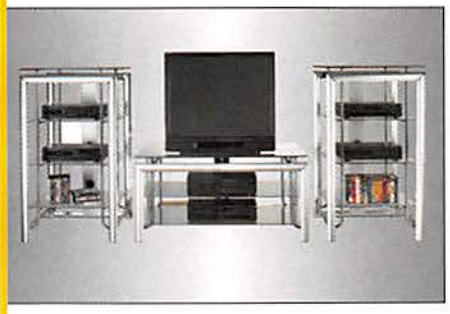

MANHATTAN ENTERTAINMENT GROUP

Bring action to your living room with this TV stand and audio tower finished in our exclusive diamond finish with chrome accents. Features built-in wire management for hiding wires and cables. The open shelves design ensures proper air circulation for all your components. TV stand accommodates TVs up to 40" and the Audio Tower has four shelves

ELEMENTS ENTERTAINMENT GROUP

Finished in black chrome, this TV stand and audio tower have bold lines and a heavy solid frame. The TV stand is a massive 55" wide and accompanying tower is just as amazing at 54" high. Black tempered glass and brushed chrome accents give this collection it's added style. Features wire management, for hiding cords and cables and open shelves for proper air circulation. TV stand holds up to a 55" Plasma/DLP.

PALISADES ENTERTAINMENT GROUP

Simple and sleek, The Palisades Entertainment Group will compliment your home audio/visual equipment. TV stand and audio tower are finished in our exclusive diamond finish with chrome accents. Wire management on both pieces will keep all wires and cables hidden from view. TV stand accommodates TVs up to 40" and the Audio Tower has four shelves.

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*The phone shown is available exclusively at Cingular

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Because the Best Things in Life Cost Money

TOP GEAR

OFF THE HOOK!

It's ultrathin, it's metallic, and it slices up the cell phone competition. Why do you think they call it the Razr?

For the proud gadget hound who's always showing off his newest tech toys comes this ultimate sliver of product porn. Only 14 mm thick, Motorola's Razr V3, offered through Cingular Wireless, is phat with gizmo gluttony. It has an internal antenna, a 176x220-pixel 2.2-inch color display, and a 3-D graphics engine good for watching MPEG-4 video, MP3 ring tones, and Bluetooth. There's also a digital VGA camera with 4x zoom, and the V3 can take you online so you can play Java games. Motorola's packed all that electronic goodness into an all-aluminum casing and tricked it out with a chemically etched keypad. So next time you want to look cool, you know who to call. *($500, motorola.com)*

MPEG-4 VIDEO PLAY

Photograph, Satoshi; screen photo, Frank Veronsky; styling, Krisana Palma; prop styling, Caroline Higgs

GRAB BAG

This year, resolve to make consumption and materialistic acquisition a priority for once! We can help.

BY MARIA FONTOURA

CONTROL AND COMMAND $80

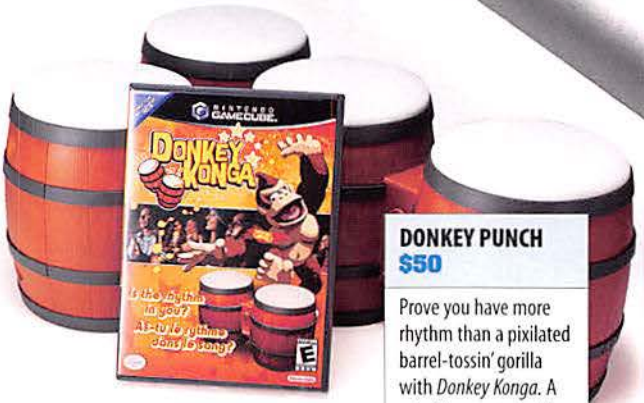
"Bravo, Charlie! Alien brain sucker at two o'clock!" you'll shout into this cordless headset for Xbox while playing the new *Doom 3*. Voice-command video games help simulate the thrill of combat by allowing orders to be barked at real live humans all across the globe who also happen to hang out all day long in their bedrooms. Cool bonus: Chat with virtual friends over the Internet, cheapskate. *(logitech.com)*

SCREEN GEM $250

Microtek's FunView S350 is a portable DVD/CD/MP3 player with a built-in 3.5-inch LCD and a stand that keeps your hands free for more important things, like being jammed comfortably down your pants. Comes with a battery pack, an A/V cable, and a car adapter—perfect for when you tire of looking out the windshield. *(microtek.com)*

BATH PARTY $17

How could anyone doubt you're 34 going on eight? We're not sure, either. But if you need proof, get this ducky mouse. Besides signaling your emotional age to coworkers, it offers companionship throughout the day without all the "talking" and "hanging out" that human friends require. *(usbgeek.com)*



DONKEY PUNCH $50

Prove you have more rhythm than a pixilated barrel-tossin' gorilla with *Donkey Konga*. A set of bongo controllers let you thump, clap, and tap to the beat of more than 30 preprogrammed songs. It's also a great way to pacify children with "special problems." *(nintendo.com)*

BURNING BACON $40

Is there anything more comforting than the smell of sizzling bacon? Besides napalm? These soothing votive candles inspire Zen-like peace by reproducing the smell of roasting pig as well as lettuce and tomato. Why? Because if Buddha were a sandwich, he'd be a BLT. *(gratefulpalate.com)*

THE MAGIC STICK $200

Conniving lawyers and neoconservatives agree: The DocuPen R700 is the scariest threat to your privacy since the Patriot Act! Roll the pen over any document and it'll scan the contents—text and graphics—in four seconds. Then upload as much as 100 pages of juicy details via your computer's USB port. *(planon.com)*

"HELLO," SAYS YOUR WRIST $45

Michael Knight was a vigilante with a badass action 'fro and a black Trans-Am with a gay Englishman in the trunk. Xact's X33XIF Two-Way Wristwatch walkie-talkies have a 1.5-mile range, a long battery life, and a digital clock; they're just what a crime fighter from the '80s needs. *(xactcommunication.com)*

Technology photographs, Andrew Woffinden; Donkey Kong, mouse, and candles photographs, Satoshi

$400

1. PRESARIO SR1110NX

Bang for your buck: When $400 can barely buy two pairs of decent high-tops, this basic clunker remains a steal. It's just slightly slower than other similarly priced desktops, but with the same amount of hard drive space and a CD burner/DVD drive. You'll have to buy a pair of speakers to hear Jenna Jameson howl online, but, hey, that's love.

Attention, cheapskates: An $80 rebate drops the original price of $480 to an even more affordable $400. *(compaq.com)*

★★★★★

> PRICE CHECK

POWER TOWERS

These computers are perfect for surfing the Web, storing MP3s, or playing a game. And at rock-bottom prices*, they're virtually disposable.

RATINGS:

TRON	★★★★★
THE MATRIX	★★★★☆
WARGAMES	★★★☆☆
HACKERS	★★☆☆☆
A.I.	★☆☆☆☆

$400

3. EMACHINES T2862

Bang for your buck: This inexpensive model has a 50 percent larger hard drive (60 GB) than similarly priced competitors and can hold either 15,000 MP3s or virtual reams of digital film. The adequate 2.66 GHz Celeron D 330 processor's quick CD/DVD drive and an eight-in-one memory card reader make up for the fact that this box isn't the prettiest or the smartest.

Attention, shut-ins: The T2862's a wise option for digital photo freaks who like to choke their hard drives with tasteful pics of Lindsay Lohan. *(emachines.com)*

★★★☆☆

$480

2. POWERSPEC 4988

Bang for your buck: The virtues of this desktop are its low price and fast CD burner. Your *Three's Company: Seasons 1–3* box sets will be useless unless you buy a DVD drive. But it's as fast and powerful as other, more expensive models while remaining nice and affordable-like.

Attention, basement MCs: The 52x burner is fast enough to make dozens of copies of your new CD, *Satan's Folk Jamboree*. You know, the one the masses are clamoring for. And by "masses," we mean yo mama. *(microcenter.com)*

★★★☆☆

$650

4. PAVILION A610Y

Bang for your buck: With 5.1-capable sound and a 2.8 GHz Pentium 4 processor, our priciest desktop pumps sharp sounds and allows you to run multiple programs at once. Its standard 40 GB hard drive holds 10,000 MP3s, and a powerful CD/DVD drive lets you watch your favorite flicks. Two USB ports make hookups easy.

Attention, students: The Pavilion comes with Microsoft Works 7.0 and Money 2004, so you can write term papers, then calculate how long it'll take to pay off your student loans. *(hp.com)*

★★★★☆

*Monitors not included.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

ICE QUEEN

Here's all you'll need to survive a long winter's nap with a sexy Eskimama.

1 HOT POCKET
In *The Empire Strikes Back*, Han stuffs a frozen Luke into the warm guts of a giant kangaroo. The water- and windproof 20 Degree Two Person Sleeping Bag is the same idea, sans the intestines. **(blackpinesports.com)**

2 PUR-R-R-R-FECT
Eskimos have 35 words for "rabid walrus" but only one for portable heaters: the ProCat. With 3,000 BTUs of warming power, this flameless heater keeps cabins warm for eight hours. That's more hot air than your boss puts out. **(coleman.com)**

3 SURVIVIN' STYLE
The thing about the Arctic is it's, like, dark and cold. The 11-in-one Survival Lantern is a miracle flashlight with a black-and-white TV, an AM/FM radio, a compass, and a thermometer. It's even got a sonic mosquito repellent—in case the ice caps melt. **(sharperimage.com)**

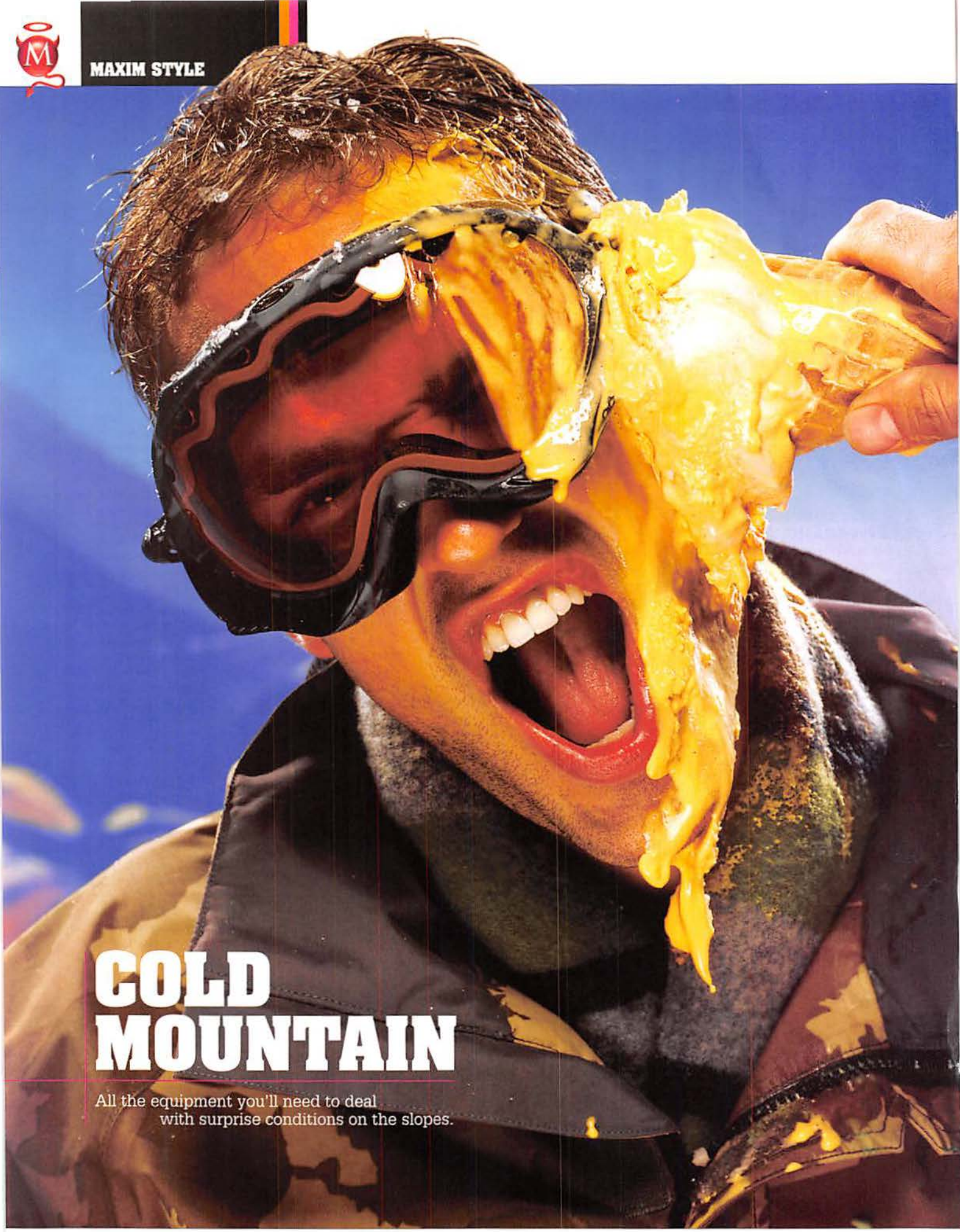
4 OH, OH, OH, OH, STAYING ALIVE!
Way to ruin a rustic vacation in Alaska, Mr. Avalanche. The Disaster Ready Emergency Supply Kit is packed with rations, water, blankets, light sticks, and a dozen other goodies that'll stave off death for at least 72 hours. **(preparedness.com)**

5 HER FUR
"Welcome to my Igloo," you say as you caress her frostbitten delicates with a soft, luxurious Love Mitten. These fuzzy gloves are handcrafted and lined with sweet, cuddly rabbit fur on the inside and out. Guaranteed to keep things hot and fuzzy. **(lovemittens.com)**

6 HOT FUEL
Wrap your head around this: a tiny fridge that keeps drinks toasty. At 17"x11"x12½", it has lots of space for your Irish coffee or hot toddies in this quiet Hot+Cold Mini Fridge. What's a hot toddy? It's like tea, only instead of tea, it's whiskey. **(sharperimage.com)**

7 S'MOTHERED
Relive old camping memories with the S'mores Maker. The kit includes a grill, a stainless-steel lazy Susan, and skewers. You bring the graham crackers, chocolate, and marshmallows. It's like tickling her inner Girl Scout. Only legal. **(Lnt.com)**

Prop and clothing styling, Elizabeth Engelhardt; hair and makeup, Jenna Anton for See Management



COLD MOUNTAIN

All the equipment you'll need to deal with surprise conditions on the slopes.

1. Wisdom camouflage goggles, **$95,** by Oakley; Matilda jacket, **$170,** by Quiksilver; striped scarf, **$38,** by J.Crew

2. V1 Hybrid glove, **$40,** by Convert

3. AK down vest, **$130,** by Burton

4. Draft snowboard, **$399,** by Arbor

5. The Roadie watch, **$90,** by Nixon

6. Raiden Zero bindings, **$189,** by Nitro Snowboards

7. Microtech vest, **$39,** by Free Country

8. Sensor boots, **$305,** by Ride Snowboards

STILL-LIFE PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI MODEL PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADFORD NOBLE STYLING BY MARIA RUOCCO

1. Shaun White 155 snowboard, **$500,** by Burton

2. Bollé 2.0 helmet, **$140,** by Bollé

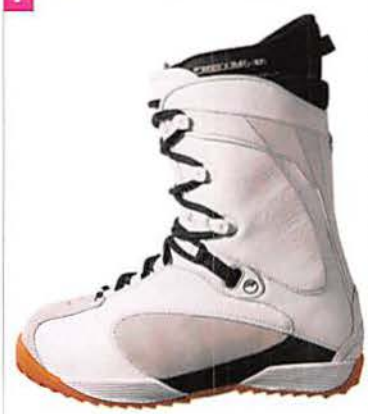
3. V-Wolf collection watch, **$295,** by Zodiac

4. Prodigy goggles, **$95,** by Smith Optics

5. Sidewinder Comp jacket, **$350,** by ARC'TERYX

6. Chugach 18 board pack, **$79,** by the North Face

7. Amp boots, **$220,** by Ride Snowboards



Prop styling, Lina Matic grooming, Gina Simone for Oliver Piro Inc.; food styling, Ed Gabriels

Bronco GT glove, $60, by Dakine; Indy jacket, $220, by Ride Snowboards;Cold-Gear mock turtle-neck, $50, by Under Armour; Crankcase pants, $150, by Mission Six; acrylic/wool hat, $20, by Polo Jeans Co.

1. Crossbow snowboard, **$449,** by Arbor

2. Forecast boots, **$220,** by ThirtyTwo; Todd Richards pants, **$150,** by Quiksilver

3. El Habano Cartel bindings, **$250,** by Burton

4. The Special Ops watch, **$90,** by Nixon

5. AK Team Pack, **$120,** by Burton

For buying information, see page 130.

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TOP 20 SONGS

- P- 9242 -Usher/Alicia Keys - My B
- P- 9256 -Destiny's Child - Lose My
- P- 9261 -Snoop - Drop It Like It's
- **P- 9272 -Ludacris - Get Back**
- P- 9260 -Nelly/Tim McGraw - Over
- P- 9281 -Trick Daddy - Let's Go
- P- 9259 -N.O.R.E. - Oye Mi Canto
- P- 9258 -Lil Wayne - Go D.J.
- P- 9257 -Fabolous - Breathe
- P- 9268 -Jo Rule - Wonderful
- **P- 9267 -Ciara - 1, 2 Step**
- P- 9266 -Chingy - Balla Baby
- P- 9271 -Los Lonely Boys - Heaven
- P- 9274 -Young Buck - Shorty Wan
- P- 9269 -Lil Scrappy - No Problems
- P- 9264 -Akon - Locked Up
- **P- 9273 -The Game - How We Do**
- P- 9270 -Lil Jon - What You Gonna
- P- 9263 -Modest Mouse - Ocean B
- P- 9293 -Green Day - American Id

TOP 20 DOWNLOADS

- R- 9250 -Bong Hit
- P- 9239 -Verve - Bittersweet Symp
- P- 9241 -Usher - Yeah
- P- 9219 -Mario Bros. Theme
- P- 9232 -Outkast - Hey Ya
- P- 9218 -Eve - Who's That Girl
- **P- 9238 -Terror Squad - Lean Bac.**
- P- 9230 -Marvin Gaye - Sexual He
- P- 9237 -Sublime - Santeria
- P- 9243 -WAR - Low Rider
- P- 9223 -Jay-Z/Beyonce - Bonnie
- V- 9249 -Too Short - I'm Rich Bitch
- P- 9210 -Alicia Keys - If I Ain't Got
- **R- 9251 -Female Pleasure**
- P- 9262 -Modest Mouse - Float On
- P- 9265 -Britney Spears - My Prero
- P- 9691 -Luniz - I Got Five On It
- P- 9229 -Maroon5 - She Will Be Lo
- V- 9275 -Sexy Female - Booty Call
- V- 9276 -Sexy Female - Hey Stud

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- P- 9211 -AudioSlave - Like A Stone
- P- 9224 -Jet - Cold Hard Bitch
- P- 9285 -Jimmy Eat World - Pain
- P- 9710 -Green Day - Holiday
- **P- 9284 -Green Day - Blvd Of Bro.**
- P- 9283 -A Perfect Circle - Imagine
- P- 9290 -The Killers - Mr. Brightside
- P- 9278 -Franz Ferdinand - This Fi.
- P- 9292 -Interpol - Slow Hands
- P- 9277 -Franz Ferdinand - Take M
- P- 9291 -Postal Service - Clark Ga.
- P- 9214 -Cake - Never There
- **P- 9286 -Keane - Somewhere Only.**
- P- 9289 -Scissor Sisters - Take Your.
- P- 9288 -Scissor Sisters - Comforta.

HIP HOP / RAP

- P- 9216 -Dr. Dre - Forget About Dr.
- P- 9228 -Ludacris - Splash Waterf.
- P- 9212 -Beyonce/Jay-Z - Crazy In
- **P- 9236 -Snoop Dogg - Gin & Juice**
- P- 9207 -2Pac - I Ain't Mad At Cha
- P- 9206 -2Pac - California Love
- P- 9217 -Dr. Dre - Nothing But a G.
- P- 9221 -Jay-Z - Big Pimpin
- P- 9222 -Jay-Z - Hard Knock Life
- P- 9231 -Notorius B.I.G. - Big Popp
- **P- 9208 -50 cent - P.I.M.P.**
- P- 9234 -Outkast - The Way You.
- P- 9233 -Outkast - Miss Jackson
- P- 9287 -R Kelly/Jay-Z - Big Chips
- P- 9215 -Ciara - Goodies

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COUNTRY

- P- 9220 -Gretchen Wilson - Redn.
- P- 9240 -Tim McGraw - I Like It, I.
- P- 9209 -Alan Jackson - Chatahoo.
- **P- 9213 -Brad Paisley - Celebrity**
- P- 9226 -Kenny Chesney - Big St.

CLASSIC ROCK

- P- 9255 -Tom Petty - American Girl
- P- 9225 -Joan Jett - I Love Rock &.
- **P- 9235 -Pink Floyd - Another Bric.**
- P- 9252 -Aerosmith - Walk This W.
- P- 9227 -Led Zeppelin - Stairway t.

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- V- 9295 -Everyone wants you
- **V- 9246 -Playa, pick up the damn.**
- V- 9247 -Answer your pheazy
- V- 9296 -Your phone is ring'ng ba.

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- R- 9618 -Ride Shot
- R- 9616 -Gun Shot 22 Cal.
- **R- 9614 -Explosion**
- R- 9615 -Fans
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- R- 9641 -Prince - 1999
- R- 9639 -AC/DC - Shook Me All Ni.
- R- 9642 -The Ramones - I Wanna.
- **R- 9280 -STYX - Mr. Roboto**
- R- 9643 -Wild Cherry - Play That Fu.
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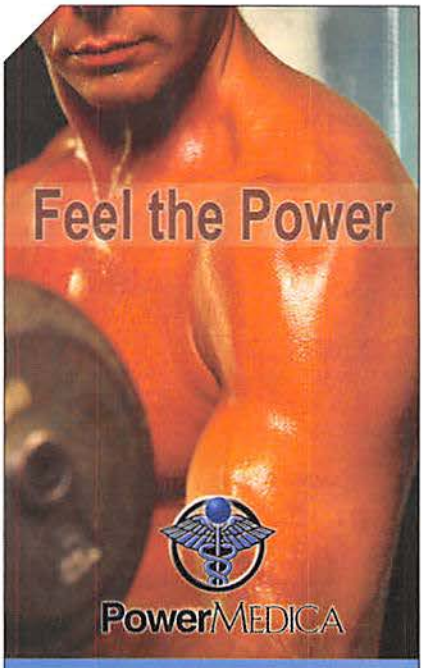

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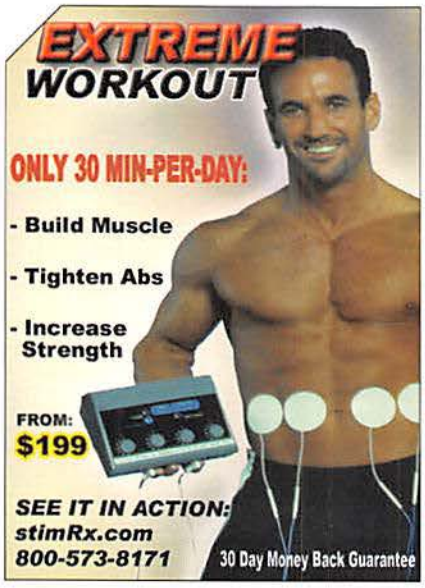

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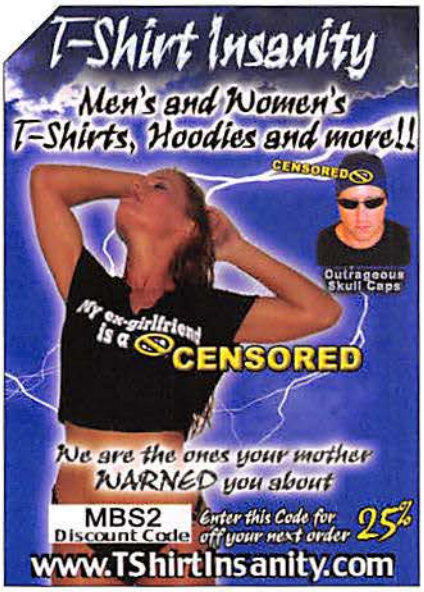
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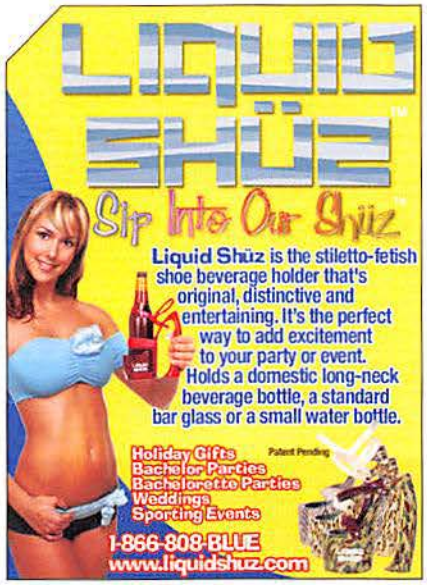
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BUYING GUIDE

COLD MOUNTAIN

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Page 123: (clockwise from top left) Glove, $42, by Convert, visit convertboardwear.com. Vest, $130, by Burton, call 800-881-3138; or visit burton.com. Snowboard, $399, by Arbor, call 310-577-1120 ext. 11; or visit arborsports.com. Boots, $305, by Ride Snowboards, visit ridesnowboards.com. Vest, $39, by Free Country, visit freecountry.com. Watch, $90, by Nixon, visit nixonnow.com. Bindings, $189, by Nitro Snowboards, visit nitrousa.com.

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p.23: Swarovski crystal strap bra by Le Corset; tank top by American Apparel; knickers by La Petite Coquette; boots, model's own

p.39: Green satin dress with sequins by Victor de Souza; black metallic mosaic halter top by Amy Chan; jean miniskirt by Roy, at Amy Chan

pp.76–82: Eva wears orange bikini by Rosa Cha available at Whisper PR N.Y.C.; bracelets available at Satya N.Y.C.; green bikini by Laura Urbinatti, available at Body Hints N.Y.C.; necklace available at Ash Francomb N.Y.C.; blue bikini available at ARB N.Y.C.; bracelets available at Satya N.Y.C.; pink bikini by Laura Urbinatti, available at Body Hints N.Y.C.; necklace from Satya N.Y.C.; white bikini by Rosa Cha, available at Whisper PR N.Y.C.; necklace available at Satya N.Y.C.; yellow bikini by Stella McCartney

pp.110–114: Briefs available at Body Hints; (in window) sweater by Rick Owens, available at Barneys; (on bed) bra and underwear available at La Petit Coquette; (against window) bra and underwear by Body Hints, sweater by Rick Owens; (on sofa) bottoms available at Le Corset

p.121: Ice velour mink bikini, ear muffs, and leg warmers, all available at Alexis & Gianni, 405 Union Avenue, Westbury, New York 11590; or at alexisandgianni.com, or call (516) 334-FURS; bikini, suggested retail price $875; boots by Stuart Weitzman

MAXIM (ISSN 1092-9789) Volume 9, Number 1 is published monthly by Dennis Maxim, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018, Tel. 212-302-2626. • Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. • POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: Maxim, P.O. Box 420234, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0234. One-year subscription rates: for U.S., $17.94; for Canada, $24.00; for all other countries, $34.00 in prepaid U.S. funds. Canadian GST Registration #140467846, Publications Agreement number 40031590. Return Undeliverable Canadian Addresses to P.O. Box 503, RPO West Beaver Creek, Richmond Hill, ON L4B 4R6.

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Own the *Species III* Unrated DVD on December 7, 2004! The mating game is sexier and deadlier than ever in this version that includes four behind-the-scenes featurettes and an audio commentary by cast and crew. For more information on this exhilarating feature, check out the *Species III* website at www.mgm.com/species.

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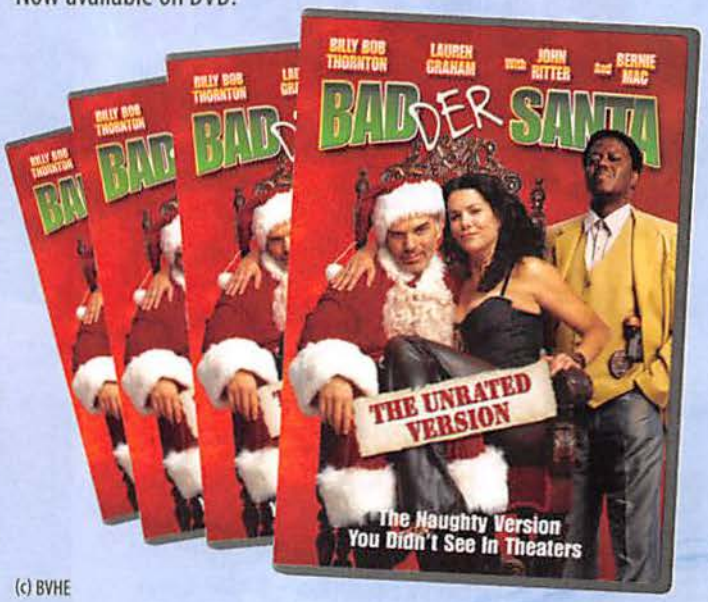
Gift the gift of comedy with one of the funniest, most outrageous DVDs of the year — BADDER SANTA THE UNRATED VERSION! Now available on DVD!



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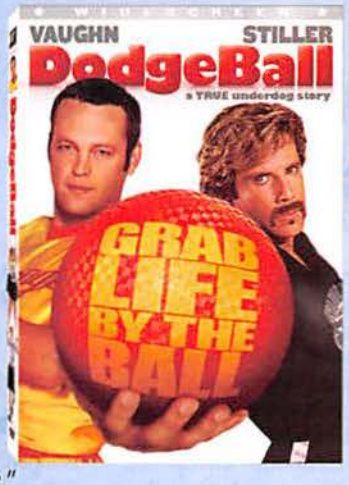
DodgeBall
a TRUE underdog story

ON DVD DECEMBER 7TH!



- You'll dodge, duck, dip, dive...and laugh out loud watching Vince Vaughn and Ben Stiller settle their differences in a winner-take-all dodgeball competition.
- It's anybody's guess who'll take the hits and who'll take the cash in this over-the-top underdog tale that DARKHORIZONS.COM calls "**the funniest film of the year.**"
- *The Daily News* says DODGEBALL is "**very funny,**" and the *CHICAGO SUN-TIMES* cheers it "**hits the comedy target.**"
- It's an over-the-top underdog tale filled with hilarious sight gags and balls-out fun!

HELIX
CIGARS

GO TUBIN'

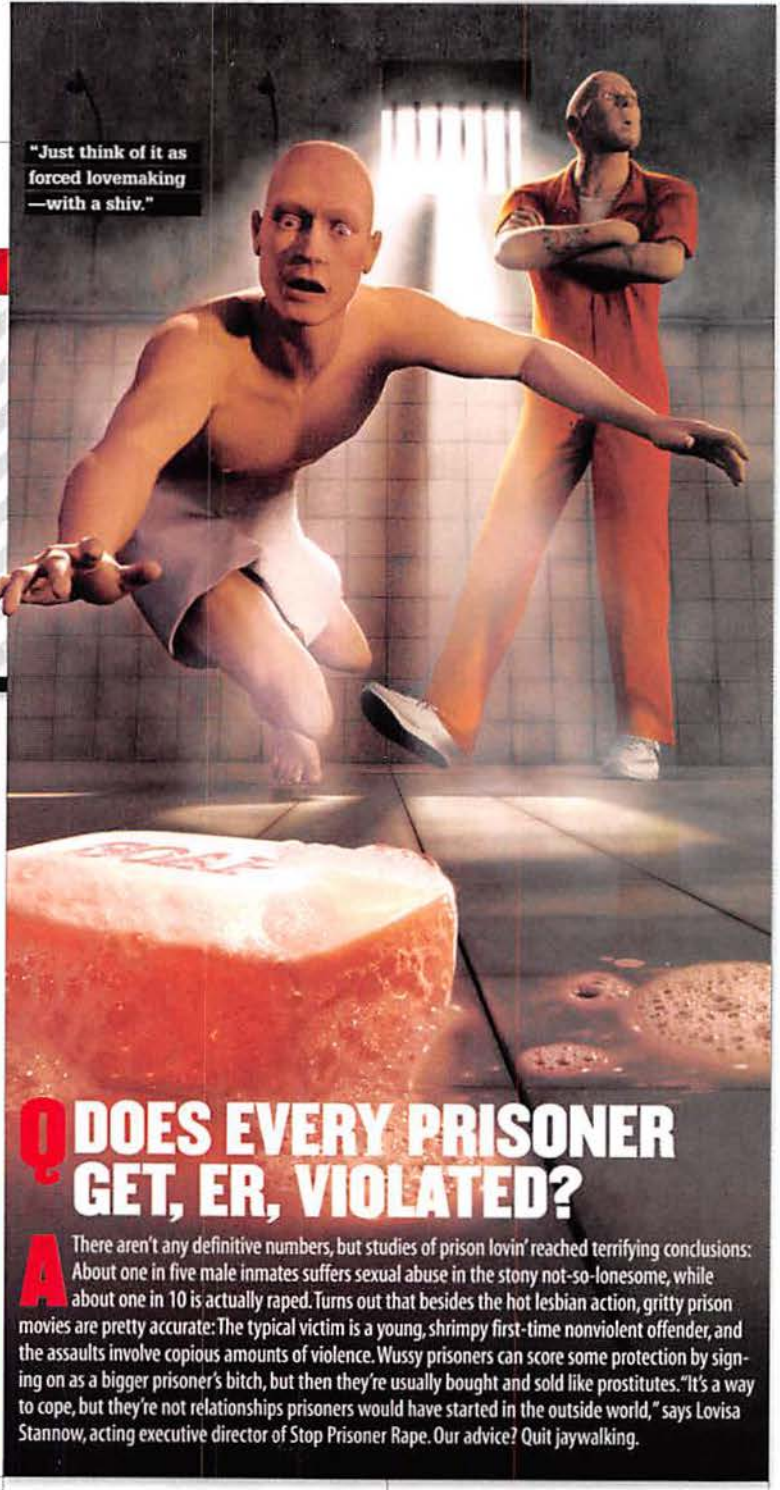
HELIX MADURO.

When you see the blue tube, you know what you're in for....a mild, smooth smoke from a quality, handmade cigar. But there's another Helix you should try: Helix Maduro. Maduro is Spanish for ripe. You'll notice that its fine Connecticut Broadleaf wrapper is much darker in color. The taste is still mild, but with a sweeter flavor. So step over into the dark side and light up a Helix Maduro. It's one sweet smoke.

GO AHEAD, WE DARE YOU.

ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim does the dirty work and answers your Bush crime, jail time, celebrity dime questions.



Q CAN GEORGE W. BUSH EVER BE CHARGED WITH WAR CRIMES?

A Only freedom-haters would ask such a question, but we'll answer to shut you up. There are three main claims leveled against Bush by peaceniks. *(1)* He ordered war against Iraq, which never attacked us. *(2)* He tacitly allowed the bombing of civilian areas. *(3)* As commander-in-chief, he's responsible for the mistreatment of Iraqi prisoners. All these charges are, well, true. But that's not the point. The U.N. bans non-self-defense use of force, but it doesn't have any legal authority. And according to Jonathan Tepperman, an editor at the journal *Foreign Affairs*, "Civilian casualty doctrines involve subjective judgments, so it's hard to determine legality." That gets rid of the first two charges but leaves the torture problem. Since the Nazi debacle in the '40s, international law has held superior officers, like Bush, liable for the abuse of captives. The catch? No court exists that could hear the case, and even if one did, it wouldn't, since it could never enforce its rulings. Ha, ha.

STRAIGHT ANSWERS

Has anyone ever survived the electric chair? YES

Does the United States ever test nukes under water? NO

Did anyone ever escape from Alcatraz? YES

Do centipedes have 100 legs? NO

Is there a Burt Reynolds museum? YES*

Q DOES EVERY PRISONER GET, ER, VIOLATED?

A There aren't any definitive numbers, but studies of prison lovin' reached terrifying conclusions: About one in five male inmates suffers sexual abuse in the stony not-so-lonesome, while about one in 10 is actually raped. Turns out that besides the hot lesbian action, gritty prison movies are pretty accurate: The typical victim is a young, shrimpy first-time nonviolent offender, and the assaults involve copious amounts of violence. Wussy prisoners can score some protection by signing on as a bigger prisoner's bitch, but then they're usually bought and sold like prostitutes. "It's a way to cope, but they're not relationships prisoners would have started in the outside world," says Lovisa Stannow, acting executive director of Stop Prisoner Rape. Our advice? Quit jaywalking.

BELIEVE IT

IT'S A FACT

They're all true. We wouldn't lie to you, honey.

- One in four homeless South Koreans has a credit card.
- Jean-Claude Van Damme was cast as the original Predator but quit because he was too small for the alien's bodysuit.
- On the penny Abraham Lincoln faces to the right, while on every other currently minted U.S. coin the president looks left.
- Citizens of Chile, Austria, and Egypt can be imprisoned for not voting.
- Five Jell-O flavors that failed: celery, coffee, cola, apple, and chocolate.
- Hippie-fearing Disneyland refused to let in guys with long hair during the 1970s.

Q WHAT ACTOR HAS MADE THE MOST MONEY DURING HIS OR HER CAREER?

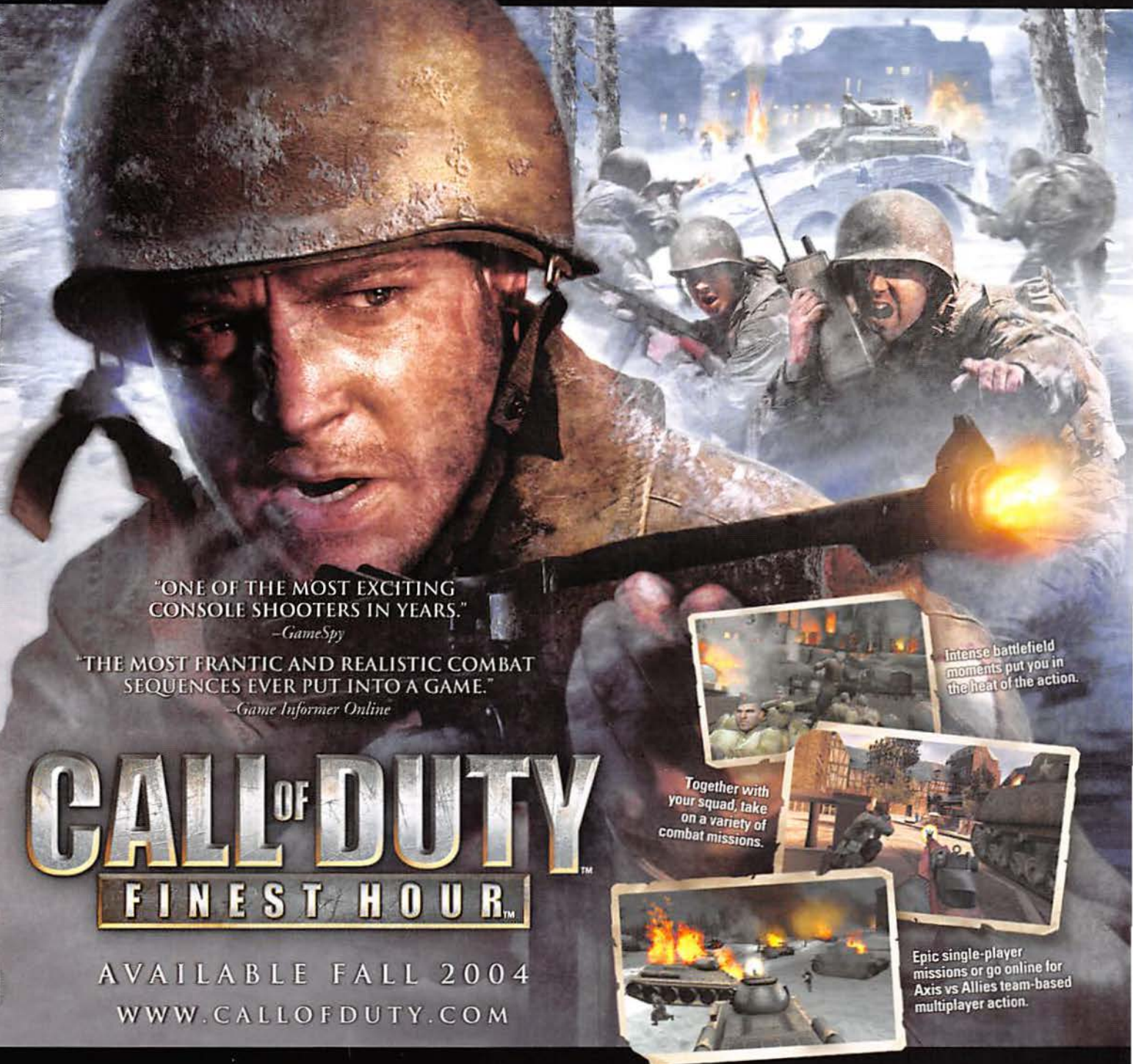
A The easy answer is, "Not Ed Asner." The real one is much more complex. If you're asking who is the richest person ever to act, then that's likely Paul McCartney, star of Beatles movies and the superlative *Give My Regards to Broad Street*, who's valued at nearly $2 billion. Problem is, he's only earned a tiny fraction of that money through acting. Same with Oprah, whose roles in *The Color Purple* and *Beloved* barely boosted her $1.1 billion dollar worth. And while people tout the Olsen twins as teen billionaires, the stars of *Full House* and all your dirtiest thoughts are worth a paltry $300 million *combined*, mostly for having a slew of products bearing their names. So the richest actor who's made his money almost entirely through acting is probably Tom Cruise. His net worth, minus all the Scientology dues, is estimated at about $300 million. And the sweet deal he struck to star in the upcoming *War of the Worlds* trilogy—taking a share of the box office and merchandising profits instead of a paycheck—may double his fortune. We just can't help but root for the guy!

GOT QUESTIONS?

E-mail us at **ask@maximonline.com.** If it's stupid enough, we'll answer it!

*Cruise down to the Burt Reynolds & Friends Museum, 100 North U.S. Hwy. 1, Jupiter, Florida. Tell 'em *Maxim* sent ya! (Not that they'll care.)

THE WORLD'S DARKEST HOUR SHALL BE YOUR FINEST.



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